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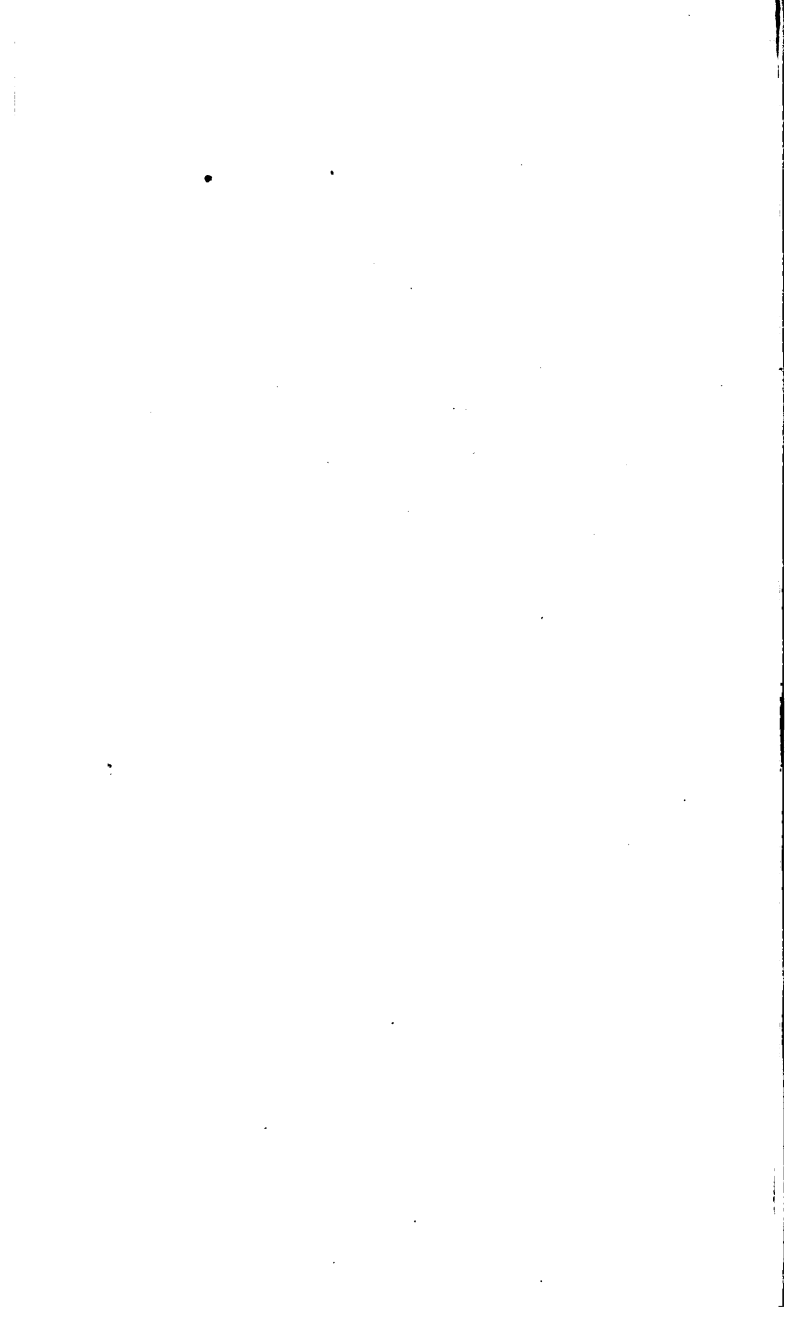
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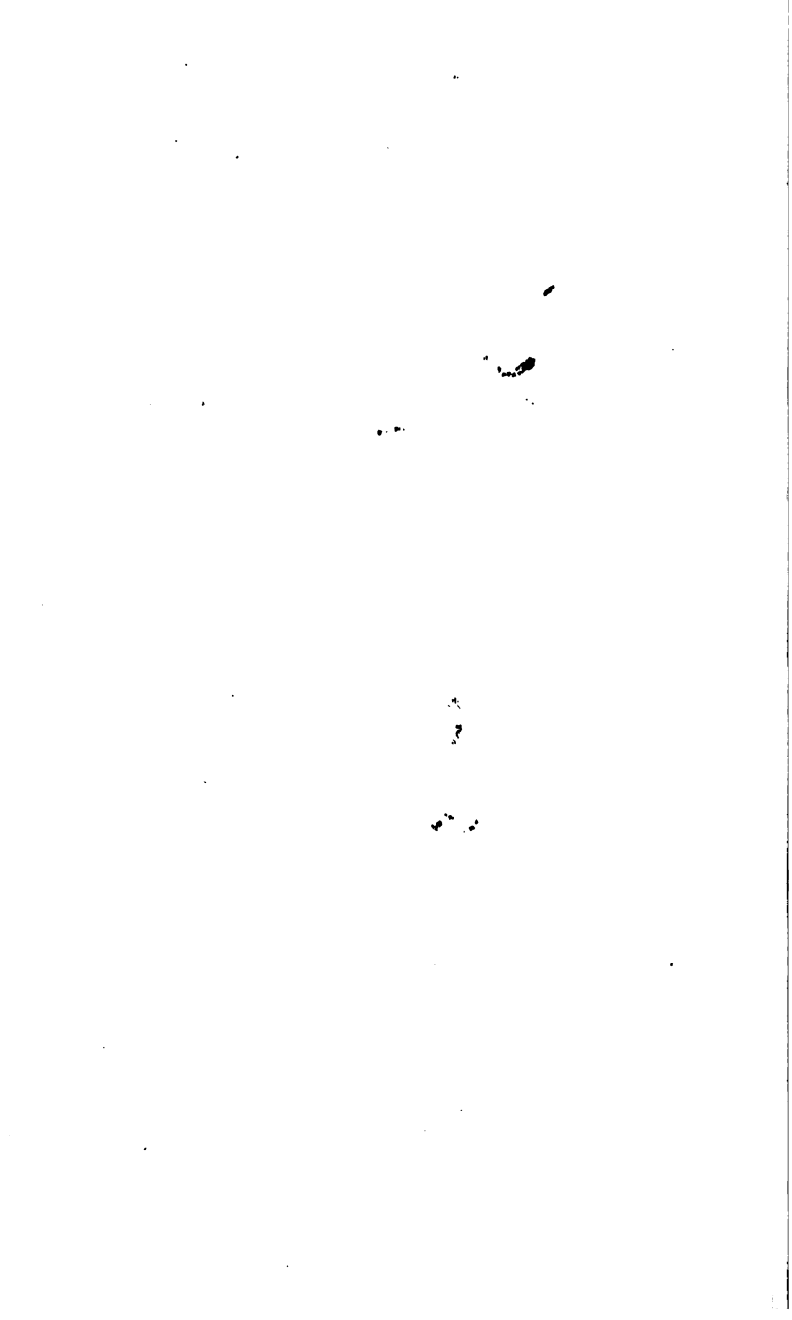
Samuel H. Green, M.D.

13 June, 1855.









© **HURRY-GRAPHS;**

OR,

21 1
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SKETCHES OF SCENERY, CELEBRITIES, & SOCIETY,

TAKEN FROM LIFE.

Illustrated
By N. PARKER WILLIS.

"STICK A PIN THERE."

LONDON:

HENRY G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1851.

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James A. Green, M.D.

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PREFACE.

THE following papers, though never before published in a volume, have appeared in the Journal, of which the author is Editor. They were “editorials”—“articles” written, that is to say, at one sitting, and printed from ink scarce dry. This will justify the name under which they appear—*hurry-graphs*—for the invention of which much wanted word, the author begs pardon till it comes into general use.

One other apologetic difference between this and books written at leisure:—the subjects have been chosen from nearness at hand, or from their occupancy of public attention at the moment, or from being apt to the interest or conversation of the passing hour. Some allowance should be made, perhaps, for the journalist who thus takes topics as they come, and writes without the advantage of prepared taste or previous attention.

One extraneous value may attach to these sketches. They are copies from the kaleidoscope of the hour. They are one man's imprint from parts of the world's doings at one place and time. New York, and what interested it in the middle of the nineteenth century, will be a chapter for History to which this volume will contribute. The author, long ago, made up his mind that the unreal world was overworked—that the Past and Future were overvalued—and that the Immediate and Present, and what one saw occurring, and could truthfully describe, were as well worth the care and pains of authorship as what one could only imagine or take from hearsay. He has written, therefore, upon topics as the Hour presented them; and though his impressions and opinions might have been modified by keeping and re-considering, they have the value, as he hopes they will be allowed the apology, of hurry-graphs from life as it went by.

NEW YORK, *March*, 1851.

CONTENTS.

LETTER FROM PLYMOUTH.

PAGE

<p>Politie Principle of Progress—Daniel Webster at Table—Reason for Midsummer Dinner at Plymouth—Description of Guests—Peculiarity of "Influential Bostonians"—Their Contempt for Two Extremes—Complimentary Speech to a certain Charming Person—Octogenarian's Gallantry—Mr. Webster's "Hay-fever"—Picture of the Table—Judge Warren—Webster's Speech on the Removal of the Cloth, its Topics and Manner—Change of Tone and Feeling in the Parting Address—Sketch of Mr. Webster's Countenance as Left by Illness—Speeches by Everett, Winthrop, Wayland, and Others—Drive to Mr. Webster's House at Marshfield—Its Good Example in one Point—Propriety of Rural Retirement to Distinguished Old Age—Look of Plymouth—The Warren Homestead—Spirited Letter of John Adams—Letters of Chippeway Chief and of King Philip.</p>	1
--	---

LETTER FROM NEW BEDFORD.

<p>Effect of Steamer Starting from the Wharf—Piece of a Town afloat—The Phenixed Boat—Cost of Empire State—Vocation of Captain—Spectacle of Supper in a Cabin Two Hundred and Fifty Feet Long—Effect on Manners—Sumptuous Entertainment for Fifty Cents—Excuse for Statistics—New Bedford and its Wealth—Climate and Industry—Geographic Peculiarities—"Placer" for Beauty—The Acushnet—Old Fashioned Prejudices and Modern Luxury—Statesmanlike Remedy for Decline of Local Trade and Industry—Proposed Visit to the Raised Leg of New England, etc., etc.</p>	10
---	----

LETTER FROM CAPE COD.

PAGE

System and Monotony—Booted Leg of Massachusetts—First Step below the Garter—Yarmouth and its Vertebral Street—Sentiment on Cape Cod—Stage-driver's Plenipotentiary Vocation—Delicate Messages delivered in Public—More Taste for Business than Rural Seclusion—Sameness and Plainness of Building—Republican Equality—'Cute Lad—Yanno the Handsome Chief—Cape Cod Poetess—Comparative Growth of Trees and Captains—Boxed Gardens—Misfortune of too Good Company—Centenarian Servant known as "The Old Gentleman"—Man One Hundred and Nine Years Old, who had never been out of Temper, etc., etc.	16
---	----

LETTER FROM CAPE COD.

Down "the Ankle of Cape Cod to Heel and Instep—Amputated Limb of a Town—Look of Thrift—Contentment on Barren Sand—Primitive part of the Cape, unreached by Steam and Rails—Ladies' Polkas—Statistics of Mackerel Fishery—Three Prominent Features of the Cape, Grave Yards, School Houses and One other—Praiseworthy Simplicity of Public Taste—Partial Defence of "Dandies"—The "Blue Fish"—Class of Beauty on the Cape—Comparative Vegetation and Humanity, etc., etc.	21
--	----

LETTER FROM CAPE COD.

Lagging Pen—Sketch of Cape Cod Landladies—Relative Consequence of Landlords—Luxury peculiar to Public Houses in this part of the Country—Old friend of "Morris and Willis"—Strap of the Cape Spur—Land like "the Downs of England"—Sea-farming and Land-farming—Solitary Inn—Double Sleep—Hollow of Everett's Cape "Arm"—Pear tree over two hundred years old—Native Accent and Emphasis—Overworked Women—Contrivance to Keep the Soil from blowing away—Bridge of Winds—Adaptability of Apple-trees—Features of this Line of Towns—Curious Attachment to Native Soil—The Venice of New England, etc., etc.	29
---	----

LETTER FROM THE END OF CAPE COD.

Descriptive of the last few Miles of Cape Cod, and the Town at its Extremity	33
--	----

LETTER FROM CAPE COD.

	PAGE
Noteworthy peculiarity of Cape Cod—Effects of Sand on the Female Figure—Palm of the “Protecting Arm”—Pokerish Ride through Foliage—Atlanticity of unfenced Wilderness—Webster’s Walk and Study of Music—Outside Man in Lat. 41°—Athletic Fishing—Good Eating at Gifford’s Hotel—American “Turbot”—Wagon Passage over the Bottom of the Harbour—Why there are no Secrets in Provincetown—Physiognomy of the People—Steamer to Boston, etc., etc.	38

LETTER FROM WALTON.

Freedom from Work—Excursion on the new Scenery opened by the Erie Railroad—Walton, on the West Branch of the Delaware—Plank Road—Sugar Maples—Stumps out—Spots to Live in—Cheapness of Life here.	43
---	----

LETTER FROM THE DELAWARE.

Furnishing of Carpet Bag—Whip-poor-will’s Reminder—Difference of Fatigue in Walking and Riding on Horseback—Coquetting of Cadosia and Maiden Usefulness—Oldest Delaware Hunter—Ride of Twelve Miles through the untrodden Wilderness—Dinner in the Forest—A Hundred Trout Caught on a single Ride—Desirableness of Walton as a Summer Residence—Promise of Description of Scenery on the Erie Railroad	47
--	----

LETTER FROM THE FORK OF THE DELAWARE 50

LETTER FROM THE EAST BRANCH OF THE DELAWARE.

Hundred Miles between Dinner and Tea—Broadway lined with Funerals—Daily Losses of Sunrise—Falls of the Sawkill—Delaware Ferryman—Milford and its Character—Search for the Falls—Underground Organ—River on End—Likeness of General Cass in the Rock—Bare-toed Hostess, etc.	53
---	----

LETTER FROM MONTROSE.

	PAGE
Port Jervis—Takes Two or Three Yankees to Start a New Town—Punctual Anaconda—Difference between Railroads in America and in England—Fall from a Mountain-top—Summit Level and the Stornucco—Road in the Air, Passing over a Village—Great Bend—Cold Ride to Montrose—Edith May's Ownership of Silver Lake—Her "Bays" and Bay Horses—Rose's Villa in Ruins—Picnic Dinner in the Summer-house—Negro Precedence—Complimentary Kindness of my Landlord—Celibacy of the Susquehannah's "Intended," etc.	58

LETTER FROM LAKE MAHOPAC.

Right of Genius and Scenery to Visits of Admiring Recognition—Fountain-head of the Croton and Lake Mahopac—Harlem Railway to Croton Falls—Two Instances of High-bred Politeness—Yacht Fanny—Lodging under the Eaves—Drive to Mountain and View—Lakes of Different Levels—Resources for Future Watering of New York—Girls Boating—Visit to Beautiful Island in the Mahopac—No Horses to get to Peekskill—Possible Redolence of Style, etc., etc.	63
---	----

LETTER FROM ERIE RAILROAD.

A Thirty-Six Hours' Trip—Night's Sleep in the Cars—Waking up first at the End of Two Hundred Miles—Wonders of Locomotion—Country, Tavern at Sunrise—Promiscuous Bed-room—Dressing in the Entry—Scenery in framed Pannels—Drive between Susquehannah and Arched Viaduct—Entrance to the Stornucco, and what it is like—Rainbow Bridge from Cloud to Cloud—Chasm of Rent-open Mountain—Cascade off Duty—Drive to Great Bend—Much Seen in little Time, etc., etc.	67
--	----

LETTER FROM COZZENS'S HOTEL.

Name of the Place whence the Letter is dated—Cozzens's new Hotel—Cloven-Rock Road—Waterfall Ladder—Fanny Kemble's Bath—Weir's Chapel—General and Mrs. Scott—River-God's Hair—Theory of June and August—Charade by a Distinguished Hand	70
--	----

LETTER FROM GREENWOOD LAKE	76
----------------------------	----

LETTER FROM RAMAPO	78
--------------------	----

LETTER FROM WESTCHESTER.

	PAGE
Visit to Westchester—Speed of Harlem Train—Lots (of Dust) For Sale—Monotony of Elegance—Poverty necessary to Land- scape—Reed's Villa at Throg's Neck—Bronx River shut in from Publicity and Fame—Missing Train and Stage—Surly Toll- Keeper—Politeness of "Mine Host"—Suburban Manners of New York—High-bred Horse and Low-bred Owner—Contagion of Rowdyism, etc., etc.	82
LETTER FROM THE HUDSON	85
LETTER FROM HIGHLAND TERRACE	88
LETTER FROM HUDSON HIGHLAND	92
LETTER FROM THE HIGHLANDS	95
" " " 	98
OLD WHITEY AND GENERAL TAYLOR	101
THE LATE PRESIDENT	104
EDWARD EVERETT	105
EMERSON	107
SECOND LOOK AT EMERSON	111
CALHOUN AND BENTON	113
MRS. FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER	115
DANIEL WEBSTER, UNDER THE SPELL OF JENNY LIND'S MUSIC	119
SIR HENRY BULWER	123
SAMUEL LOVER	124
MRS. ANNA BISHOP	126
FIELDS, "THE AMERICAN MOXON".	129
GRACE GREENWOOD	131
FENNIMORE COOPER	132
SCHROEDER AND FAY	134
THE NEW PRIMA DONNA, STEFFANONI	138
FREDERIKA BREMER	141

	PAGE
LIEUT. WISE, AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS"	142
MADemoiselle ALBONI	144
SIR WILLIAM DON	145
PARODI'S LUCREZIA BORGIA	148
TRUFFI	151
EDGAR POE	152
MR. WHIPPLE	160
GEORGE P. MORRIS, THE SONG WRITER	161
IRVING	163
JENNY LIND	163
FASHION AND INTELLECT IN NEW YORK	166
WANT OF MARRIED BELLES	170
MARRIED LADIES AND THEIR DAUGHTERS	172
USAGES OF SOCIETY	175
SOCIETY AND MANNERS IN NEW YORK	180
MANNERS AT WATERING-PLACES	185
OPERA MANNERS	189
WEDDING ETIQUETTES	194
SOCIETY NEWS	199
THE PROPRIETY OF SKETCHES OF FASHIONABLE	
SOCIETY	202
USAGES, ETIQUETTE, ETC.	206
" " "	208
SOCIETY, THIS WINTER	211
SHAWL ARISTOCRACY	213
SUGGESTION FOR THE OPERA	215
COMING OPERA SEASON	218
MAY-DAY IN NEW YORK	220
ARE OPERAS MORAL, AND ARE PRIMA DONNAS	
LADIES?	225
EVENING ACCESS TO NEW YORK INFORMATION AND	
AMUSEMENT	228

HURRY-GRAPHS;

OR,

SKETCHES OF SCENERY, CELEBRITY, AND SOCIETY.

LETTER FROM PLYMOUTH.

Politie Principle of Progress—Daniel Webster at Table—Reason for Midsummer Dinner at Plymouth—Description of Guests—Peculiarity of “Influential Bostonians”—Their Contempt for Two Extremes—Complimentary Speech to a certain Charming Person—Octogenarian’s Gallantry—Mr. Webster’s “Hay-fever”—Picture of the Table—Judge Warren—Webster’s Speech on the Removal of the Cloth, its Topics and Manner—Change of Tone and Feeling in the Parting Address—Sketch of Mr. Webster’s Countenance as Left by Illness—Speeches by Everett, Winthrop, Wayland, and Others—Drive to Mr. Webster’s House at Marshfield—Its Good Example in one Point—Propriety of Rural Retirement to Distinguished Old Age—Look of Plymouth—The Warren Homestead—Spirited Letter of John Adams—Letters of Chippeway Chief and of King Philip.

THERE is an old cautionary proverb, dear Morris, which exhorts an invariable “beginning at the small end of the horn.” In matters liable to interruption, however, I have oftenest inclined to seize first upon the main advantage, leaving disappointment to taper off small with the other probabilities. I have made two visits to Plymouth—one of several days, in which I enjoyed its usual sights and pleasures; and another of a few hours, in which I sat down at the Dinner of Pilgrim Embarkation, and *saw and heard Webster*. The letter of Procrustean verge, to which I am limited, may fail to use all the material for description which I have thus laid up. I will begin with the latter topic, therefore, and take my chance of arriving at the previous visit—in failure of which you will have the easy consolation that the points it would touch

upon are treated, more or less satisfactorily, in the guide-books.

I had never chanced to sit at table with Mr. Webster, and I was very glad of this opportunity to see him, for once, "with his armour off." You will understand, of course, that the annual and formal "Pilgrim Dinner" takes place in December and celebrates the *Landing*, and that this was a more informal gathering avowedly to celebrate the *Embarcation*. The real object, probably, was to meet Mr. Webster over the pilgrim theme—his Congressional duties preventing him from attendance here in the winter. Mr. Winthrop's presence was secured by the same arrangement, and that of other eminent New Englanders in Congress. Easier access to the place in summer, and the chance of finding agreeable guests among the distinguished strangers from the South in the travelling season, were additional reasons for establishing a biennial dinner; and indeed this celebration seems likely to become the more important of the two.

There were a hundred present, principally "influential Bostonians." You know Boston well enough to understand how this would differ from a company of influential New-Yorkers. They were mostly rich men, but they were "smart men" also—not a rich fool, nor a mere literary man among them. For *either* disproportion of brains to the pocket, they have very little respect in Boston. A more keen, sagacious set of physiognomies were never collected about a table; and it was impossible not to recognize, even in their looks, the cool inevitableness and breath-y calculation which make a Boston enterprise both more liberal and certain than one from any other capital in our country. Among the invited guests were Mr. Mercer, the wealthy planter from Louisiana, Gov. Woodbury, of New Hampshire, President Wayland, of Brown University, Edward Everett, and Mr. Mildmay, a grandson of Lord Ashburton. I shall not have informed you of all the "distinguished presences," however, without mentioning, that at a double window, which opened from the dining-room to the hall, like a box at the opera, were seated several of the more charming descendants of the Pilgrims, and among them Mrs. Bancroft, (wife of the late Minister to England,) whom the younger Quincy, in his speech, took occasion to compliment very gracefully upon her felicitous representation of the ladies of the Pilgrim stock at the proudest Court of Europe.

Perhaps it would interest our female readers to add, that the *elder* Quincy, who was also present, made a speech in which he tartly called the principal orators to order, they (Mr. Webster, Mr. Everett, and Mr. Winthrop) having glorified the pilgrim fore-fathers, to the exclusion of the pilgrim fore-mothers, without whose assistance, he thought, the handings down to us from Plymouth would have been very distressingly interrupted.

Mr. Webster was already in the reception-room on the arrival of the special train which brought the guests from Boston, dressed with that courtly particularity which becomes him, and he made his greetings to his friends, as they came in, like Nature's monarch that he is, with an uncontrived and unoppressive dignity and simplicity. He was suffering from an annual affliction to which he is subject, in the shape of what is called in England the "hay-fever"—a sort of catarrh which comes to some persons with each year's infusion of the aroma of new cut grass into the atmosphere. It had evidently prostrated his usual strength and spirits, and, when not conversing, he looked scarcely in fit condition, even for silent presence at a festivity.

At the announcement of dinner, Mr. Webster, who was to fill "the chair," took the arm of a venerable clergyman of Plymouth who has occupied the same pulpit for fifty years, and he seated himself at the cross-table, between this gentleman and Dr. Wayland. Two long tables extended down the large dining-hall of the Hotel, and at the upper extremity of one, Mr. Everett was peninsulated by Mr. Mildmay, and near the upper end of the other sat Mr. Winthrop—these two the principal oratorical reliances of the occasion. The witty and life-enjoying Judge Warren, (the most agreeable man for so eminent a one that the maturing succession to the Webster epoch has to show,) had the management of the dinner arrangements, and he was well appointed, no less for his ready judgment and courtesy than as being President of the "Pilgrim Society," and the best descended man in New England—having in his genealogical tree, six of the best known names among the company of the Mayflower.

I think I have now drawn in the outline of the scene with sufficient distinctness—accessory as every thing seemed, and was, to the principal personage in the picture. Mr. Webster arose, when the cloth was removed, and, in his primitive and

simple diction, opened the historic purpose of the celebration. He illustrated the event of the embarkation most aptly and impressively, as a painter illustrates an historical group, by giving the scenery around it. He drew the *moral* sky and atmosphere amid which the pilgrims resolved upon their voyage—sketching the great men of that period, Shakspeare, Milton, Bacon, and others, with their contemporaneous intellectual momenta, in a strain of narrative eloquence, that, quiet as it was, showed the great master. He then outlined the progress of the principles of the pilgrims, and, by easy transition, passed thence to the extension of the republic's power and limits. With a reservation as to his own concurrence in the grasp after grasp that we have taken, of territory South and West, he expressed, in an outbreak of most glowing and overpowering eloquence, his feeling as to liberal usage and prompt equalization of rights to all who are once covered with our banner. Glancing at our relative position toward the Governments of Europe, he spoke of Hungary and its downfall, giving that unhappy country his complete sympathy, and mourning over its prostration, with the language, and certainly with the look, of a prophet whose spirit was darkened, though he still expressed a confidence that the liberty, panted for abroad, could not long be kept under. The probable and possible future of our own country, and the needful extension of the pilgrim principles through its remotest limit of space and time, formed the theme of the great orator's impassioned conclusion.

These were the topics upon which Mr. Webster had come prepared to express himself; but he was once or twice again upon his feet during the evening, and, in taking his leave, he made a parting address that was of a different tenor and modulation. Unable, from illness, to join in the conviviality of the evening, he was, possibly, saddened by a mirth with which his spirits could not keep pace; and, at the same time, surrounded by those who had met there from love to him, and whose pride and idol he had always been, his kindest and warmest feelings were uppermost, and his heart alone was in what he had to say. His affectionate attachment to New England was the leading sentiment, but, through his allusions to his own advancing age and present illness, there was recognizable a wish to say what he might wish to have said, should he never again be so surrounded and listened to. It

was the most beautiful example of manly and restrained pathos, it seemed to me, of which language and looks could be capable. No one who heard it could doubt the existence of a deep well of tears under that lofty temple of intellect and power.

Sickness, like low tide, shows the true depths and shallows of the harbour of expression in a face, and I looked long and earnestly at the noble invalid, both as he sat and as he spoke, to see, if possible, where his tide-channels lay, and where his ever-buoyant greatness had, at least, come nearest to running aground. He was really ill—much thinner than I had ever seen him, and so debilitated that, in his least emphatic sentences, the more difficult words failed of complete utterance. Without colour, without the excitement of high spirits, fallen away in flesh, and evidently completely unconscious of the observation of those around, he was there without the advantages of an ordinary public appearance—himself, and at the ebb. Sombre as the lines are, unlighted with health or impulse—the eyes so cavernous and dark, the eyelids so livid, eyebrows so heavy and black, and the features so habitually grave—it is a face of strong affections, genial, and foreign to all unkindness. There is not a trace in it where a pettiness or a peevishness could lodge, and no means in its sallow muscles for the expression of an intellectual littleness or perversion. It is all broad—all majestic—all expansive and generous. The darkness in it is the shadow of a *Salvator Rosa*, a heightening of grandeur without injury to the clearness. It is easy to imagine, looking at his ponderous forehead alone, how Webster might have been ill-balanced with a little difference of nature. Less physically powerful, or with less strong sensuous affections, he might have been an intellectual man, without a statesman's deep-ploughing propulsion, or without a practical man's appreciation of the common-place, and constancy of every-day purpose—he might have been a great poet, in short, with infirmities enough to have made a good biography. With less intellect, on the contrary, the powerful animal that he is would have developed, perhaps, in antagonism and passionate violence, and we might have had a mob-swaying politician, blind with headlong impulses and intoxicated with his power. It is in his consistent and proportionate endowment that his greatness lies. His physical superiority and noble disposition (if

his grand face, in the subsided lines of illness, tells truly to my reading,) are in just balance with his mind, and keep its path broad and its policy open. It is the great mind with the small heart which makes a dwindling and illiberal old age. Webster—incapable of the forecast narrowness which makes the scope of character converge when meridian ambition and occupation fill it no longer—will walk the broadening path that has been divergent and liberalizing from his childhood to the present hour, till he steps from its expanding lines into his grave.

There were other speeches containing ideas worthy of record—one by Mr. Everett in his faultless style, a very graceful and effective one by Mr. Winthrop, two or three delightfully witty and pithy reply-speeches by Judge Warren, good sentiments by President Wayland, compliments to Plymouth as the “Mecca of America” by Governor Woodbury, compliments to the ladies by the two Quincys, and several good answers to healths proposed—but of these, though a synopsis would be both instructive and amusing, I have not time to give it. We had sat down at three, and left the table at eight, and the cars being in attendance, the greater part of the company was in Boston again at ten.

In my previous visit to Plymouth, I gratified my admiring curiosity by a drive to Mr. Webster's home in Marshfield, (twelve miles distant,) though, not having the honour of a visiting acquaintance with the great statesman, I could only venture upon what I was assured was a customary liberty for strangers—a drive round the noble elm which turns the carriage road upon his lawn. The house, though the picture of English refinement and rural comfort, is still a very unpresuming exponent of the fifteen hundred acres which surround, as well as of the distinction which inhabits it; and this, to one who has noticed the disproportion of our American palaces, in the country, to the quantity of land appertaining, is a pleasurable example of good taste. Marshfield has been often described, and I could only admire, verifyingly, the evidences of thrift and high culture by which the great farmer has made himself a supplementary citizenship and reputation. In this home of his own choosing and embellishing, fitly secluded between his wide woodlands and the sea, may he freshen and rally, after retirement from public life, and enjoy the green and vigorous old age of which his majestic frame

gives him the promise! Such men should not whiten their locks amid the disrespect of cities.

Half an hour only before the mail closes, and I scarce know what to pick out for mention, among the many delightful circumstances of my first visit to Plymouth. One goes there with reverence. It is, as Gov. Woodbury said in his speech, "the Mecca" of our country. The old houses have a delightful physiognomy to me, and the crooked and sociable-looking streets look, as the breaking-off place from the old country *should* look—like old Plymouth, or old Stratford-on-Avon. Judge Warren kindly gave us a look into the mansion of his Mayflower family—a delightful old wooden house with low ceilings, which has stood near two hundred years, and is filled with relics of the six pilgrim families that collected round its hearth in relationship. There were the antique chairs, (one, particularly, brought over by Gov. Winslow, and with the staples still on its sides by which it was fastened to the cabin of the Mayflower,) and the home-like cupboards and closets still full of the old china and silver, and the quaint furniture of former times, in all its variety and profusion. The Judge's venerable mother, (the sixth generation from the landing,) still inhabits this home of his fathers.

I was struck with an admirable Letter from John Adams to James Warren, which I read, in turning over a mass of Letters from Washington and the patriots of the day, addressed to different members of the Judge's family, and, as his brother kindly made a copy of it, at my request, I enclose it, with one or two other good things of which I made copies at the Pilgrim Hall. My time is up. Adieu. Yours, &c.

[The following are the enclosures referred to:—]

Copy of a Letter from John Adams to James Warren, written the morning after the throwing overboard of the tea in Boston Harbor.

Boston, Dec'r 17, 1773.

Dr Sir:—The Dye is cast. The People have passed the River and cutt away the Bridge: last Night Three Cargoes of Tea were emptied into the Harbour. This is the grandest Event which has ever yet happened since the controversy with Britain opened!

The Sublimity of it charms me!

For my own Part, I cannot express my own Sentiments of it, better than in the words of Coll. Doane to me, last Evening. Balch should repeat them. The worst that can happen, I think, says he, in conse-

quence of it, will be that the Province must pay for it. Now, I think the Province may pay for it, if it is burn'd as easily as if it is drank—and I think it is a matter of indifference whether it is drank or drowned. The Province must pay for it in either case—But there is this Difference, I believe—it will take them 10 years to get the Province to pay for it—if so we shall save 10 years interest of the money—whereas if it is drank it must be paid for immediately, thus He.—However He agreed with me that the Province would never pay for it—and also in this that the final Ruin of our Constitution of Government, and of all American Liberties would be the certain Consequence of suffering it to be landed.

Governor Hutchinson and his Family and Friends will never have done with their good services to Great Britain and the Colonies! But for him this Tea might have been saved to the East India Company. Whereas this Loss if the rest of the Colonies should follow our Example, will in the opinion of many Persons bankrupt the Company. However, I dare say, that the Governors, and Consignees, and Custom House Officers in the other Colonies will have more Wisdom than ours have had and take effectual Care that their tea shall be sent back to England untouched—if not it will as surely be destroyed there as it has been here.

Threats, Phantoms, Bugbears by the million, will be invented and propagated among the People upon this occasion—Individuals will be threatened with Suits and Prosecutions—Armies and Navies will be talked of—military Executions—Charters annulled—Treason—Tryals in England and all that—But—these Terrors are all but Imaginations—Yet if they should become Realities they had better be suffered than the great Principle of Parliamentary Taxation given up.

The Town of Boston was never more still and calm of a Saturday night than it was last Night—all Things were conducted with great order, Decency, and *perfect submission to Government*. No doubt we all thought the administration in better hands than it had been.

Please to make Mrs. Adams's most respectful Compliments to Mrs. Warren, and mine. I am your Friend,

JOHN ADAMS.

Coll. WARREN.

[The principal Hotel at Plymouth is named the Samoset House, after the Indian chief who gave a frank welcome to the Pilgrims. Very recently a Chippeway chief with some of his tribe, visited Plymouth in the course of a tour, exhibiting the war-dance, etc. While there, he presented to the Pilgrim Hall his portrait in war costume, painted by his son, and dictated the following admirable letter, which, I think, the friendly Samoset would like to rise from the dead and read:]

Brothers, We give our sincere thanks to the Great Spirit in allowing us to see you this day. Many winters and summers have gone by, since our fathers first saw each other in this place.

We have seen the rock, once our own, the rock that was the founda-

tion for the first step your fathers made when they landed here, from the other side of the great waters.

Brothers, It is said that our fathers were in great fear of one another, when they first saw each other; but now we, their children, see one another with friendship, love, and kindness.

Brothers, If our fathers have been enemies to each other, and have had many wars between them, we sincerely hope that we their children will never be so, but that we may live in peace with one another in this world, and for ever in the other.

Brothers, If we should say that your coming to America has been a great evil to us, it would be no other than speaking against the orders of the Great Spirit. The wisdom of His thoughts we cannot see with eye of our minds. He alone was the cause of America being discovered by white men; seeing that there would have been no room for you all on the small island called England. He is kind to all his children. Your coming to our country is a general blessing to you, and we believe it is for our good too.

Brothers, We have been travelling four years among the whites in Europe, and in this country, and we have been treated very kindly indeed.

Brothers, May you and we always enjoy bright and happy days.

Brothers, I present this picture to the Pilgrim Society, a representation of our dress before you this evening.

Presented by Maungundases, drawn by his son Wanbudick, Chippeways.

[There is another specimen of the native royal literature of our country, of which the original hangs up in the Pilgrim Hall, and it is pithy enough to be re-copied in connexion with the above :]

KING PHILIP TO GOVERNOR PRINCE.

To the much honored Governor Thomas Prince, dwelling at Plymouth.

Honored Sir: King Philip desires to let you understand that he could not come to the Court, for tom his interpreter has a pain in his back that he could not travel so far, and Philip's sister is very sick. Philip would entreat that favor of you, and any of the Magistrates, if oney English or ingeins speak about aney land, he prays you to give them no answer at all. The last summer he maid that promise with you, that he would sell no land in seven years time, for that he would have no English trouble him before that time. he has not forgot that you promise him. he will come as soon as possible he can speak with you, and so I rest your verey loving friend, Philip, dwelling at Mount Hope neck. (1663.)

[I must vary these prose extracts with one specimen of American poetry "two hundred years ago." Miles Standish was the gallant Bayard, the fearless soldier of the Mayflower company, and a piece of his daughter's embroidery hangs up

in the Pilgrim Hall, at the bottom of which her needle has stitched the following lines:]

"Lorra Standish is my name
 Lord guide my hart that I may doe thy will;
 Also fill my hands with such convenient skill,
 As may conduce to virtue void of shame
 And I will give the glory to thy name."

LETTER FROM NEW BEDFORD.

Effect of Steamer Starting from the Wharf—Piece of a Town afloat—
 The Phenixed Boat—Cost of Empire State—Vocation of Captain—
 Spectacle of Supper in a Cabin Two Hundred and Fifty Feet Long—
 Effect on Manners—Sumptuous Entertainment for Fifty Cents—
 Excuse for Statistics—New Bedford and its Wealth—Climate and
 Industry—Geographic Peculiarities—"Placer" for Beauty—The
 Acushnet—Old Fashioned Prejudices and Modern Luxury—States-
 manlike Remedy for Decline of Local Trade and Industry—Proposed
 Visit to the Raised Leg of New England, etc., etc.

MY DEAR MORRIS:—If you have any recollection of what the boys call "*running kittledys*"—prying off and jumping upon cakes of ice and navigating them, when the frozen river is breaking up into floating islands, in the Spring—you can understand what I mean when I say that one of these vast steam-boats, leaving the wharf, seems to me like a whole street *cake-ing* off into the river. I walked the length of the "Empire State," yesterday, before starting, and, when she glided away from the pier alongside of the Battery, it struck me like the lower end of the town going adrift—like "Ward No. 1" getting under weigh. And, really, this great flotilla comprises almost as much of a town as one wants—quite as much, at least, as one wishes to take into the country in August—drawing-rooms, sleeping-rooms, and kitchens, stables and baggage-rooms, barber's shop and refectory, lounging places and promenades, ladies to wait upon and servants to wait on us, goods and merchandise of every description, supper, society, and something to see. If we could pack up a portion of the city, as we do a portion of our wardrobe, and take it travelling with us as "baggage," we should hardly want more.

The "Empire State" is the boat that *phenixed*, last year—

was burnt to the water's edge, that is to say, and rebuilt—and, superb as was the former boat, this is an improvement on her. The tremulous jar which we used to feel at either end of the old boat, is remedied by extension of the bracing portions of this, and she goes through the water now, at eighteen miles an hour, as steadily as a swan. The cost of one of these floating palaces may help you to an idea of their magnitude and magnificence—one hundred and eighty thousand dollars! The Fall River Company have another such boat, a little larger than this, and a smaller one; and their outlay, altogether, I was told—for craft, warehouses, wharves, etc.,—amounts to *half a million!* This, as the investment of capital in only one of several lines of conveyance in the same direction, shows the energy of Yankee enterprise very forcibly. The burnt upper works of the boat that was destroyed, I should mention, were replaced at a cost of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

The captain of one of these boats exercises an office of very responsible control. The daily municipality (subject to his mayoralty from wharf to wharf,) often comprises upwards of five hundred souls, including fifty or so of permanent subordinates; and the demands on his tact, judgment, personal character and authority, besides the life and property entrusted to his skill, are enough to entitle his office (and all offices should be graded by their power and responsibility) to the consideration and dignity of a prefect. We should be better off, if large cities could be as well disciplined and governed as are these floating towns of temporary population. The "Empire State" is a beautiful model of system, elegance, and comfort. The quiet decision, and good-humoured mastership and authority of Comstock, her captain, who is a fine specimen of his class, form a controlling power that works like his boat's rudder. It seems to affect even the manners at the supper-table, for, chance-met and promiscuous as is the company, never twice the same, it is as orderly a show, in its general effect, as any entertainment in the world. This sort of thing, mind you, is found in no other country, and when first seen, it is very impressive to a stranger. The room in which it is served, the lower cabin, is two hundred and fifty feet long, richly and continuously draped on both sides with curtains of costly material and brilliant colours; and the two immensely long tables are fur-

nished in a style of most sumptuous luxury. Vases of flowers, elegant china, bouquets at every third or fourth plate, and a profusion of chandeliers and candles, are the ornamental portion. The well-drilled negro waiters in their uniform white jackets are apparently selected for their good looks as well as for their capability. The supper consists of game, fish, oysters, steaks of all kinds, every variety of bread and sweetmeats, and tea and coffee, with an after-course of ices and jellies—all well cooked and all served as quietly and expeditiously as it could be done in a palace—and, that this could be afforded at fifty cents a head, would astonish a European. Now, every-day matter as this is, it is a brilliant spectacle of gregarious economy, worth travelling some distance to see, and as creditable to our country as it is peculiarly American. Let us recognize good things as they go along, familiar though they be!

New Bedford, (the place of my present writing,) is two hundred and twenty-five miles from New York—twenty-five miles by railroad from Fall River, to which these steamers ply. One gets here by a capital supper, a night's sleep on the water, and an hour's ride in the morning—cost (for feed and freight) four dollars ten cents. If I am a little dry with my statistics, by the way, you will remember that it is easy to skip a fact, if you knew it before—vexatious to miss one if you want and do not find it. How ignorant are you, on the whole, my dear General? It is not always safe, I have found, to presume on people's knowing everything, and, in the remainder of this letter, particularly, I shall address you as if you knew nothing.

What do you think of a town, in which, if the property taxed in it were equally divided, every man, woman, and child, in its population, would have over one thousand dollars? This makes a rich town, (they would say in Ireland,) and, in fact, New Bedford is as rich, for its population, as any town in this country. The taxed property this year is 17,237,400 dollars, and the whole number of inhabitants is but about sixteen thousand. The use of capital by which the place is best known, is its *whaling* business—a hundred ships, averaging each thirty thousand dollars in value, belonging to this port alone. Twenty or thirty years ago, this was the engrossing interest of the town, and the arrival of a ship from sea drew everybody to the wharves; but now they come and go,

unnoticed except by owners and the relatives of the crew. The sexagenarians tell how the railroad and the theatre have displaced the old excitements, and, with this history of change comes a long chapter upon novelties in dress and religion, nearly the entire population having once been Quakers. Luxurious as the town is, now, however, and few and far between as are the lead-coloured bonnets and drab cut-away coats, there is a strong tincture of Quaker precision and simplicity in the manners of the wealthier class in New Bedford, and, among the nautical class, it mixes up very curiously with the tarpaulin carelessness and ease. The railroad, which has brought Boston within two hours' distance, is fast cosmopolizing away the local peculiarities, and though at present, I think, I could detect the New Bedford relish, in almost any constant inhabitant whom I might meet elsewhere, they will soon be undistinguishable, probably, from other New Englanders.

As to the geography of the place, you may, if you please, imagine Massachusetts sitting down with her feet in the waters of the Acushnet, where that river opens upon Buzzard's Bay, and looking off towards the Gulf of Mexico—New Bedford occupying, meantime, the slope of her instep. The southern shore of the Granite State, is fringed with islands which break the ocean horizon; but the warm and moist air of the gulf comes unchecked hither, with every continuous south wind, affecting very much, (and very delightfully, to my sense,) the climate of the place. The eighty miles' stretch of land which extends back, between it and Massachusetts Bay, uses up, at the same time, the bilious acid of the Boston east winds; and, but for its greater clearness, the weather, here, would resemble, in most of its temperate seasons and phases, that of the south of England. The thermometer, on an average, is five degrees higher than in Boston, though the breezy exposure to the sea makes the extreme heat of summer more endurable here than there. A southern propinquity to the ocean is very favorable to complexion, and this is a "*placer*" for bright lips and rosy cheeks accordingly.

The Acushnet is more an arm of the sea than a river proper, and, as the harbor is in the hollow of this arm, the old maritime town takes a very close hug from it—some of the best of the old houses being but a biscuit pitch from the

vessels at the wharves. On the table summit of the precipitous hill which rises immediately behind the town, stands one of the finest arrays of dwelling-houses in this country—an extensive neighbourhood of costly villas, with each its ample surrounding of grounds and garden—and this part of New Bedford reminds one of the Isle of Wight or English Clifton. One of the well-remembered events of the town's history—a matter of twenty or thirty years ago—is the opposition made to the introduction of sidewalks; the influential and wealthy of that period insisting that they had walked comfortably enough over the round stones; yet, in the beautiful houses where many of these easily suited persons are now growing old, is to be found luxury in its most refined shapes and costliest superfluities—so readily, in this mobile country of ours, do classes and customs undergo changes the most improbable.

An idea has been liberally and successfully acted upon at New Bedford, which is somewhat analogous to Nature's provision for the supply of the Croton—(three or four lakes in reserve in case the principal one should fail)—and, as it embodies a useful example, both of political economy and of practical philanthropy, I will ballast my sketchy letter with its mention. Whaling, as every one knows, has been the principal commerce and industry of the town since its first settlement. The large fortunes possessed here have been mostly made in this trade, and the majority of the inhabitants, even now, are mostly dependent on it, in one shape or another. From various causes, the profits of this long lucrative resource have lessened within the last few years, or at least the shipping enterprise has not increased with the population and its wants. A further falling off, of this vital supply of prosperity, was foreseen to be possible, and recognized at once as a calamity which the wealthy might not feel, who could easily employ their capital elsewhere, but which would fall very heavily on the families of the maritime class. It was evident that some new industry must be grafted on the habits of the place, and that it must, if possible, be one of which the families of sailors and mechanics could avail themselves, independent of the precarious yield from “following the sea.” The decline of many a town shows that the industry of communities is not, in itself, a very Protean or self-restoring principle, and, unless cared for and re-directed

by far-sighted and higher intelligence, will lose courage with the exhaustion of a particular vein. Enterprise, for individual gain alone, is slow to provide new branches of trade. It must be done from public spirit, and by a combination of the sagacity to contrive and the influence to induce and control capital. This is the *moral history* of the establishment of the WAMSUTTA STEAM COTTON FACTORY, which has lately been put into operation at New Bedford, with a capital of three hundred thousand dollars, and in which a sailor's daughter, for example, (who else might be painfully dependent, or compelled to leave home and go out to service), may earn four dollars a week by independent and undegrading labor. This is the average of the present earnings of *two hundred* operatives in this new factory; and, as the investment is already proved to be a good one, other factories will doubtless be built, and the industry of New Bedford, turned into a new and more reliable and acceptable channel, will be independent of the precarious resources of whaling. Towns are well furnished that have controlling minds among their inhabitants, capable of this sort of enlarged foresight and remedy, to provide new conducts against their natural or accidental depletion. New Bedford is indebted for this to its able Representative in Congress, Hon. Joseph Grinnell.

Having never visited the renowned country, CAPE COD, I am making my will and otherwise preparing for an exploring expedition to that garden of 'cuteness. If you look at it upon the map, you will see that it resembles the lifted leg of New England, in the act of giving the enemy a kick. Intending to venture out as far as Provincetown, which is the point of the belligerent toe, I shall probably date my next letter from that extremity—meantime remaining, dear General,

Yours, &c.

LETTER FROM CAPE COD.

System and Monotony—Booted Leg of Massachusetts—First Stop below the Garter—Yarmouth and its Vertebral Street—Sentiment on Cape Cod—Stage-driver's Plenipotentiary Vocation—Delicate Messages delivered in Public—More Taste for Business than Rural Seclusion—Sameness and Plainness of Building—Republican Equality—'Cute Lad—Yanno the Handsome Chief—Cape Cod Poetess—Comparative Growth of Trees and Captains—Boxed Gardens—Misfortune of too Good Company—Centenarian Servant known as "The Old Gentleman"—Man One Hundred and Nine Years Old, who had never been out of Temper, etc., etc.

You must leave the railroad to know anything of the character of New England. A wooden Station-house, with "Gentlemen's Room," "Ladies' Saloon," a clock, and a counter for pies and coffee, is the picture repeated with as little variety as a string of mile-posts, from one end of a route to the other. System and punctuality, such valuable and invariable characteristics as they are, of rail-roading in Yankee-land, are accompanied, as invariably, by stiff gravity and monotony—the excitement of curiosity, which a stranger awakens as he goes, being the only gleam of animation upon the meeting-house physiognomy of the cars. With my getting round the head of Buzzard's Bay, therefore, my dear General—(three hours of rail-roading from New Bedford to Sandwich)—you would be no more interested than in a history of a man's travels while changing his seat from the broad-aisle to the side-aisle to see more of the congregation.

On the raised leg of New England, (which Cape Cod, or Barnstable County, looks to be, on the map,) the proposed *ship canal* from Buzzard's Bay to Massachusetts Bay, would be the well-placed *garter*. Mr. Everett, by-the-way, very felicitously called this peninsular Cape the outstretched arm which Providence held forth, to enclose, with protecting welcome, the Pilgrims of the Mayflower; but I insist, notwithstanding, that it resembles more a *raised leg, clad with the spurred boot of a cavalier*—Falmouth, at the spacious opening of its top, the long island off Chatham forming the long rowel of its spur, and the Elizabeth cluster, from Naushon to Kutiyhunk, furnishing its appropriate edging of lace.

The railroad, extending only to Sandwich, barely crosses the line of this proposed garter canal. My companion and guide

intended to lodge ten miles further down, at Yarmouth. We found an old-fashioned stage, waiting for passengers "bound down," and, rejoicing in it as a long missed and pleasant friend, I mounted to the top for one of the pleasantest summer-evening rides that I remember. With a full moon rising before us, a delicious southern breeze laden with the breath of sweet-briar and new hay, and a consequent mood rather sentimental than otherwise, I commenced acquaintance with Cape Cod—a country, the mention of which does not (usually, at least,) call up associations of so tender a complexion.

We were fourteen passengers, but the carrying of us and our baggage seemed to be a secondary part of the driver's vocation. He was apparently the agent, parcel-carrier, commission-broker, apologist, and bearer of special intelligence for the whole population. His hat was the "way-mail," and with his whip and the reins for four horses in his hands, he uncovered, and transacted business constantly and expeditiously. The presence of fourteen detained listeners was no barrier to the delivery of confidential messages. We pulled up before one of the most respectable-looking houses on the road, and a gentleman came out, evidently prepared to receive something he had expected.

"Mr. B——," said the driver, "told me to tell yer he couldn't send yer that money to-day."

"Why not?" said the expectant, clearly disappointed.

"'Cause he had to go to Court."

"Wal!" said the gentleman, putting his hands in his pockets and giving the driver a sly look as he turned on his heel, "you hain't pocketed it yourself, have yer?"

"Tluck, tluck!" and along we went again, pulling up, a mile further on, to receive a parcel from a man in an apron.

"Seventy-five cents to be paid on that!" said the mechanic, holding out his hand to receive from the driver what his customer was to pay on delivery—an advance, or loan on security, of course, which the driver handed over without objection.

Presently we were stopped by a man with a letter in his hand. The driver was a minute or two decyphering the address, and, after some delay, to which none of the fourteen passengers made any objection, he discovered that it was directed to Boston, and he was to drop it into the office at Yarmouth.

"Anything to pay on't?" asked the man.

"No. Tluck, tluck!" and away we went again.

These, and slighter errands made a difference of perhaps half an hour in our time of arrival—a tax upon transient passengers for the benefit of regular customers on the road, which is, no doubt, politic enough in the stage proprietor, but which, like most other arrangements of the Cape, was indicative of the primitive simplicity of old time.

Barnstable and Yarmouth—once several miles apart—have built up to each other, and a stranger would have no idea where the two towns divide. This is the result of a peculiar fashion which prevails all over the Cape, of building nowhere but on the stage-road, the houses and gardens of these populous villages being all strung, thus, upon one string. I inquired the length of *the street*, or extension of contiguous houses, through which we had come to Yarmouth, and was told it was five miles. So exclusively is it "the rage" to live on this main street, that the land upon it is worth, on an average, three or four dollars a foot, while, a hundred rods back, it could be had for comparatively nothing. I may mention here, that, on our way to Hyannis the next morning, we came to a most lovely fresh water lake, set in a bowl of wooded hills, and offering the finest possible situations for elegant rural residence. Though only a mile or so from the village street, this beautiful neighborhood was as unfenced and wild as land on the prairies; and of no value for building lots, as the gentleman told me who was our kind conductor. In any other vicinity to a town, in the civilized world, it seems to me, such easy advantages for taste and charming surroundings would have been eagerly competed for, and seized upon and improved by the first winner of a competency.

In the style of building, along through Yarmouth and Barnstable, there is a most republican equality. Usually, in places of the same size, the inhabitants, as they grow wealthy, make a corresponding show in their dwelling-houses. Here, there is scarce one which has any pretension, or could fairly be accused of any superiority which might awaken envy. They are mostly wooden farm-houses, of one unvarying inelegance of model, and such as could be built, I was told, for an average cost of somewhere within one thousand dollars. Yet many of the residents in these simple structures are very wealthy men. The equality, of which this is a type, extends to everything.

We stopped, for example, (in our ride from Yarmouth,) at the village of Hyannis, and, leaving our two vehicles at the store, which served as a stopping-place, went to a neighboring house to call on some old acquaintances of my fellow-traveller. As we sat in the drawing-room, conversing with the four or five ladies of the family, a lad of fifteen, who had been sent with us by the keeper of the livery-stable to bring back his horse, walked in and took a chair, with the self-possession of the most honored guest. He was a boy, by-the-way, to whom I took a fancy—"a 'cute lad" worthy of Cape Cod—and I was indebted to him, as we rode along, for valuable information. Among other things, he pointed out to me the Indian burial-ground, where Y-anno (an Indian chief whose remarkable personal beauty is still remembered, and after whom the village of Hyannis is named,) has his grave. A man was ploughing in the field of which it made a part. "Do you see that man?" said the boy; "well, he's got a daughter that wrote him a piece of poetry about givin' on her that lot that the Indians are buried in." He then showed me the house in which the poetess lived—all with the air, however, of one doubtful whether or no he had apprised me of a matter of any consequence. Like some older people, he evidently had not made up his mind whether the writing of poetry was indicative of a fool or a prophet. As this was the only one of my trade whom I heard of as indigenous to the Cape, I was sorry, afterwards, that I had not called to pay the proper respects of professional "fraternization."

We had left the ordinary stage route at Yarmouth, and kept along the south shore of the Cape for ten or fifteen miles—intending to take the stage again at Harwich. The small village of Hyannis, which is five miles south of the usual line of travel, is upon a bank of sand, which affords only a scanty hold to vegetation, and it looks like a settlement of Socialists, or like the ideal of Pitcairn's Island—so all alike are its houses, and so tidy, thrifty, homely, and after one pattern, are all the surroundings of each. There seems to be but one idea of the structure of a dwelling—to have nothing superfluous and to paint the remainder white. The garden fences are made of close boards, to keep out the sand in windy weather, and every house stands in a white box, accordingly. These are, almost without exception, the residences of the families of seafaring men, and we were told that we should be safe in

calling any man "Captain" whom we might in Hyannis. They raise better Captains than trees, here. The stunted pine, with its bald roots, looks scrofulous and pinched, and the only shade-tree which seems to thrive is the silver-leaved poplar, of which we saw, here and there one, in the boxed-up gardens. As in Yarmouth, the building lots are valuable on the street.—the few feet, for a little cottage and flower garden costing four or five hundred dollars, while the average cost of the houses in the town, (occupied, many of them, by comparatively wealthy men) is but six or seven hundred.

Unfortunately for the interest of my letter, I made this excursion in company with a very distinguished man; and as the inhabitants turned out, every where, to show him attention and accompany him from town to town, I had little or no opportunity of seeing what some traveller calls "the unconscious natives." Wherever we chanced to be, at about the dinner hour, we were kept to dine—losing time for *me*, as our entertainers were of a class that is the same all over the world, and, delightful as was their hospitality, it furnished, of course, neither material nor liberty of description. Among the advantages of the attention to my friend, of which I thus, business-wise, complain, however, I must mention an introduction to a centenarian, whom I noticed that every one called "the old gentleman," though he enjoys a celebrity as having been *servant to the father* of James Otis, the patriot. It was a curious confusion of dates, to hear a patriot who has gone down to history, spoken of, by a living person, as "young Jem"—the name by which the old man invariably designates James Otis. The "old gentleman" has a noble physiognomy, and is the wreck of a powerful frame. He was courteous and aristocratic enough, in his expression and bearing, to have been an old Duke.

I was sorry to hear, after we left Yarmouth, that I had missed seeing a centenarian of that place, who is certainly a curiosity. He is now a hundred and nine years of age, and, in his whole life, *was never known to be out of temper*. He married young, and his wife died about twenty years ago, having been, all *her* life, a *singularly irritable* woman! He did good service in the war of the Revolution, and has been pressed, at various times, to apply for the pension to which he is entitled. He refused always, on the ground that, as he served the time he agreed to, and received the pay they

agreed to give him, the Government owes him nothing. His children, living in the town, are well off, and wish him to end his days with them; but he prefers his lodging in the Poor House, declaring that he "can't bear to think of being a trouble to any body," and fairly earning his board by "doing chores" about the grounds and kitchen. He is still of a most playful turn of mind. A fellow pensioner of the Poor House, who is eighty years old, was sitting with him, but a few days since, upon a wooden bench in the yard—the skirts of his broad-skirted coat lying loose upon the seat, and the large empty pockets temptingly open. The old humorist quietly glided behind, during their talk, and from a heap of loose stones near by, filled the open pockets, without disturbing the owner. He then patted him kindly on the shoulder, and, expressing some fear that he might take cold, asked him to walk into the house. At the vain efforts of his pinned-down friend, to rise with the weight in his coat-tails, he laughed as heartily as a boy of sixteen. He is said to have a fine physiognomy, and to have been an active man and a good citizen, without displaying any particular talent.

I must defer, to another letter, the remainder and more interesting portion of my trip down the Cape.—Yours, &c.

LETTER FROM CAPE COD.

Down the Ankle of Cape Cod to Heel and Instep—Amputated Limb of a Town—Look of Thrift—Contentment on Barren Sand—Primitive part of the Cape, unreached by Steam and Rails—Ladies' Polkas—Statistics of Mackerel Fishery—Three Prominent Features of the Cape, Grave Yards, School Houses and One other—Praiseworthy Simplicity of Public Taste—Partial Defence of "Dandies"—The "Blue Fish"—Class of Beauty on the Cape—Comparative Vegetation and Humanity, etc., etc.

At the close of my last letter, I believe, I was bound to take tea on the heel of Cape Cod, and, thence, to cross over and sleep on the instep. We stopped upon the way—between the two veins of Bass River and Herring River—to visit one of the "packing wharves," to which the mackerel fishermen bring in their cargoes for inspection and barrelling. These

long projections of frame-work into the sea, of which there are several along the Southern beach of the Cape, have a strangely amputated look—a busy wharf having usually a busy city attached to it, and such a limb of a town on a desolate shore doing as much violence to association as to see an arm there without the remainder of the man.

In the mackerel fishery is engaged a very large proportion of the inhabitants of Cape Cod, and this and other navigation are enriching that part of the country, at present, at an almost Californian rate—at least, if the usual indications of renewed prosperity are at all to be trusted. The little fleets of fishing vessels which are constantly visible in the distance, following the “schools” of their prey, are beautiful objects, looking like flocks of snow-white birds painted upon the blue tablet of the sea. They are, each, a small republic, composed of ten or twelve men, with proportionate shares in the enterprise, and their voyages last from two to six weeks. The fish are assorted, at the packing wharves, into three qualities, inspected and sent to market. At the head of each of these landing-places is a “store” for sundries, where the fisherman may find the few goods and groceries that he requires, and, all around—warehouses, pyramids of new barrels, workmen and all—had a look (it struck me) of most especial thrift and contentment.

And I must put in here, my dear song-writer, a paragraph which you poetical and un-practical people may skip if you like—statistics of mackerel fishery which I took some pains to inquire out, and by which persons of other vocations can make that comparison of outlay and profit, so useful to a proper appreciation of human allotment.

The small vessels in which fishing is most successfully pursued are from 50 to 100 tons burthen, and cost from \$2000 to \$4000. The expenses and *fittings-out* are divided into two classes of articles, which are technically called the “Great Generals” and the “Small Generals”—the former consisting of salt, barrels, expense of packing, and Skipper’s commission on the proceeds; the latter consisting of provisions for the crew and fishing-tackle. The owners furnish vessel, sails, rigging, etc., and draw 25 to 30 per cent. of the proceeds, after the “Great Generals” are deducted. The crew receive the remainder, and divide among themselves, according to the quantity of fish caught by each. I forgot, by-the-way, to

mention the Skipper's premium for commanding the vessel, which is $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the proceeds. And another item:— whoever furnishes the "Great Generals" receives one-eighth of the gross proceeds, and it is sometimes done by the owner of the vessel, sometimes jointly by the crew.

The average quantity of mackerel taken by single vessels in a season, is 600 barrels, and they usually bring \$6 per barrel. Let us put it into a shapely business statement:—

Gross proceeds	\$3600,00
Deduct "Great Generals":—	
600 bushels of salt at 30 cents	\$180
600 empty barrels and re-packing	600
Skipper's commission	90
	<hr/>
	\$2730,00
Owner of vessel's share, 25 per cent.	<hr/>
	\$682,50
	<hr/>
	\$2047,50
Crew of twelve men, average to each	170,62
Less share of "Small Generals"	50,00
	<hr/>
About \$20 per month	\$120,62

Sometimes (I must add) the crews are part owners of the vessels, and, according to their standard of wealth, when a man has acquired \$4000, he has an independent fortune—the cost of living, for a fisherman's family on the Cape, not necessarily exceeding \$200 per annum.

There is bitter complaint of the Government, among those interested in the mackerel fishery—(a very formidable body of voters)—so palpably injured is this large and hardy class by the operation of the *ad valorem* duty on foreign mackerel. In the British provinces, where this fish is taken by a seine, instead of by hook and line as in this country, they can afford to put the value as low as two to three dollars per barrel, making the duty from forty to sixty cents. The American fisherman furnishes a better article, but to enable him to compete at all with his foreign competitor, there should be a specific duty of so much per barrel.

The cod fishery, by which the tough sons of the Cape are best known, is so incomparable a school for such sailors as the country relies on in time of danger, that the Government gives a bounty to those who engage in it. This premium on an industry which is an education in skill and hardihood—the ex-

posure to fogs, ice, and difficult navigation, being greater than in any other pursuit—amounts to \$300 given to the owners and crew of each vessel, three-eighths to the owners and five-eighths to the crew.

The barren sand and starved vegetation of this whole line of coast naturally suggested a query as to the contentment of residence here, but, in answer to various inquiries, I found that a Cape man's proverbial ambition is to have a comfortable home where he was born; that the Cape girls have no wish to live anywhere else; and that increased means only confirm them in the fulfilment of these indigenous preferences. Just now, certainly, there are more new houses going up on the Cape roads than in any section of the country which I have travelled through, and, as to poverty, it seems unknown, from the Cape's toe to its knee-pan. In Provincetown, where the population is between two and three thousand, there are but *two* paupers and these are disabled and decrepid fishermen. If green and fertile Ireland, (which is the first land eastward,) could only close up to the Cape, what a picture of *double contrast* would be presented, and what a neat Gordian knot it would offer—wealthy and intelligent bleakness, and ignorance and poverty-stricken fertility—for political economists to unravel!

We left, at Harwich, the relays of kind friends who had passed us along in their vehicles on the Southern shore, and resumed the stage conveyance on the regular highway. From this point to Chatham (along the ankle of the leg), we saw, I presume, a fair segment of the primitive state of things—unaltered, I mean, by the new-fangeries of the march of improvement. The two ends of Barnstable County are in a state of transition—the upper end having a railroad running into it, and the lower end connected with Boston by a daily steamer—and, for old-fashioned Cape Cod manners and habits, the traveller will soon be obliged to confine his observations to this sandy betweenity. Trifles sometimes, show, like sea-weed, the reach of a resistless tide, and it amused me to notice that the article of a lady's dress called a *visite* or *polka*, (a brown over-jacket that has been, of late, a popular rage,) was universal as far down as Yarmouth, scattering through Hyannis, unseen through Chatham, Eastham, Wellfleet and Truro, and suddenly universal again where the steamer touches—at Provincetown. How soon these two converging tides will *polka*

the whole Cape, is a nice and suggestive question of progress.

The houses in this intermediate region are of a most curiously inelegant plainness—the roof all painted red, the sides of rusty white, if painted at all, and the model invariably the same, and such as a carpenter would build who thought only of the cheapest shelter. Ornament of any kind seems as unknown as beggary. The portion of a house, which in every foreign country is decently concealed,—and unobserved access to which is contrived, at the humblest cottage of Europe, in some way or other,—is here the most conspicuous and unsheltered of the appendages to a dwelling-house—an insensibility to delicacy, the more strange, as the females of this part of the country are proverbially and fastidiously modest. The two next most conspicuous things are the school-house and the grave-yard—life's beginning and its ending—the latter a treeless collection of white stones occupying, every-where, the summit of the highest ground. In one instance where it stood over a family vault, the white stone, with its black fence, was the only object in the yard of a farm-house, and placed exactly between the front door and the public road. The absence of taste which accompanies the Cape Cod disrelish of superfluities, is a thing to be regretted; we think, though there are evils, of course, which follow close after refinement, as corruption after ripeness in most fruits of this wicked world. One of our ablest contemporaries, a Boston editor, writing a letter recently from the Cape, approaches the same quality of Cape character by a little different road. He says:—

“The amusements here must be few compared with other places which we have visited, or must be peculiar in their character. There is no opportunity for persons of a sentimental turn to take a promenade of a leisure afternoon to some romantic glen or grove, or a stroll by moonlight through some secluded path to a romantic spot, and enjoy the beauties of nature. The only promenade is the plank sidewalk which I have already mentioned as extending through the town by the water's edge, about which there is very little seclusion, poetry, or romance. A ‘pleasant ride,’ for obvious reasons, is an operation of still greater difficulty. And this may be one reason why the Provincetown folks are generally a matter-of-fact people, possessing among them no crack-brained poets or dreaming philosophers.”

The same writer alludes complimentarily, again, to the severe simplicity of the Cape, and we must quote the passage to

explain why our assent to his virtuous sentiments is with a slight reservation. He declares:—

"Loafers, dandies, and such like characters, are not tolerated on Cape Cod. And it is owing to this feeling that Provincetown, although situated on the most barren section of the Cape, notwithstanding the falling off in the salt business, once the mainstay of the place, continues in a flourishing condition, and is increasing in business, wealth, and population."

Now, that dandies prevent the increase of *business and wealth* is possible enough, and we admire, with our brother editor, the simplicity by which they are "not tolerated on Cape Cod;" but the poor dandies have enough to bear, we think, without the additional charge with which our contemporary winds up his period—that they *prevent the increase of "population."*

I must make up for finding fault with my friend's logic, by quoting, from his letter, a passage of his valuable practical information:

"Cod, haddock, large flounders, stripped bass, mackerel, and a species of flat fish, called a turbot, may be taken in abundance but a short distance from the shore. The blue fish also is found in the bay this season, in greater number than has ever previously been known, much to the annoyance of the fishermen, as other kinds of fish eschew his company and seek less fierce and blustering companions elsewhere. Indeed, I heard a similar complaint in other towns on the Cape, particularly Chatham, where they told me that the blue fish had driven all other fish off the coast. This fish, which is not so large as a middling sized cod, which it somewhat resembles in shape, is remarkably strong, fearless, active, and voracious—a veritable pirate of the seas—and cannot be conquered without a severe struggle. He is taken when the boat is under sail, with the line dragging astern—in the same way in which mackerel were formerly caught on the coast, and the king-fish, barracooter, and other *game fish*, are taken in the West Indies. When hooked, he strives gallantly for life—and is apt to snap off an ordinary mackerel line by his muscular efforts and sudden jerks, or cut it off with his sharp teeth. When caught in a seine—which is often the case—he makes sad work in the midst of his more quiet and philosophical companions in misfortune—often attacking the net which imprisons him, in a truly savage manner—biting and tearing it to pieces, and escaping from du-rance vile through the woful rent which he has made. This fish is excellent eating if cooked soon after he is taken, but it is of little comparative value to salt or pickle; it is therefore no wonder that he is seldom spoken of by fishermen in terms of affection or respect."

There is one class of unusual personal beauty on Cape Cod, and I pointed out striking instances of it to my companion, from one end of our route to the other. There scarce seemed

to be an individual, of the time of life I refer to, who was not a fine study for a painter—I mean, the man of seventy and upwards. I never saw so many handsome old men in any country in the world. And it is easily accounted for, in their descent and pursuits—the stern and manly Pilgrim type confirmed and perpetuated by their lives of peril and hardy exercise, while the visits to foreign ports, and absence from village *dwindlification*, has kept the physiognomy liberal and open. One part of it is less easily accounted for—the largeness of frame in these old men—for they seem like a race of Anaks in comparison with modern New Yorkers, and yet sailors are usually small mén. There is a chance, perhaps, to get rid of the difficulty by Professor Guyot's theory, that vegetable and human life are not permitted by Nature to be luxuriant together; for, by this law, in proportion as the Cape were barren and untropical in its *vegetation*, its *human* product would necessarily be more luxuriant—smaller trees, larger Captains.

The process of descent by which this rougher branch of the Pilgrim family have preserved the strength of the paternal outline, would be curious to trace through all its influences; and some future Macaulay will give us the analysis of this and the other more refined and less massive handings down from the Mayflower. An admirable passage, bearing upon this matter, occurs to me while I write—a part of a Preface to “The Bigelow Papers” written by Russell Lowell—and I will take it out of that book, which was smothered in eccentricity, and preserve it, here, like a *fois gras* in an earthen pot:—

“New England was not so much the colony of a mother country, as a Hagar driven forth into the wilderness. The little self-exiled band which came hither in 1620, came, not to seek gold, but to found a democracy. They came that they might have the privilege to work and pray; to sit upon hard benches and listen to painful preachers as long as they would, yea, even unto thirty-seventhly, if the spirit so willed it. And surely, if the Greek might boast his Thermopylæ, where three hundred fell in resisting the Persian, we may well be proud of our Plymouth Rock, where a handful of men, women, and children, not merely faced, but vanquished, winter, famine, the wilderness, and the yet more invincible *storge* that drew them back to the green island far away. These found no lotus growing upon the surly shore, the taste of which could make them forget their little native Ithaca; nor were they so wanting to themselves in faith as to burn their ship, but could see the fair west wind belly the homeward sail, and then turn unrepining to grapple with the terrible Unknown.

"As Want was the prime foe these hardy exodists had to fortress themselves against, so it is little wonder if that traditional feud is long in wearing out of the stock. The wounds of the old warfare were long healing, and an east wind of hard times puts a new ache in every one of them. Thrift was the first lesson in their horn-book, pointed out, letter after letter, by the lean finger of the hard school-master, Necessity. Neither were those plump, rosy-gilled Englishmen that came hither, but a hard-faced, atrabilious, earnest-eyed race, stiff from long wrestling with the Lord in prayer, and who had taught Satan to dread the new Puritan hug. Add two hundred years' influence of soil, climate, and exposure, with its necessary result of idiosyncracies, and we have the present Yankee, full of expedients, half-master of all trades, *inventive in all but the beautiful*, full of shifts, not yet capable of comfort, armed at all points against the old enemy Hunger, longanimous, good at patching, not so careful for what is best as for what will *do*, with a clasp to his purse and a button to his pocket, not skilled to build against Time, as in old countries, but against sore-pressing Need, accustomed to move the world with no *pou sto* but his own two feet, and no lever but his own long forecast. A strange hybrid, indeed, did circumstance beget, here in the New World, upon the old Puritan stock, and the earth never before saw such mystic-practicalism, such niggard-geniality, such calculating-fanaticism, such cast-iron-enthusiasm, such unwilling-humor, such close-fisted generosity. This new *Græculus esuriens* will make a living out of anything. He will invent new trades as well as tools. His brain is his capital, and he will get education at all risks. Put him on Juan Fernandez, and he would make a spelling-book first, and a salt-pan afterward. Yet, after all, thin, speculative Jonathan is more like the Englishman of two centuries ago than John Bull himself is. He has lost somewhat in solidity, has become fluent and adaptable, but more of the original ground-work of character remains. He feels more at home with Fulke Greville, Herbert of Cherbury, Quarles, George Herbert and Browne, than with his modern English cousins. He is nearer than John, by at least a hundred years, to Naseby, Marston Moor, Worcester, and the time when, if ever, there were true Englishmen. But John Bull has suffered the idea of the Invisible to be very much fattened out of him. Jonathan is conscious still that he lives in the world of the Unseen as well as of the Seen. To move John, you must must make your fulcrum of solid beef and pudding; an abstract idea will do for Jonathan."

My letter makes slow progress towards the "jumping off place" at the end of the Cape, dear Morris, but, though a friend said to me at starting that I should "find nothing to write about on Cape Cod," you see how suggestive, after all, are its clam-shells and sand. Consider me at Chatham for the present—on the heel of the hardy leg off Massachusetts—for here I must stop, short of my purpose when I began, but short of being tiresome, I hope, as well.—Yours, &c.

LETTER FROM CAPE COD.

Lagging Pen—Sketch of Cape Cod Landladies—Relative Consequence of Landlords—Luxury peculiar to Public Houses in this part of the Country—Old friend of "Morris and Willis"—Strap of the Cape Spur—Land like "the Downs of England"—Sea-farming and Land-farming—Solitary Inn—Double Sleep—Hollow of Everett's Cape "Arm"—Pear tree over two hundred years old—Native Accent and Emphasis—Overworked Women—Contrivance to Keep the Soil from blowing away—Bridge of Winds—Adaptability of Apple-trees—Features of this Line of Towns—Curious Attachment to Native Soil—The Venice of New England, etc., etc.

As you see, dear Morris, my pen follows me on my journey like a tired dog, but it will overtake me in time. Lag as it will, it is a rascal that sticks to its master—(I am sorry to say)—and if I were to go to bed in heaven, without it, I think, I should see its tail wag with the first movement of my hand in the morning. "Love me, love my dog," however, for, like fairy drudges who treat their inevitables "like a dog," I prefer to have the abusing of him all to myself.

In travelling on Cape Cod, one remembers where he takes tea, for the teapot and the landlady are inseparable, and the landladies are pretty women, from one end of the Cape to the other. The landlord, I noticed, is only "first mate" in this maritime country, and his wife is the indisputable Captain. As is the case all over the surface of the globe, where woman has the whole responsibility, she acquits herself admirably, and I remember no country where the landlady's duties and powers are so judiciously allotted and so well discharged as on Cape Cod—a fact particularly noticeable in America, where everybody does much more and considerably less than he ought to. My companion (Member of Congress from this District), having the "best front *cham-ber*" as a matter of course, I was generally lodged in the rear, within cognizance of all the machinery of housekeeping—the trade with the pedlar, the talk with the butcher, the petting of the child, the hurrying of "them gals," and the general supervisory orders, from the gridiron in the kitchen to the remotest pillow-case up stairs, coming within unavoidable earshot—and my admiration of the *landladyhood* of Barnstable County, I freely own, increased with my knowledge of it. But for the view out of the window, I should not always have been sure that the

vigorous handler of tongue and broom whom I saw and heard the moment *before* the bell rang, was the same gentle proposer of "green or black" whom I looked at over my shoulder the moment *after*; but there she was—the same, save what changes were made, in manner and habiliment, somewhere between back-stoop and parlor. The hair, evidently was dressed in the morning for all day; and, on some habitual nail, probably, hung the cover-all polka, slipped on with the other tone of the voice, "in no time;" and, by either, the dullest stranger would know the mistress from her servant. To the former, you looked, only when your "cup was out" or for whortleberries and milk. To "pass the potatoes" you must turn to the girl with no collar on. It might have been only a curious coincidence, or it may be a professional attitude, but, when not waiting on guests, the landladies, everywhere on the Cape, presented one picture—seated thoughtfully at the side-table with the cheek resting on the thumb and two fingers. In one or two cases I noticed that it seemed to be a favorite time, when new-comers were taking tea, to receive calls from the young ladies in the neighbourhood—the visitors, whom I had seen radiating towards the house from various directions, coming in without their bonnets, like members of the family, and departing, bonneted, when the meal was over. With the gentlemen about, who were "regular boarders," I observed that the landlady was, (as they express excellence in Boston), "A. No. 1," gay, social, and, in manner, something between a sister and a great belle; and, by the way in which my companion's advances to conversation were met, I was satisfied that sociability with the landlady is an understood thing—the public houses on the Cape being thus provided with a luxury, (a lady for a stranger to talk to), which would be a desirable addition, even to the omni-dreamings-of at the incomparable Astor.*

* As Ireland is the next country eastward, perhaps it may be apposite to quote a passage from Thackeray's travels, descriptive of Irish innkeepers and their wives—the contrast very much in favor of the kind civility of the same class in Barnstable County, while at the same time, our own hold a much higher relative position in social rank. He says: "I saw only three landlords of inns in all Ireland. I believe these gentlemen commonly, and very naturally, prefer riding with the hounds, or other sports, to attendance on their guests; and the landladies prefer to play the piano, or have a game of cards in the parlor; for who can expect a lady to be troubling herself with vulgar chance customers, or looking after Molly in the bedrooms or Tim in the cellar!"

In the stage proprietor who was to furnish us our vehicle to cross to Orleans, I found one of our old "*Mirror*" parish, who "knew us both like a book"—all the apartments of his memory papered with the editorials of those days of quarto—and he very kindly took the place of his driver, and put us over the road with his own good whip and better company. We followed a line, that, on the booted leg of the Cape, would be defined by the strap of the spur, and a beautiful evening drive it was, with half a dozen small lakes on the road and a constant alternation of hill and valley—though we were probably indebted to a glowing twilight, and its train of stars and fragrance, for some modification of sand and barrenness. Over this ten miles of hill and water, scarce any one had ever thought it worth while to put up a fence, and, like the open Downs of Sussex in England, more beautiful ground for a free gallop could scarcely be found on the wild prairie. There are few or no farms, from Chatham across to Orleans. Here and there stands a dwelling-house, but its owner farms the more fertile Atlantic, where his plough runs easier even than through the sand, and his crops sow their own seed without troubling him.*

The inn at Orleans reminded me of that solitary *albergo* half way over the Pontine Marshes—the inside of the house a refuge from the barren loneliness without—though the solidify-

* The analogy between land-farming and sea-farming is hinted at by quaint old Fuller, who, in one of his sermons, thus delivers himself:—"Why doth not the water recover his right over the earth, being higher in Nature? Whence came the salt, and who first boiled it, which made so much brine? When the winds are not only wild in a storm, but even stark mad in a hurricane, who is it that restores them again to their wits and brings them asleep in a calm? Who made the mighty whales, who swim in a sea of water, and have a sea of oil swimming in them? Who first taught the water to imitate the creatures on land, so that *the sea is the stable of horse-fishes, the stall of kine-fishes, the sty of hog-fishes, the kennel of dog-fishes, and in all things the sea the ape of the land?* When grows the ambergrease in the sea, which is not so hard to be found where it is, as to know what it is? Was not God the first Shipwright? and all vessels on the water descended from the loins, or rather ribs, of Noah's ark? or else who durst be so bold with a few crooked boards nailed together, a stick standing upright, and a rag tied to it, to adventure into the ocean? What loadstone first touched the loadstone? or how first fell it in love with the north, rather affecting that cold climate than the pleasant east, or fruitful south or west? How comes that stone to know more than men, and find the way to the land in a mist?"

ing salt air of the Cape was different enough from the nervous drowsiness of the *malaria*. I shall remember Orleans by its dispensation of sleep, for it seemed to me as if two nights had been laid over me like two blankets. Cape air, indeed, day and night, struck me as having a touch of "poppy or mandragora," and, please lay it to the climate if my letter weighs on your eyelids.

With a charming pair of horses and a most particularly native Cape driver, we started, after our breakfast at Orleans, to skirt the full petticoat which Massachusetts Bay drops southward from the projecting head of Cape Ann. The thirty miles to the point of the Cape was one day's work. An hour or so on our way we stopped to see the blown-down trunk of a pear-tree brought over from England by Governor Prince, which had borne fruit for two hundred and twenty years. It lay in an orchard, at the rear of a house as old as itself, and the present tenant sells its branches for relics. The direction of our driver, when we stopped before the door, may perhaps be usefully recorded as a guide to travellers, and I will try to spell it strictly after his unmitigated Cape pronunciation:—"Git r-a-ight a-out, and step r-a-ight r-a-ound; it's the back p-a-irt of the h-a-ouse." The letter *a*, in the native dialect, seems to fill a place like the "bread at discretion" in a French bill of fare; and I was struck also with an adroit way they have of giving point to a remark by emphasizing unexpected words. This same driver, for instance, when we commented upon the worn and overworked look of the middle-aged females whom we met upon the road, replied, (and his voice sounded as if it came up through his nose and out at his eyes,) "Y-a-es! they must work OR die!"

Around most of the dwellings, along on this shore of the Cape, there is neither tree nor shrub, and this gives to their houses an out-of-door look that is singularly cheerless. One ship on an ocean horizon could not look more lonely. Even the greenness of the poor grass around the cottage is partly lost to them, for they cover it thinly with dead brush, literally to keep the soil from blowing away—so light and thin is the surface of loam upon this peninsula of sand.

Lying between the Atlantic and the stormy Bay so well known as the nose of the bellows of Newfoundland, it is probably but a bridge of wind for the greater portion of the year. A few apple-trees, which we saw in one place, told the story

—the branches all growing horizontally from near the root, and sticking so close to the ground that a sheep could scarcely pass under them.

We ploughed sand, all along through Eastham, Wellfleet, and Truro, seeing but the same scanty herbage, houses few and far between, flat-chested and round-backed women and noble-looking old men, and wondering, (I, at least,) at the wisdom of Providence in furnishing the human heart with reasons for abiding in the earth's most unattractive regions. "All for the best," of course, but one marvels to remember, at the same time, that the most fertile and beautiful land in the world, on the Delaware and Susquehannah, equi-distant from New York and easier of access, can be bought for half the price of these acres of Sahara.

The remainder of the Cape, from Truro to Provincetown, is the Venice of New England—as unlike anything else as the city of gondolas is unlike the other capitals of Italy—and deserves the other end of a letter. In the brevity of this, too, I take a certain vacation liberty, which I need, on the venerable and time-worn principle, that

"All work and no play,
Makes Jack a dull boy."

Yours, &c.

22

LETTER FROM THE END OF CAPE COD.

Descriptive of the last few Miles of Cape Cod, and the Town at its
Extremity.

At the point where I resume my sketch of Cape Cod, dear Morris, I could not properly date from "*terra firma*." The sand hills, which compose the last few miles of the way to Provincetown, are perpetually changing shape and place, and—solid enough though they are, to be represented in Congress—the ten-mile extremity of the Cape is subject to a "ground swell," for the sea-sickness of which even Congress has thought it worth while to prescribe. I must define this to you more fully, for, literally true as it is, it sounds very much like an attempt at being figurative.

Whoever travels between Truro and Provincetown, though he goes up hill and down dale continually, runs his wheel

over the virgin sand, for even the stage-coach, that plies daily backward and forward, leaves no track that lasts longer than an hour. The republican wind, though blowing ever so lightly, commences the levelling of an inequality as soon as raised, and the obedient particles of light sand, by a granular progression scarcely perceptible, are pushed back into the hole they were lifted from, or distributed equally over the surrounding surface. Most of the way you are out of sight of the sea, and with this and the constant undulation there is little or no resemblance to a beach. Indeed, it is like nothing with which we are familiar; for, down in the bottom of one of those sandy bowls, with not a blade of grass visible, no track or object except what you brought with you, a near and spotless horizon of glittering sand, and the blue sky in one unbroken vault above, it seems like being nested in one of the nebulae of a star—a mere cup of a world, an acre large, and still innocent of vegetation. The swell of a heavy sea, suddenly arrested and turned to sand, in a series of contiguous bowls and mountlets—before a blade of grass had found time to germinate, or the feather of a bird to drop and speck the smooth surface—would be like it, in shape and superficies. The form of this sand ocean changes perpetually. Our driver had “driven stage” for a year, over the route between Truro and Provincetown, and every day he had picked a new track, finding hills and hollows in new places, often losing his way with the blinding of the flying sand in a high wind, and often obliged to call on his passengers to “dig out”—a couple of shovels being part of his regular harness. It is difficult to believe, while putting down the foot in this apparently never trodden waste, that, but a few miles either way, there is a town of two thousand inhabitants.

Nature, that never made a face without somebody to love it, has provided “something green” to vegetate in every soil, and there is an herbage, called the beach-grass, which will grow nowhere but in the sand—where nothing else will. The alarming variations of shore, on the inner side of Cape Cod, with the drifting movements of the sand, aroused, not long since, an apprehension that the valuable bays and harbours within the “protecting arm,” might gradually diminish. It is an important quality, in a coast or a Congressional District, that you should “know where to find it,” and Congress was applied to, for an appropriation to make the “protecting

arm" hold still. Three thousand dollars were given, and—pile-driving, wall-building, and other expedients having been found, by experiment, both too expensive and ineffectual—it was suggested that the planting and sowing of *beach-grass* over these moveable hills would best answer the purpose. Like love, which binds with spider's webs that grow into cables, the slender filament of this poorest and slightest of Nature's productions, holds imprisoned that which had defied walls and stockades, and from the partial trials on the most exposed points, it is evident that Barnstable County can be made to permanently justify its name—offering to storm-driven ships a shelter as *stable* as a *barn*.

At the first sight of Provincetown, over the sand-swells, one feels like crying out "land ho!"—but, with nearer approximation, the yielding element, over which one has been surging and sinking, acquires neither steadiness nor consistency. The first houses of the principal street stretch out to meet you, like the end of a wharf, with sand all around them; and sand still beyond, and, by a continuation of deep sand, you heave alongside of a plank side-walk, and *warp* up to to the hotel—your horses, that have toiled at a dead pull, down hill as well as up—rejoicing at a "make-fast" in which there is no more *motion*.

Provincetown is famous for importing its gardens—the box of soil in the centre of which a house stands, like a cottage in one of the floating gardens of Holland, being brought over in sloop-loads from terra firma. These little *earths*, of which each owner was, in a manner, the maker, (who, by invoice, "saw that it was good,") are very neatly planted with shrubs and flowers, and standing close together, in an irregular line, with the sand up to their close-board fences, they resemble a long raft, which might be unmoored and set adrift at any moment. This to me gave a sort of Venetian aspect to this town built upon loose sand—the same impression of a city afloat having been produced by those palaces of Venice, set in streets of water.

At the hitherward end of Provincetown, which is exposed to the winds and drifts of the sand-ocean I have described, the inhabitants seem to be prepared to "dig out" at very short warning, for from every house there runs to the water-side an embankment, such as is laid for a railroad, and on the top is laid a line of planks with a wheel-barrow and

shovels. The high sand ridge, which, like a long hill, backs up the town, is dug into, like caves, at the rear of each dwelling, but it looks as if it might all be set in motion by a "snorter." At the other end of the town, the houses spread into two or more streets, and, in here and there a corner, it approaches the look of an ordinary town. One plank sidewalk, (three miles long, if I remember rightly,) runs the whole extent of the place, and on this you are very sure to see everybody stirring, for to walk anywhere else is to *wade*. I was told that the Cape people have a peculiar step for the sand, however, laying down the flat of the whole foot and bending the knee, and not the ankle, to advance. The utility of larger feet must of course make them a beauty in so practical a place as Provincetown; but as well as I could see, under the petticoats I chanced to meet, the feet of the ladies were of the usual dimensions. As a careful and observant traveller, I must record, apropos of ladies, that among those who were promenading "before tea," on the plank sidewalk, I noticed two who were remarkably pretty. There was an air of tastefulness and gaiety among them which I had not observed on the other parts of the Cape, and I presume I saw a fair representation of the belles of the "jumping-off place"—the liveliness that was given to it by the evident general habit of promenading on this only *trottoir*, being a very pleasant opportunity of observation for the stranger.

The time for closing the mail, at the place where I write, has overtaken me unexpectedly, and I will simply enclose to you one or two interesting extracts from another description of this place—(by MR. SLEEPER of Boston)—and reserve what else I may have to say of Provincetown for the commencement of another letter. Yours, &c.

"Provincetown is about fifty miles from Boston by water, and one hundred and ten by land. The distance to Cape Ann, across the bay, is about fifty miles. Its appearance, on entering the harbour, is particularly striking. Indeed, it resembles no other town I have seen; and in this, as in some other respects, it may be regarded as unique. The town consists of some six or eight hundred wooden buildings, many of them neatly painted, which are chiefly arranged on a street near the sea-shore, that extends in a slightly curved line, upwards of two miles. The sea-shore is lined with boats, hauled up to high-water mark, or lying on the flats; and many small vessels are at anchor in the harbour or alongside the wharves. The towers and steeples of the several churches gracefully rise above the houses; and in the rear of the houses are a chain of abrupt sandhills extending the whole length of the town,

occasionally broken by valleys, which reach some distance inland. Some of these hills are covered with vegetation in the shape of whortleberry and bayberry bushes, but the greatest portion of them throw aside all deception, and honestly acknowledge that they are composed of *sand*—granules of light-coloured quartz. The loftiest of these hills probably exceeds one hundred feet; and from the summit of one of them in the rear of the centre of the town, on which the remains of a fortification, which must have commanded the harbour, is still to be seen, a most picturesque panoramic view is obtained, which well compensates a person for a much more arduous task than ascending the height.

"The principal street is narrow—inconveniently so—being not more than twenty-five feet in width, and this includes a sidewalk of plank, for pedestrians, extending the whole length of the town. On the north side, fronting the harbour, the dwelling-houses, comfortable-looking buildings, one or two stories high, are erected without much regard to order or regularity; while on the opposite side are stores, warehouses, and entrances to the wharves and the beach. In the construction of the houses more regard is manifested for comfort than for show.

"The soil about Provincetown should not be regarded as altogether barren—as being composed entirely of *sand*. Some of the hills are covered with a loose coat of mould, and the low lands and valleys, off from the shore, are densely clothed with shrubs, and in some places dwarf pines and scrub oaks abound. Indeed, it is an historical fact, that a considerable portion of this part of the Cape was formerly covered with trees, which have nearly all been cut down long since for fuel. Some of the bogs or swamps in the vicinity of the town have been "reclaimed," and this without any considerable labour; and the rich soil thus discovered—a sort of vegetable mould, five or six feet in depth—is found to produce heavy crops of grass, corn, potatoes, &c., which being always in demand, will richly compensate the enterprising cultivator for his extra labour and expense, in converting an unsightly bog-hole into a fertile field or flourishing garden. Many acres of land might in this way be made to produce good crops of corn, grass and vegetables, and as the good work is now fairly commenced, we hope in a few years to see a sufficient quantity of these agricultural productions raised in the vicinity of Provincetown for the supply of the inhabitants, and a portion, at least, of the many fishing and other vessels which enter the harbour.

"There being so few trees on this part of the Cape, of course fuel must be scarce. No peat has been found in this vicinity, and anthracite coal has not been yet introduced into general use. It doubtless will ere long become the principal material for fuel, as wood, which must be brought from abroad, and is chiefly imported from Maine, becomes more scarce and expensive.

"The number of inhabitants in Provincetown, according to the census in 1840, was 1740; it is now probably rising 2000. The business carried on here is principally fishing and manufacturing salt by solar evaporation. Cape Cod is famous for the salt business. It was

commenced in many towns on the Cape some seventy or eighty years ago, and under the protecting care of the General Government, proved for many years a certain source of wealth. Investments in salt works were always considered safe, and the stock was always above par. It was never necessary to borrow money at two per cent. a month to keep them in operation. The reduction of the duty on salt, however, has in later years proved injurious to this business, which now yields but a slender profit. The works are in most cases still kept in operation, but it is not considered worth while to repair them, when injured by accident, or worn out by time. It will not be many years before the salt works, which now cover acres in every town on the Cape, will disappear. The appearance of the numerous windmills which are seen along the whole extent of the main street in Provincetown, pumping the water at high tide, for the supply of the salt works, is one of those objects which are likely to arrest the attention of a stranger to Cape Cod on visiting that place.

"In Provincetown there are two very good hotels, where strangers can be accommodated on reasonable terms—one is kept by Mr. Fuller, and the other, the Pilgrim House, by Mr. Gifford, whom I found to be a very accommodating host, desirous of contributing to the comfort of his guests, and ready to comply with their wishes, and gratify their requests in every particular—providing they do not call for intoxicating drinks! Sailing packets ply between Provincetown and Boston three or four times a week, and I trust that the arrangement of running a steamboat every other day will be persevered in, and meet with the success the enterprise deserves."

LETTER FROM CAPE COD.

Noteworthy peculiarity of Cape Cod—Effects of Sand on the Female Figure—Palm of the "Protecting Arm"—Pokerish Ride through Foliage—Atlanticity of unfenced Wilderness—Webster's Walk and Study of Music—Outside Man in Lat. 41°—Athletic Fishing—Good Eating at Gifford's Hotel—American "Turbot"—Wagon Passage over the Bottom of the Harbour—Why there are no Secrets in Provincetown—Physiognomy of the People—Steamer to Boston, etc., etc.

IN one peculiarity, Cape Cod presents a direct contrast to any other portion of our country:—The houses and their surroundings seem of an unsuitable *inferiority* of style, to those who live in them. In New York, as every body has remarked, there is nothing more common than a house by which the proprietor is dwarfed, if seen coming out of the door; and, all over the United States, there is great chance of a feeling of

disappointment on seeing a rich man, if you have, unluckily, put up your scaffolding for an idea of him, by first seeing his house. Few dwellings on the Cape cost over one thousand dollars, yet there are many wealthy men who live in houses of this cost—men, too, whose families are highly educated, and whose sons and daughters visit and marry in the best circles of society in Boston and New York.

Whether the sandy soil, which seems so unfavourable to ostentation, is also the enemy which the climate seems to contain, as well, for the proportions of the female bust, I can scarce venture to say; but flatness of chest in the forms of the feminine population of Cape Cod, is curiously universal. Those to whom I spoke on the subject, attributed it partly to the fact that the mothers of most of them had been obliged, in the absence of husbands and sons at sea, to do much of the labour of the farm, and all superfluities had of course been worked into muscle. This is somewhat verified by the manly robustness of the well-limbed *sons* of these Spartan mothers, but still it is unfortunate that the *daughters*, (as far as I could judge by their arms and shoulders,) seem to have inherited the loss without the elsewhere equivalent. One notices the same falling off in the women of the deserts of Asia, however, and I am inclined to think that the arid sand, which denies juices to the rose and lilly, is the niggard refuser of what nurture the atmosphere may contain for the completed outlines of beauty.

The end of the Cape, which you see spread like a hand, upon the map, is hollowed like a palm. This concavity is about three miles across, and has one or two fresh-water ponds in it, and a growth of bushes and stunted trees. We drove across this, at sunrise on the day after our arrival, the broad wheels of our Provincetown wagon running noiselessly on the sand, and the only thing audible being the whirr of the bushes which swept the spokes and our shoulders as we went through. We had a fast tandem of black Narragansett ponies, and, as the foliage nearly met over the track before us, and we could see no road, and felt none, the swift rush through the dividing bushes had, somehow, rather a pokerish effect. It was before breakfast, or I dare say, I should have thought of something it was like, in the *post-breakfast* world of imagination.

This bushy waste, of three miles square, with a populous

town on its border, is, strangely enough, unenclosed and unappropriated, though the law gives to any one the acres he is the first to fence in. On the street of Provincetown, they pay three dollars a foot for a building lot, and, an eighth of a mile back, they may have acres for only the cost of fencing,—yet no one cares for what might (with merely laying plank paths through the high bushes,) be turned into “grounds,” that would at least be a relief from the bare beach. The local ideas of enclosure are probably formed from the deck of a vessel, and, if they can get thirty feet square for a house, they doubtless look on all the space around as a sandy continuation of the unfence-able Atlantic. For my own part, (agriculture aside,) I wish the rest of mankind were as unappropriative, and the rest of the out-of-town world as common property.

The object of our sunrise excursion was to see the beach at Race point, the extremest end of the Cape, and three miles beyond Provincetown—a favourite resort of Webster’s, we were told, and where, with his gun on his shoulder, he is very fond of a morning of sportsman idleness. The monotone of the measured surf is “thunderingly fine,” on this noble floor of sand, and it would be easy to imagine that it was here the great statesman took the key-note of his tide-like diapasons of eloquence. It sounded as his eye looks and as his thoughts read. The lonely extremity of this far-out point is a fine place for a feeling of separation from crowds—the boundlessness of the ocean on one hand, and the large-enough-ness of Massachusetts Bay on the other—and I pleased myself with getting as far into the Atlantic as the “thus far and no farther” of the water-line, and calling up a “realizing sense,” (at the expense of a wet foot,) that I was the outside man of you all, for the space of a minute. One likes a nibble at distinction, now and then.

They have an athletic way of bass-catching, here, which would please me better than sitting on a low seat all day, as fishermen do, curled up like a scared earwig, and bobbing at a line. They stand on the beach and heave out the baited sinker as far as their strength will permit, and then haul in, dragging a powerful fish if the throw was a good one. This must be the best of exercise for chest and limbs, and the footing on the smooth sand is, of course, pleasanter than a seat on the wet thwart of a boat. I forget whether you are fond

of fishing for anything smaller than subscribers, my dear Morris?

We came back at a round pace through the bayberry bushes, and found the best of Cape breakfasts awaiting us, a fried fish, which they call a *turbot*, commending itself to my friend's taste as a novelty of great delicacy and sweetness. This is not the English turbot, of course. It is a flat fish, taken with spearing, and seems to have something the relation to a flounder which a canvass-back has to a common duck. They are not sent away from the Cape, and you must go there to eat them.

There is no wharf running to deep water at this place, and chancing upon low tide for our time of departure, we were obliged to drive over the muddy bottom of the harbour in a wagon, and, at horse-belly depth, take a row-boat for the steamer. The tide, here, rises from twelve to sixteen feet, and Provincetown, this "gem of the sea," is of course, half the time, set in a broad periphery of mud. The wind had been blowing hard all night, and our small boat beginning gave one of the ladies a premonition of a sea-sick passage to Boston. I had rather a sprinkly seat in the bow, but as we bobbed up and down, I had a good backward look at the town, which, with the ascent of mud in the foreground, looked almost set on a hill. I hope to see Provincetown again. It is that delightful thing—a peculiar place. The inhabitants looked hearty and honest, and the girls looked merry. They keep each other in order, I hear, by the aid of the plank side-walk—for there can, of course, be no secrets, where there is but one accountable path in the whole neighbourhood. Everybody at Provincetown knows everytime everybody goes out, and every time anybody comes in. This might abridge freedom in towns of differently composed population, but men who are two-thirds of the time seeing the world elsewhere, are kept liberal and unprovincial, and the close quarters of the town only bind them into a family with their neighbors. I have chanced upon the following statistic, by-the-way, as to the dangers to life which these hardy people incur, and it is worth recording:—

"It is stated on the authority of a sermon delivered by Rev. Dr. Vinton, that, from tables actually and carefully compiled, it is ascertained that three fifths of those who follow the sea die by shipwreck! This is a large, and we should say, extravagant estimate; if correct,

however, it shows a degree of mortality among seamen, of which we had no previous conception. It is added that the average of deaths, annually, among this class, is eighteen thousand; and that in one winter alone, twenty-five hundred perished by shipwreck on the coast of New England."

This, which I found in a very pleasant book called "Notes on the Sea-shore," is followed by some valuable information, as to the preparation of the dishes for which Cape Cod is most famous. The author mentions that Daniel Webster is (*in propria persona*) the allowed best cook of a chowder in all New England, and then proceeds with what I give you as a legitimate belonging to any faithful chronicle of the place I am describing.

"A Fish Chowder is a simple thing to make. For a family of twelve to fifteen persons, all you have to do is this:—In the first place, catch your fish—as Mrs. Glass would say—either with a silver or some other kind of a hook; a codfish, not a haddock, weighing ten or twelve pounds. There is more nutriment in the former than in the latter. Have it well cleaned by your fishmonger, (keeping the skin on,) and cut into slices of an inch and a half in thickness—preserving the head, which is the best part of it for a chowder. Take a pound and a half of clear or fat pork, and cut that into thin slices; do the same with ten or twelve middling-sized potatoes. Then make your chowder, thus:—Take the largest pot you have in the house, if it be not 'as large as all out-doors;' try out the pork first, and then take it out of the pot, leaving in the drippings. Put three pints of water with the drippings; then a layer of fish, so as to cover as much of the surface of the pot as possible; next, a layer of potatoes; then put in two table-spoonsful of salt, and a tea-spoonful of pepper; then, again, the pork, another layer of fish, what potatoes may be left, and fill the pot up with water, so as to completely cover the whole. Put the pot over a good fire, and let the *chowder boil* twenty-five minutes. When this is done, put in a quart of sweet milk, if you have it handy, and ten or a dozen small hard crackers, split. Let the whole boil five minutes longer—your chowder is then ready for the table, and an excellent one it will be. Let this direction be strictly followed, and every man and even woman can make their own chowders. Long experience enables me to say this, without pretending to be a "cook's oracle." There is no mistake about it. An onion or two may be used, where people have a taste for that unsavory vegetable; but our New England ladies, those of Connecticut perhaps excepted, although extravagantly fond of onions, do not like to have their male friends approach them too closely, when they have been partaking of the "unclean root," and their breaths are impregnated with its flavor.

"With regard to *clam chowders*, the process is very different, but very simple. Procure a bucket of clams and have them opened: then have the skin taken from them, the black part of their heads cut off, and put them into clean water. Next proceed to make your chowder.

Take half a pound of fat pork, cut it into small thin pieces, and try it out. Then put into the pot (leaving the pork and drippings in) about a dozen potatoes, sliced thin, some salt and pepper, and add half a gallon of water. Let the whole boil twenty minutes, and while boiling put in the clams, a pint of milk, and a dozen hard crackers, split. Then take off your pot, let it stand a few minutes, and your chowder is ready to put into the tureen. This is the way Mrs. Tower makes her excellent chowders. Clams should never be boiled in a chowder more than five minutes: *three* is enough, if you wish to have them tender. If they are boiled longer than five minutes they become tough and indigestible as a piece of India rubber. Let even an Irish lady-cook practice upon this direction for making chowders, and our country will be safe! In seasoning chowders it is always best to err on the safe side—to come “tardy off,” rather than overdo the matter. Too much seasoning is offensive to many people, the ladies especially.

“*Eels—the way to cook them.*—I have a great mind to enlarge upon this subject, but will not at this time. I will only remark that the eel is a much abused and much despised fish; and yet, when properly cooked, it is as sweet as any that swims. Many, from ignorance, cut eels up and put them into the frying-pan without parboiling them: of course they are *rank*, and disagree with the stomach. They should be cut up, and then put into *scalding hot* water for five minutes, when the water should be poured off, and the eels remain at least half an hour—to reflect on what the cook intends to do next! They are then fit for cooking—the meat is white and sweet, and free from that strong rancid flavor which is peculiar to them before they go through this steaming process. They are commonly used as a pan fish; but they make a delicious pie, (with very little butter) or a good chowder.”

Our passage to Boston was a matter of five hours, and we landed at the “T” in a heavy rain, dined at the Tremont at three, and were at home in New Bedford at six, (per railroad,) having completed a circle of very agreeable travel in unmitigated Yankeedom.

Yours, &c.

LETTER FROM WALTON.

Freedom from Work—Excursion on the new Scenery opened by the Erie Railroad—Walton, on the West Branch of the Delaware—Plank Road—Sugar Maples—Stumps out—Spots to Live in—Cheapness of Life here.

Walton, *West Branch of the Delaware, June.*

MY DEAR MORRIS:—I came away to get out of harness, and be idle for a few days; but, as a horse, when turned out to pasture, takes a short trot before beginning to graze, to make sure that his load is not still behind him, I will try my

hand this morning at an uncompelled scribble—stopping when I like, of course, or capering as the caprice takes me. Please, therefore, to consider me as “a loose horse,” and look for no method in my pranks or paces.

I date from a place so lovely, that I shall not be easy till I have sent every one here in whose knowledge of beautiful things I take an interest. A week ago I had never heard that there was such a place as WALTON. Probably, to most of the readers of the Home Journal, it will be a town now first named. Yet a neighborhood better worth adding to the sweet world which the memory puts together and inhabits, could scarcely be pointed out. Let me tell you something about it.

Walton sits on a knee of the Delaware, with mountains folding it in like the cup of a water-lily. As I heard a man say yesterday, “they have so much land here that they had to stand some of it on edge;” but these upright mountainsides are so regularly and beautifully overlapped, each half-hidden by another, that the horizon, scolloped by the summits upon the sky, is like nothing so much as the beautiful thing I speak of—the rim of the water-lily’s cup when half-blown. Steep as these leafy enclosures are, however, the valley is a mile across, and the hundred rich farms on its meadows are interlaced by a sparkling brook, which, though but a nameless tributary to the full river below, is as large as the English Avon. I breakfasted this morning on its trout, and a stream with such fish in it, I think, should be voted a baptism.

Walton has shed its first teeth—is old enough, that is to say, for the stumps to have rotted out—and of course it has a charm which belongs to few places so off the thoroughfares of travel. It was found and farmed early, say seventy years ago—the settlers who appreciated its beauties and advantages, leaving eighty miles of wilderness behind them. I may as well say, here, by the way, to enable you to “spot” it, that it is about eighty miles west of Catskill, and as far south of Utica. Until the opening of the Erie Rail-road, its produce reached market only by a heavy drag over the mountains to the Hudson, and, as it lay upon no route, northward or southward, it has remained, like an unvisited island of culture in a sea of forest. With so small a population the numberless brooks in its neighborhood are still primitively full of trout, its woods full of deer and game, and the small lakes in the mountains still abounding with pickerel and smaller fish.

The necessities of life are very cheap, delicious butter a shilling a pound, for instance, and other things in proportion. What a place to come and live in, on a small income!

Owing to a very *sweet* reason, (as sweet as sugar,) the meadows about Walton are studded, like an English park, with single trees of great beauty—the sugar-maples having been economically left standing *for their sap*, by the settlers and their descendants. You can fancy how much this adds to the beauty of a landscape free from stumps, and richly cultivated up to the edges of the wilderness. In fact, Walton looks hardly American to me. The river and its mountains are like the Rhine, and the fields have an *old-country look*, free from the *rawness* of most of our rural scenery. You see I am in love with the place, but, barring that I see it in June, with its crops all waving and its leaves and flowering trees all amorously adolescent, I picture it as I think you will find it.

How the Delaware gets out of this valley, without being poured over the horizon, is one of the riddles with which the eye plagues itself in looking down upon it from the hills. It apparently runs straight up to the side of the mountain, and, but for the swift current, you would take what is visible of its course to be a miniature lake. The roads on its banks, and in every direction out from Walton, are the best of country roads, and there are enough of them to offer every desirable variety in drives—this (take notice!) being an *inestimable advantage* in a country-place, and one which should be inquired into before a man settles himself with expectation of pleasure in country life. Horses enlarge one's daily world from two miles square to twenty—where the roads are varied and tolerable.

I almost grudge the public (the "promiscuous" part of the public, that is to say,) its next year's easy access to this lovely spot—a plank road being in progress, which will bring it within two hours of the Erie Rail-road, and within ten hours of New York. It is to be finished this autumn, and then there will be no spot so desirable to New Yorkers as a neighborhood for country residences. Though on the Delaware, it is not so near as New York itself to that part of the Delaware visited by fever and ague, and health, in its purest shape and quality, reigns in this transalpine region. To those who do business on the seaboard, a residence beyond a range

of mountains is best,—the complete change of air, which is so salubrious, being securable, (as Dr. Franklin says,) only by a transalpine removal, and at least fifty miles' distance from the city. One could maintain a family (says a resident here) in better style at Walton for one thousand dollars a year than in New York for four thousand; and, adding better health to this economy, and having a conveyance, between, as luxurious as are the cushioned sleeping-cars of the Erie road, the inducement seems irresistible. To the many who have inquired of me, by letter and visit, as to desirable locations for rural residence, I hasten to say—go look at Walton.

At present, the access to this place is by stage from Deposit, on the Erie Rail-road—a ride of twenty miles. A part of this route is over what is called Walton Mountain, and a rough ride; and, to those who have leisure, I should recommend making the excursion by private hired vehicle, and by a somewhat different route. Both Deposit and Walton are on the West Branch of the Delaware, and a road follows the river all the way, adding but four or five miles to the distance, and revealing, at every step, most inexhaustible varieties of beautiful scenery. If I am not mistaken, this West Branch of the Delaware is the Rhine of our country. I say, with confidence, that twenty or thirty such continuous miles of picturesque combination in scenery can be found no where else. The vegetation seems more luxuriant than on the East Branch, and the long ridges which monotonously hem in the Susquehannah and other rivers, are here changed to interlocked mountains, every one of which the river must almost encircle to get by. It is a stream of perpetual surprises, repeating itself never, and never tame or unattractive.

I have written a long letter, my dear Morris—right of idleness to the contrary, notwithstanding—and have only given you the pickings-up of this last day of my excursion. I started, as you know, on a scenery-hunt into the regions new-opened by the Erie road, and saw much that is well worth noting on my way hither. In another letter I will give you a sketch of this omitted portion, describing the scenery from Piermont to Deposit, etc., etc. With my present kind host and friend, Dr. Bartlett, I start to-morrow on horseback, to track the twelve miles of wilderness between the East and West Branches of the Delaware—a region untrodden but by the hunter and his game. If Dame Nature, in this her unprofaned

privacy, shows me anything of which I before had no knowledge or suspicion, I will reveal it to you and the world, under the usual promise of secrecy. Good night.

LETTER FROM THE DELAWARE.

Furnishing of Carpet Bag—Whip-poor-will's Reminder—Difference of Fatigue in Walking and Riding on Horseback—Coquetting of Cadonia and Maiden Usefulness—Oldest Delaware Hunter—Ride of Twelve Miles through the untrodden Wilderness—Dinner in the Forest—A Hundred Trout Caught on a single Ride—Desirableness of Walton as a Summer Residence—Promise of Description of Scenery on the Erie Railroad.

Chehocton, *at the Fork of the Delaware Branches,*
June, 1849.

MY DEAR MORRIS:—A carpet bag would be unworthy of so old a traveller as I, that should have left home without a spermaceti candle in its depths—*Idem*, a box of matches. Thus armed against the dangers of lying awake and thinking of sins, (other people's, of course, mine only being tutored to come when they are called,) I am fortunately to night enabled to defy a whip-poor-will, which, sitting in the tree before my window, seems determined to sing down the stars. If my present week's vacation had not been of your own urging, I should suspect this importunate bird of an errand from Fulton street—the alternative, of the sleep he prevents, being a letter to you, and his three eternal notes, with their prolongation at the end, having, to my ear, a rather pokerish resemblance to the “more cop-e-e-e-ee” of the printer's insatiate devil.

Fortunately, I feel reluctantly wide awake; and, by-the-bye, did you ever notice that, while *walking* tires both mind and body, *riding on horseback* fatigues only your animal portion, leaving the machinery of thought rather refreshed than otherwise? I once read, in a medical book, that persons of sedentary and intellectual pursuits, should *ride* for exercise if possible—the pedestrian action pulling upon those forces of the spine which support the brain, and thus adding to the fatigue it is meant to lessen. The remark explained, at the time, an enigma in my own experience—the long walks, so sagely recommended after brain-work, having been repugnant to all my

instincts—but, to-night, I have another confirmation of it, in feeling quite ready for work in my thought-mill, though I have been in the saddle all day.

My friend Bartlett's purpose, in the ride we have taken, was to present me to the acquaintance of a virgin brook, the Cadosia—a silver thread through the wilderness—upon the shaded seclusion of whose course no road for the purposes of man has hitherto crushed a flower. It is now under contract as the route of the Plank Road from Walton to the Erie railway, and its palpable design by Nature for this very project makes its geography curiously interesting. Rising upon a summit within a few rods of the West Branch of the Delaware, the delicate Cadosia seemed destined only to the briefest of maiden existence, before an inevitable union with her stately neighbor. Quietly and unpretendingly, however, she turns away her head, preferring a marriage more remote, and a previous career of loveliness under her maiden name. Far through the wilderness of opposing mountains, she marks out and follows a gently winding valley of her own, and, after many a turn and loiter, is united, in riper and more complete beauty, to the other branch of the Delaware, at the romantic village of Chehocton. I have seen many a charming girl with a taste for just such a career as the Cadosia's.

We left Walton after one of its delicious trout breakfasts, and followed the Delaware, for about eight miles, in a wagon. At almost every half mile, on this matchless river-bank, I saw some spot which, as a site for a cottage, commanded a perfect paradise of scenery, wanting nothing but a roof for shelter in its midst. The stream fairly waltzes on its way—so unceasing and constant are its curves. Every mountain sits with an Eden in its lap. The vegetation is prodigal to a degree that expresses constant joyousness to the eye. The hills crowd to look over each other's shoulders at the dance of the river. Springs gush from the rocks at every little distance. Nothing but love could make a spot of earth any fairer.

The summit near the rise of the Cadosia overlooks a famous deer-gap, and here has lived, for seventy years, John Atterson, the greatest hunter of the Delaware. We were to leave our wagon at his house and take to the saddle. The old rifle-master sat at his door as we drove up—a tall and powerful man, with a physiognomy such as is moulded in the

un-exacting forest, and his welcome, though simple as the nod of a tree to the wind, was hearty and agreeable. My friend had been here before, and, while the horses were being saddled, he asked a question or two, which drew the hunting-talk out of Alderson in graphic bits of description, but we had not the time to get him fairly into a story. I was sorry, for he is a famous narrator, and has had, they say, many a strange experience in his long life of adventure.

We forded the Delaware at a rift opposite Alderson's, and, ascending to the summit, struck into the woods. The Cadosia once found, its bank was our guide, but the untrodden wilderness is a rough pathway for a horse. Tangled thickets to pierce, rocks to climb over, fallen trees to leap, bogs to risk the plunging and wading, drooping limbs to dodge and ride under, kept us constantly on the alert at least, and our progress was necessarily slow. At the end of about six miles, we came to a rude log cabin, where the hunters, when they are all out, meet to divide their game and cut up their deer and bears, and this being at a pretty turn of the brook, we dismounted for a lunch. With a leaning-tree for an easy-chair, a large bass-wood leaf for a table-cloth, and my kneepan for a table, I luxuriated upon a sandwich and a certain excusable drink, with an appetite I would compromise to have always. If you read this with the summer smell of a city street in your nostrils, dear Morris, you may think of a dinner in those fragrant woods; and, for the sigh that it costs you, quote my full authority!

We came out upon the Delaware a little after sunset, having been six hours in travelling the twelve mile course of the Cadosia. Of course we had loitered at will, and our two companions, who had cut poles and fished as they came along, arrived, an hour after us, with a hundred trout strung upon birch rods. When the plank road is finished through here, for another summer's use, this bright brook, so overrunning with this delicious fish, will be a great haunt for sportsmen. I trust that, by that time, there will be some comfortable accommodation for summer visitors at Walton—airy rooms, mattresses to sleep upon, cooking simple and clean, and willing attendance—all of which are necessities not as commonly provided for as would seem natural—and it will soon be known as the most desirable of secluded resorts for metropolitans.

I have not heard my whip-poor-will for the last half hour, and I presume, therefore, that I am at liberty to go to bed. My goose-quill has out-vigil'd him, I believe. Good night.
Yours, &c.

LETTER FROM FORK OF THE DELAWARE.

Chehocton, *Fork of the Delawares.*

MY DEAR MORRIS:—I had a feeling of vexation, just now, at seeing the rail-train go by, loaded with people—the impression of this romantic neighborhood, upon a traveller whirling past it in one of those rapid cars, being necessarily so erroneous and imperfect, compared with what he would receive from it with a day's halt and ramble! One longs to call back the train with its careless passengers, and make every intelligent man go up one of the mountain sides, near by, and look about to see what he was losing.

The two branches of the Delaware (known to the Indians as the two separate rivers, Coquago and Popacton) try hard to meet, on the very spot where stands the Railroad Depôt. After separate courses for forty or fifty miles, they here rush point blank at each other, and come within a hundred rods of an embrace; but lo! a mountain puts down its immovable foot in opposition. Fretting slightly at the sudden arrest of their career, they gracefully part again, go round the opposing mountain and meet beyond it:—as pretty a type of most marriages as mocking Nature could well have given in her pleasant volume of hieroglyphics.

On the instep of this twain-dividing mountain—a gracefully-shaped green knoll within a rod or two of the Depôt of Chehocton—you may stand and look up the two Branches of the Delaware, with the Coquago on your left and the Popacton on your right, and there are few more admirable commanding points of scenery. The village below is small and almost entirely new—but of this I have a description better stored with facts than would be one of my own. An intelligent old gentleman residing here gives me the following sketch of Chehocton, and, as describing one of the thousand available treasures of location laid open by the Erie Railroad, I think its information valuable:—

"Chehocton, or, as nearer the original name of the primitive red man, Chehawkan or Shehowking, is situate on the New York and Erie Railroad, in the town of Hancock, in the county of Delaware, one hundred and seventy miles from the city of New York. This present village and railroad depôt are on a narrow neck of land where the two branches of the Delaware approach to within the distance of one hundred rods, and again receding, so as to embrace *Fork Mountain*, an elevation of some three hundred feet, pass on to their confluence one and a half miles below. The name is said to have imported, in the Indian tongue, the *marriage*, or wedded union of the waters, and if so, does not strictly apply to the present village. Whereas this place was, until the making of the railroad, one of the most isolated in the state, being seldom visited except by lumbermen, or farmers furnishing supplies; it is now coming into notice as likely to become one of the most important depôts for many miles on the route. For this, Nature has done much, the make of the country, embracing almost all of the valley of East Branch, and also that of the West Branch, from its source to the distance of eight or ten miles below Walton, being such as to secure to Chehocton nearly the entire business of the inhabitants of an area of land embracing a surface of over two thousand square miles. The question may readily occur, inasmuch as Deposit is fourteen miles up the West Branch—why should the *West Branchers* come to the railroad at Chehocton? In order to understand this, it is only necessary to inspect the map of Delaware county. It will there be perceived that the two Branches of the Delaware have their rise near each other in the north-east part of the county, and run their tortuous course south-westerly fifty or sixty miles, alternately approaching and receding, until, the West Branch having reached Deposit, it turns and runs towards the south-east, to approach its fellow to within the distance of one hundred rods at Chehocton neck, then passing southward; and the two Branches receding, so as to embrace *Fork Mountain*, an elevation of about three hundred feet, they pass on to their wedded union, one and a half miles below—the *twain* thus becoming *one*. Now, it is worthy of notice, that, while in the almost entire course of the branches there is a high dividing mountain ridge between the heads of the streams running into either, yet, almost in a line between Chehocton and Walton, there is an exception, insomuch that the entire elevation of the summit at the head of Cadosia brook is little over three hundred and fifty feet above the West Branch, eight miles below Walton. Through the Cadosia valley, and passing this low dividing ridge through a deep cut, apparently purposely left by dame Nature, having a high mountain on either hand, a plank road is now in progress of being made. The distance hence to Walton twenty miles, with no grade over one hundred feet to the mile. The distance from Walton to Deposit, over Walton Mountain, is twenty-two miles—following the windings of the river, probably not less than twenty-five miles. In addition to the business which will thus, almost necessarily, come here from the valleys of both Branches of the Delaware, the people of Mount Pleasant, Carbondale and neighborhood, contemplate a turnpike to terminate here; thus, in connection with existing

roads, opening a communication with the valley of Wyoming, through which will be an easy route of travel from Albany to Harrisburgh. Additional business will come from the south and east, so that a thriving agricultural and manufacturing population, inhabiting a surface of nearly three thousand square miles, will contribute to the growth and importance of Chehocton. Nor does the growth and importance of Chehocton depend alone on its location. Its water-power, within a few rods of the railroad depôt, is such as would alone insure its rapid growth. With little cost, any required quantity of the water of the East Branch can be so managed as that with a water head of eight or ten feet, it will afford sufficient power for various manufactories. For the tanning business, few situations, if any, can excel it. Hemlock bark is abundant and easy to be obtained, while the railroad offers cheap transportation to and from New York. Can it be doubted that these advantages will soon be brought into use? That this will be a place of great resort for the care-worn and business-worn inhabitants of New York and other places on the Hudson, for relaxation, and of the infirm in pursuit of health, its romantic mountain scenery, pure air and water, and a medicinal spring of approved medicinal efficacy, render highly probable. Our streams and ponds, well stocked with fish, and the woods with game, will be strong attractions for the angler and sportsman.

“Our plank road will be a further attraction, as affording the means for pleasant excursions hence to Walton, and other thriving villages in the valley of the West Branch. If any have a true taste and relish for the *sublime*, the *grand*, the *beautiful* in uncultivated nature, let them come here and they may enjoy a feast.”

The hills in Europe being invariably bald at the top, one of the first exclamations of a foreigner is at the fullness of the foliage on the younger heads of American mountains. About Chehocton, the horizon is completely outlined with summits of such clustering luxuriance that it seems a circle of Nature's healthiest and finest children. The traveller should, at least, step out of the cars at this place, and take a glance at the formation of the country around him; and if, by chance, he should be delayed at Chehocton, or choose to stop there for rambling or trouting, he must get the kind landlord, Mr. Falkner, to drive him, as he drove me, to the meeting of the Delawares below. Pennsylvania and New York here glance across the river at each other, and, by their respective best looks, with a mutual intention to make a favourable impression.

On my way from New York hither, I saw several openings-in of valleys upon the route, where it was evident, that, to follow up stream or down, would disclose new and separate accesses to exquisite rural beauty. All of these I intend to stop and explore in my coming excursions; but, just now, as

some of our readers may wish for earlier guidance, I will close my letter with a simple programme of the features of the route as they first struck me.

The Erie Company's boat reaches Piermont in an hour and twenty minutes, and the train thence winds almost immediately in among the mountains. The first lovely scenery begins with the valley of the Ramapo, and I should think, that, to stop at Suffern and explore for a few miles around on horseback "would pay." Ramapo, Sloatsburg, and New Hampton are all picturesque neighbourhoods, and would furnish most desirable sites for residences to those who wish not to go beyond an easy distance from New York. Hence onward to Goshen, the country is only beautiful from its fertility and high cultivation. The attractive points between this and Port Jervis are the Shoholy Creek, Narrowsburgh and Calocoon, and at Port Jervis you come to the Delaware, which is a beginning of an uninterrupted extent of splendid scenery for a hundred miles. The road follows the bank of the river eighty or ninety miles, to Deposit, and this has been the extent of my progression on the present trip. Between Port Jervis and Deposit one's eyes are wanted on both sides of the track, and, like Gibbon, who said of his powers of illustration, after writing one or two books, that "his millinery was exhausted," the traveller wishes for some new way to say "how beautiful!"

You are "under bond" to excuse all abruptness in this my work of idleness, dear General, so——Yours, &c.

LETTER FROM THE EAST BRANCH OF THE DELAWARE.

Hundred Miles between Dinner and Tea—Broadway lined with Funerals—Daily Losses of Sunrise—Falls of the Sawkill—Delaware Ferryman—Milford and its Character—Search for the Falls—Underground Organ—River on End—Likeness of General Cass in the Rock—Bare-toed Hostess, etc.

Port Jervis, *on the Delaware, July, 1849.*

MY DEAR MORRIS,—A hundred miles betwixt dinner and bed, sounds like hard travel and late hours: but I dined in New York yesterday, at my usual hour, and, at half-past ten,

went to bed on the banks of the Delaware—with as little fatigue as one would feel sitting at table, for the same length of time, over cigars and coffee. Please *realize*, dear General, that, any hot day, with a prospect of a sultry night in the city, you may leave by the Erie route at five in the afternoon, glide a hundred miles in a stuffed easy chair, go to bed early on the other side of the mountains, at Port Jervis, and be again in the city the next morning at eleven; the perfection of scenery and fresh air, going, staying, and returning. As I looked at the full moon over this beautiful river, last night, I took a vow not to let “familiarity breed contempt,” of these charming opportunities newly wedded to my enjoyment—no, not “till death us do part.” I may mention, by the way, that the city, as I left it, gave me a strong contrast as a preparative to enjoyment of life—one line of funerals threading Broadway from Waverly Place to the Park, and the carriage in which I drove passing seven hearses in that distance. It took many a mile of the animated and bright scenery of the Hudson to displace the melancholy spectacle from my thoughts.

Prevented, by my departure yesterday afternoon, from seeing Father Mathew welcomed to this side the water (though the band of music going to meet him played in a gap between two of the funerals just alluded to), I determined to honor him in a symbol; and was up this morning at four to receive the sun,—a minister of healthful influences like His Reverence, and, like him, “newly arrived from Europe,” and entering with glowing and universal welcome on a path of blessing to the west. Did you ever see the sun rise, my dear Morris? One blushes to think that the same magnificent affair takes place every common morning, and scarce twice in a life-time does one trouble himself to be “there to see.” Alas! of the feast which God sets out for us, daily, how much of the choicest and sweetest goes from the table untouched!

My purpose, on this excursion, was to see the Falls of the Sawkill; and I was on my way thither in a one-horse wagon, while the tears of the dark hours were still trembling on the eye-lashes of the trees. (How sentimental the country makes one, to be sure!) I was ferried over the river, at starting, by a Delaware raftsmen; and he was such a clean-limbed, lithe, small-hipped and broad-shouldered rascal, in his shirt and trousers, that I could not forbear telling him what a build for

a soldier was thrown away upon him. His reply expressed one of the first principles of Art in masculine symmetry—the “inverted pyramid” rule as to outline of proportions—and I therefore give it to you in the rough:—“Not much starn,” said he, as he shoved away at his pole, “but I’ve allers noticed that chaps heaviest about the shoulders does the most work.”

My pretty gray pony favoured his fore-foot a little as he climbed up the opposite bank of the river, but my weight (a hundred and fifty pounds and a heart as light as dignity would allow), was not much to draw, and he took me to Milford very willingly in an hour—the road taking the Delaware where the Erie route leaves it, and keeping along the west bank, six miles, to the mouth of the Sawkill. Milford looks like a town that all the mountains around have disowned and kicked into the middle—a bare, neglected-looking and unshaded village in the centre of a plain, with no sign of life except the usual tilters on two legs of chairs under the stoups of the taverns. The rail-road, I suppose, has passed just near enough to tap and draw off its “prospects,” and the inhabitants feel too much stranded and aground to keep up any appearance of being still under way.

From a man who was ploughing in a field, I got a vague direction to “the Falls,” which he seemed to think were very little worth going to see. Yet he looked like an intelligent man, and he had, at least, imagination enough to personify a production of nature, for, in reply to a remark of mine, he said, “Yes, the season is back’ard and *the oats don’t like it*.” Pursuing my way to “some’ers over that-ar gap,” I came to the last visible house on the road, and alighted to leave my pony and strike across the fields.

“Can I tie my horse to your fence, Ma’am?” I asked of a barefooted old dame who came out at the sound of the wheels.

“You know best whether you know *hawo*!” she said, looking sideways at my mustache with an evident doubt whether it was a proper thing for a woman to see.

“How far is it to the Falls?” I asked again.

“Ten mile.”

“What, to the Sawkill Falls?”

“Oh, them-are? No. I thought you meant the Shoholy Falls. What you mean, I s’pose, is just over the hill yonder.”

Across ploughed fields and through wild thickets of brush

and wood, I made rather a doubting traverse, for I could hear no sound of falling water. I was about concluding that I had come up the wrong mountain, when I stumbled on a cow-track, and knowing the hydropathic habits of the ruminating sisterhood, I was sure that one end or the other of the track, if a stream were near by, ended at its brink. My ear, presently, caught the roll of a low, heavy, suppressed thunder, (a deep-down sound, like the basso's, whose voice was in his boots,) and I felt at once rewarded for my pains—an anthem with an under-tone like that, being, of course, well worth the coming to hear. An increasing spray-moisture in the air, like a messenger sent out to bring me in, led me up an ascent to the right, and, with but a little more opposition by the invidious and exclusive birches and hemlocks, I “stood in the presence.”

If you can imagine a cathedral floor sunk suddenly to the earth's centre—its walls and organ-pipes elongated with it, and its roof laid open to the sky—the platform on which I stood might be the pulpit left hanging against one of the columns whose bases were lost sight of in the darkness below; and the fall might represent the organ, directly in face of the pulpit, whose notes had been deepened in proportion to its downward elongation. From above, the water issues apparently out of the cleft-open side of a deep well in the mountain top, and at the bottom it disappears into a subterraneous passage apparently unexplorable, the hollow roar of which sounds like a still heavier fall, in the un-plummeted abysses out of sight. With what you can see of the depth, and what you can conjecture of the profundity by the abyssmal roar, you might fancy the earth's axis had gone through here perpendicularly, on a tunnel laid open by lightning, and that the river, like Paul Pry, had “just dropped in.” Indeed, anything more like a mile of a river galvanized to stand suddenly on end, I never saw.

With the aid of roots, overhanging branches, and ledges of rock, I descended to the basin of the fall, and, truly, the look upwards was a sight to remember. The glittering curve at the top of the cascade was like the upper round of Jacob's ladder resting against the sky—(the ascending and descending angels, of course, draped in muslin for the summer, like statuary protected from the flies)—and, so dark were the high walls around, that it seemed night where I stood, with the

light coming only from one bright spot radiating downwards. I endeavoured to penetrate the dark chasm from which comes the subterranean music, but it looked to be rather a doubtful experiment, and having no friend there "to write my obituary notice," I deferred the attempt till I could make it in some sort of company.

Congregation of waterfalls as Trenton is, and with much more water than here, there is no one part of Trenton, I think, equal in strangeness and sublimity to the single chasm of the Sawkill. The accidental advantages of view are most remarkable; and though, from twenty points, it is a scene of the most picturesque singularity, yet as a *view downwards*—into darkness, grandeur, and mystery—the one glance from its summit cliff seems to me wholly unsurpassed. The dim and cavernous gorge below the fall affords a rocky standing-place—the nearest approach that can very easily be made to the resounding abyss out of sight—where a contemplative man, fond of the shadowy dimness of the sublime, might fancy himself in mid-earth, a-top of the thunder forge of Vulcan. It is a very pretty contrast to all this, by-the-way, that the pool above, before making the grand plunge of the fall, glides up, most tranquilly, to bathe the foot of a delicate aspen-tree rooted upon a moss-covered tablet of rock—the abyss opening beneath it as it turns away, like the trap-door in the Eastern story, which let through the worshippers of the enchantress as they knelt to pay homage to her beauty. Immediately beyond this, in the cleft of rock through which the stream first appears, is a curiously correct profile likeness of General Cass—the nose a little out of joint perhaps, but the open mouth, prosperous double chin and one-sided toupee, true to the life. A curious effect struck me as I climbed up the side—a view of the sheet of the cascade, through a very sparse fringe of foliage—resembling the most exquisite embroidery of sprigs of hemlock upon lace.

From a man whom I met after finding the road again with some difficulty, I learned that the Sawkill river is but about six miles in its entire length. It is the outlet of two small lakes, five miles above the Falls, and runs a very smooth and common-place course till it comes to the mountain side which lets it down into the valley of the Delaware. I had followed it up, for a few rods of its undistinguished flow, through the fields above, and it certainly looked to have very little antici-

pation of what circum-precipices and tight places were about to do for it.

I had breakfasted on a cup of tea and no appetite, at half-past six, and, as it was now close upon noon, and my admiration had been largely drawn upon, I was a little hungry. Stopping at the first farm-house, I found an old woman toasting her bare toes before a pine-wood fire, (July 3d), and she readily set before me a loaf of new bread and a tumbler of spring water, of which I made such a meal as natural thankfulness says grace over. The old dame said she had a son that "was first rate" and two daughters, and I recommended to her the "speculation" of adding a room or two to her house, and accommodating people who might come to see the Falls. As you may get here in six hours from New York, and the spot is one of the most romantic in the world, it cannot be long before there is some such provision for travellers. I dare say the barefoot old lady herself might be induced to turn a penny in this way, (though she shook her head at the first proposition,) for, on my asking her if she would allow me to pay for my bread and water, she modestly fumbled with the tongs and said I might leave what I liked upon the table.

In momentary expectation of the arrival of the train which will take me to another beautiful place farther West, I say good morning, dear Morris, and remain, Yours, &c.

LETTER FROM MONTROSE.

Port Jervis—Takes Two or Three Yankees to Start a New Town—Punctual Anaconda—Difference between Railroads in America and in England—Fall from a Mountain-top—Summit Level and the Storucco—Road in the Air, Passing over a Village—Great Bend—Cold Ride to Montrose—Edith May's Ownership of Silver Lake—Her "Bays" and Bay Horses—Rose's Villa in Ruins—Pic-nic Dinner in the Summer-house—Negro Precedence—Complimentary Kindness of my Landlord—Celibacy of the Susquehannah's "Intended," etc.

HAVING "boned and potted" the Falls of the Sawkill for you, my dear Morris, I found myself at Port Jervis, with an hour upon my hands, and went out to bestow my powers of absorption upon any who might be disposed to communicate. I learned that there are one or two pretty lakes in the moun-

tains near by, where pickerel fishing "will pay," and trout-streams in all directions. Seeing the livery-stable keeper, of whom I had hired my horse and wagon, peddling bread from a baker's cart about the village, I hailed him to enquire in which of these conflicting vocations he was properly at home—for I had seen him curry his horses and clean out his stable with a circumstantiality that seemed to me hardly compatible with *that* morning's bread.

"Why, yaess!" he said, "I daoo both. I'm a Yankee, and it takes two or three on us to start these naew taowns."

His reply embodied a statistic, and I leave it on record, therefore, in the native dialect, for history.

The train came out of the woods, like a punctual anaconda, at the precise moment when its puffing crest was expected, and I was presently coiling away westward on the serpentine edge of the Delaware; the route from Port Jervis to Deposit being a perpetual "ladies' chain"—the petticoat of the mountain to the left no sooner turned, than you are thrown off to the right around the skirt of another, and so right and left for eighty miles, in constant alternation. Railroads anywhere are wonderful enough, but they seem much more startling, as triumphs over matter, when the obstacles that have been overcome, are only removed beyond immediate reach of collision, and the swift train glides apparently over broken rocks, prostrate timber, awful chasms, and furious torrents, as unhindered as a bird upon the wing. In England, where the only lookout, from the window at the side, is upon a smoothly-sloped lawn or a trim hedge fence, the speed and unobstructiveness seem more reasonable. One "candidly confesses," as he sits upon soft cushions and finds all manner of obstinate things making way, right and left, above and below—thirty miles an hour, spite of precipices and prostrate timber, stumps, gulleys and mountains—that these two little iron threads through the wilderness were a great idea.

The conductor very kindly pointed out to me a curiosity I should have missed, between Equinunk and Hankins—the road there passing under a steep mountain, from the very crest of which pours a waterfall. His attention was drawn to it at the first opening of the road, by the splendid mass of icicles which it hangs high up against the sky in the winter-time, though the trees, which frill in its precipitous descent, almost entirely obscure it in the summer. It must be like a stream

out of a cloud, in the season when water is plenty. It promised famously for exploring, but whether it was the outlet of a mountain lake or a table-land stream surprised by a precipice, we could not typographize from the platform of our unslackening car.

As the train approaches the Susquehannah, there is a general liveliness of attention in the cars, the gentlemen giving over their naps and the ladies putting aside their veils, and preparing to look out of the windows—for here occurred the most formidable obstacles of the route, and the triumphs of engineering are very picturesque. A mountain of rock to be pierced, a gulf of two hundred feet to be crossed, and a village to be passed over by a road in the air, were three impediments to the descent upon the Susquehannah, which might well have staggered faith in the first survey of the road. In compliment to the curiosity of passengers, the engineer slackens speed at this point, and, between the rocky walls of the cleft door-way to the valley of another river, across the awful chasm of the Storucco, and down the inclined plane with Lanesboro' under its lofty arches, the cars move in stately deliberation. The wonder that one feels, here, however, at the achievements of enterprise and science, is mingled with admiration of scenery, for there is no spot where the Susquehannah is finer, than at this first view; and, from here to the Great Bend, eight or nine miles, that noble river is perhaps in the plenitude of its magnificent beauty. The interval land in the bottom is varied with graceful mounds, the stream is fuller and statelier than the Delaware, from which the train has just crossed over, and the curves of the channel are laid out with most capricious unaccountableness. To stop at Lanesboro', and examine the scenery for ten miles around, would be, I should say, abundantly worth the traveller's while.

It had been my own intention to pass the Fourth of July in exploring Summit Level and the Storucco; but, hearing upon the road, that this point had been selected by the contractors, to give a jubilee on that day to the workmen, I kept on to Great Bend, nine miles farther. Within an hour or two from here lay two attractions, Silver Lake and its fair poetess, Edith May; and, by nine o'clock, with a full moon, I was behind a pair of stout roadsters, climbing over the hills toward Montrose, with the intention to signalize, if possible, the national holiday of the morrow, by seeing these two of

our country's matters of pride, in lovely conjunction. A gem of a cultivated lake, set in a picturesque mountain wilderness, and a gem of genius set in unusual personal beauty, were a combination, in the harmony of which there was a certain charm—aside from the “eye to business,” of seeing something to describe, and at the same time paying my respects to one who, of our HOME JOURNAL, is the foster-child and glory.

You are very likely to read this with the thermometer at ninety, and I will therefore refresh you with the fact, that, though wrapped in the heaviest of cloaks, I was half frozen on the road to Montrose. The driver found his great coat insufficient, and restored, to its original *top* uses, the bear-skin which formed our cushion, while the night-fog, crystallizing upon my beard, transformed me, as well as I could see by the glancing moonlight, into an Ice King, or its very reasonable semblance. With a region, thus brought by the Erie Railroad within eight or ten hours of New York, where you may shiver to your heart's content, in the height of the summer solstice, there is small need for subjecting families, at least, to any intolerableness of hot weather.

Our friend Edith, besides her Pegasus, is the mistress of a very dashing pair of this world's long-tailed bays, kept, by her choice English groom, in the highest possible condition. In her light wagon she drove me to Silver Lake on the morning of the Fourth, and I must say I was never put over ten miles of road in better style—though the hills would pass for perpendicular by a very slight figure of speech, and the fire-crackers, of the boys on the way, varied the paces of our team with some desperate rearing and plunging. Whatever was your weather in the city, on the Fourth it was delightfully temperate and enjoyable in these northern mountains of Pennsylvania.

Silver Lake was selected for a residence by a gentleman of fortune, Dr. Rose, some twenty years ago. Building a handsome villa upon its margin, he turned the forests around it into an English park and estate, leasing its cleared land to small farmers, and providing against any alteration of the features of the landscape which should not be in accordance with taste. The Lake is perhaps a mile or more in circumference, of a water so singularly clear that you can see the fish anywhere upon its pebbly bottom, and hemmed in by wooded

hills, partly cleared with a view always to the picturesque. Dr. Rose died about a year since, and his house having been, soon after, burned to the ground, the family have removed, and the place is a solitude. An immense Newfoundland dog, who seemed to be the only resident left in the neighborhood, received us at the gate with the most extravagant demonstrations of joy; but leaving us to find our own way through the grounds to the Lake, he stuck by the horses, which we left tied at the entrance, and followed us a mile or two on our return. He feels the changes of this uncertain world, poor fellow!

We passed around the blackened ruins to the garden, where a profusion of the choicest flowers were struggling with the over-topping weeds and grass, and, finding a squirrel sole tenant of a spacious summer-house at the boat-landing, we spread the contents of our basket, with a view of his making a third at his leisure, and dined with a broad bench for table. The scene was Arcady itself—a breathless lake of crystal visible through the shrubbery below, the air summer's sweetest, the birds the only noise-makers, and traces of taste all about us—and I could not but recognize, as I looked at that beautiful child of genius leaning against the lattice in her simple straw bonnet and gazing off upon that little paradise of wood and water, that there was such a thing as *ideal property in scenery*—Silver Lake belonging to Edith May as the Avon does to Shakspeare, by title of superiority to all who had before lived upon its borders. So Cooper has appropriated Otsego Lake, and Irving the Tappaan Sea; and the acres of either of these spots of earth may be bought and sold till doomsday, without dispossessing the *proprietor by renown*—the owner of its associations—the one whose name will come up, linked with its mention, forever.

We loitered so long in this captivating solitude that it took very sharp driving to reach Montrose in time for the coach I was to return by, but my lovely friend's *bays* were as reliable as her *laurels*, and she put me down punctually at the hour. The vehicle drove up presently, but, departing again to "accommodate some lady passengers" by taking them from their own doors, it returned with eight negroes, its full complement. I had spoken for my place the night before, in coming over, but possession—(black or white in this part of the country alike)—"is nine points of the law," and the coloured gentle-

men and their ladies were not to be disturbed. I had fortunately found an old friend in Mr. Searle, the landlord, however, (my former residence of Glenmary being but twenty miles from here), and he most kindly ordered up a pair of fast trotters of his own. and drove me himself, the fifteen miles to my destination. We followed, for a considerable part of the way, a fine valley that was evidently "the intended" of the Susquehannah—that capricious river turning off at the Great Bend, and going round, upon another route, three times the distance that it would have taken to reach the same point by this—and it was curious to see how ill the celibacy of the unwatered valley sat upon it, and how inexpressibly the slumber of a bright stream in its bosom would have improved its beauty and happiness.

I shall come again to this neighbourhood of Great Bend—few scenes in the world being more exquisitely lovely than the few miles above and below—but my letter is long enough for the present, and so adieu.—Yours, &c.

LETTER FROM LAKE MAHOPAC.

Eight of Genius and Scenery to Visits of Admiring Recognition—Fountain-head of the Croton and Lake Mahopac—Harlem Railway to Croton Falls—Two Instances of High-bred Politeness—Yacht Fanny—Lodging under the Eaves—Drive to Mountain and View—Lakes of Different Levels—Resources for Future Watering of New York—Girls Boating—Visit to Beautiful Island in the Mahopac—No Horses to get to Peekskill—Possible Redolence of Style, etc., etc.

Lake Mahopac, *July*, 1849.

It is with a certain feeling of relief, dear Morris, that I record my presence at this spot: for, among my instincts (and for instincts I have a reverential respect that grows with my knowledge of life), there is one which commands me to pay tributes of deferential visit and recognition to either of two master-pieces of Nature, when I shall find myself in its neighborhood—to a very gifted mind or to a very beautiful passage of scenery.

Were I a stranger to Cooper, for instance, and should pass through Cooperstown without calling to pay my respects, or leave a card which might express a stranger's acknowledgment

of the honour due to him by his country, I should feel that I had culpably omitted the payment of a loyal due to Nature. Or had I never seen Trenton Falls, and should persist in traversing the great thoroughfare to the West, without turning off at Utica to honour Nature by a visit to this her magnificent example of what she can do by felicitous *physical* (as she does in genius by felicitous *moral*) combination of her elements, I should, in the same way, feel guilty of a neglect of deference which was more due as my own spirit was finer and more appreciative.

Now, varlets that we are! (and I will "make a clean breast" for the firm, while I am about it) have "we" not, Morris and Willis, passed months together at your eyrie of Undercliff—eighteen miles only from Lake Mahopac, the head waters of the Croton—and, with time and two gray horses on our hands, never once driven over to see the beautiful spot, which like the unseen principle of life, keeps unsuspended watch over the vital circulation of our city's arteries, and, to its myriad healthful veins, sends the ever prompt and salutary fluid? The Spirit of Beauty and the Spirit of Utility were alike neglected in this unperformed pilgrimage.

I am ashamed additionally to record, that, almost from our office door, several times a day, runs a rail train to within four miles of Lake Mahopac, and vehicles ply regularly over this remainder of the way. The whole distance, about fifty-four miles, is done usually in three hours, and the route runs most of its course, upon the banks of the Croton and its tributaries—indifferent scenery, but an amusing ride, with its busy sprinkle of cits let off, right and left, to their suburban retreats, at every blow of the whistle. The New Haven trains, I should mention, run fifteen miles on the Harlem track, turning off eastward to Connecticut at Williams Bridge.

I left town at five, and reached Lake Mahopac a little after dark. The driver said there were two public houses, and took me to the larger. The boarders were doing Polka to a piano, and, as the coach drove up, a gentleman came forward to the gate, whom, taking to be the landlord, I applied to for quarters. I must do our country's manners the justice to record the politeness of this gentleman. He might reasonably have turned his shoulder at being mistaken for a country landlord, but he, instead, courteously offered to accompany

me to the landlady, and went before me, introducing me and stating my wish to a dame in the back parlor. I saw, by the better light of the interior, that he was a young man very fashionably dressed, and I thanked him with a mental admission that I had never, in any country, met an instance of more natural and true gentle breeding.

Such things are pleasant to mention, and let me record another instance of my countrymen's politeness. I stood upon the shore of the Lake the next morning after breakfast, watching a beautiful little yacht that was running with full sail before the wind, when she suddenly put about and made for shore. One of the three or four gentlemen who were in her landed, and, remarking that they had observed from the boat that I was alone, offered me a sail upon the Lake. As I was a stranger to all the gentlemen, I need not say that it was a spontaneous courtesy that would do credit to the manners of any country in the world.

To go back to my arrival—there was not a room to be had at the principal lodging-house, and I went on to the other, where the crowd on the stoop looked equally unpromising. One of those sharp little twelve-year-old Yankee boys, who, in New England, very commonly do all the bar-tending and host-playing of public houses, went up stairs with me on a voyage of discovery; and, in a corner under the eaves, where a pigeon might be appropriately lodged, we found a spot at last, that had neither a lady's petticoat hanging against the wall, nor a gentleman's tooth-brush playing sentry on the washstand. With the sloping roof resting on the tops of my toes, here slept I, and, by the light from a window down at the floor, and as large perhaps as your spacious shirt-bosom, my dear General, write I to you now. Both of these public houses (to dismiss with one remark the matter of accommodations) are in the two-pronged-iron-fork stage of civilized progress, and this tardy lag behind the times is a little surprising in a place so beautiful and accessible, and where a good hotel would so certainly "draw."

In the course of the forenoon, our friend Gray, who is lodging in a private house hard by, drove me partly around the Lake, and to the summit of one of the hills, from which we could get a view over the landscape. The country around looks hard and Connecticut-esque, but the Mahopac is a most lovely sheet of water, with three wooded islands in its bosom,

and the outline of the horizon is free and bold. The circumference of the Lake is about nine miles, and its shape offers charming facilities for boating and sailing. There are four other lakes visible from the summit of one of the hills; and it is a very remarkable geological fact, by-the-way, that, only a few rods from Lake Mahopac is another lake, a mile long and about half a mile wide, the surface of which is *a hundred and fifty feet lower* than Lake Mahopac! These different sheets of water can all easily be made tributary to the Croton, so that Providence seems to have provided means to water even another London, should Manhattan wax to that size and necessity. The height of these natural reservoirs above the Hudson, I understand, is fifteen hundred feet.

The courteous commodore of the yacht *Fanny*, whose kind invitation to a cruise I most gladly accepted, landed me on one of the islands, and another gentleman and I explored it, while the rest of the party took a swim. It seemed to be about six or eight acres, heavily covered with wood, and shaped like the top of a volcanic mountain, with a deep dell or crater in the centre. A prettier place for a fancy residence (with stables and farm-house on the main land) could hardly be imagined. My friend had sailed his yacht up the Hudson to Peekskill, and thence, fifteen miles, she had been brought across upon wheels and launched for life upon the loftier waters of the Mahopac. He brings his family here every year, and spends his leisure charmingly, in cruising about among the islands, fishing and swimming. I noticed a considerable number of small row-boats, pulled about in all directions by young girls in sun-bonnets, and this fine exercise seems to be the amusement of the place, and one from which no danger whatever is apprehended. The boats were of a shape impossible to upset, and it struck me as a diversion for children most pleasant and reasonable.

You are sitting in your slippers, "minding the Doctor," only eighteen miles from this my present writing, dear Morris, and I have been to the stables to look up a conveyance by which to get where you are playing the invalid. The horses are "all out haying," however, and the easiest way I find to convey my sympathies to you bodily, is to return by railway to New York and steam it up the Hudson—a hundred miles round, easier than eighteen across. As this place becomes more frequented, there will, of course, be

a plying of stages to Peekskill, and the route to the city will be a little varied.

I am very glad to see the end of my letter, for I write upon a washstand in a triangular garret, and it will be a strong case of isolation, if the smell of hot shingles from without, and warm feathers within, have not given a tincture to my style. Good-bye to you across the mountains, my dear invalid, if your magnetism can feel my neighborhood thus far.

Yours, &c.

LETTER FROM ERIE RAILROAD.

A Thirty-six Hours' Trip—Night's Sleep in the Cars—Waking up first at the end of Two hundred miles—Wonders of Locomotion—Country Tavern at Sunrise—Promiscuous Bed-room—Dressing in the Entry—Scenery in framed Panels—Drive between Susquehannah and Arched Viaduct—Entrance to the Storucco, and what it is like—Rainbow Bridge from Cloud to Cloud—Chasm of Rent-Open Mountain—Cascade off Duty—Drive to Great Bend—Much seen in little Time, etc., etc.

As tired of town and toil as nerves and powers of attention could well be, dear Morris, I flung myself (as usual of late) into the refreshing arms of the Erie Railroad, the evening after getting our last paper to press. With the brief rocking and fanning of the twenty miles' boating to Piermont, I became quite ready for sleep in those two long iron arms (which, iron though they are, do the soothing of arms softer and shorter), and I do not think I was conscious of a thought till within twenty miles of the Susquehannah. The cars that leave Piermont at evening (to explain the soundness of my repose) are fitted with reclining couches, ingeniously arranged for sleep in two attitudes, and as most men leave the city for this train pretty well tired, most passengers sleep, from the Hudson to the Susquehannah, very soundly. The conductor, if you are not practised traveller enough to have anticipated him, politely suggests that you should pin your ticket on your sleeve, or slip it under the band of your hat, so that he need not wake you for a rummage into your pocket, when compelled, as usual after every stopping-place, to reconnoitre for new comers.

"Here we leave the Delaware," said a voice as the cars came to a stop, and, thus awoke from my first sleep, I stepped out to air my eyelids, and get a breath unpulverized with cinders. It was dawn, and the falling garment of Night was holding on by one button—a single brilliant star in the east. All of earth that I could see was thickly wooded, producing the impression—(so deliciously refreshing after a surfeit of town)—of a new world in its virgin covering of leaves. So far from the city, and how had I got here so unconsciously! I looked at my conveyance to realize it:—two hundred miles, in a long row of houses, and without breaking my nap! That this ponderous train of cars had borne me hither so softly and so swiftly! I shall not stop wondering at railway travelling, I think, till we are

"Borne, like Loretto's chapel, thro' the air."

My errand on this excursion was to see the chasm of the Storucco—a rocky pass one hundred and eighty feet deep, over which the railway passes, on a bridge of a single arch—and the village of Lanesboro', two miles beyond, was of course my stopping-place. I had persuaded our accomplished friend, Miss —, and the Doctor, to accompany me; and the three of us were deposited on the stoop of a country tavern at the calamitous in-door hour of five in the morning. You image to yourself at once, of course, the reluctant manners of the unshaved bar-keeper, and the atmosphere of the just-opened and unswept bar-room! Where the lady was shown to I did not enquire; but the Doctor and I were ushered into a small bed-room, where the oxygen had been for some hours entirely exhausted, and where, on one of the two beds, lay asleep one of our promiscuous gender. "Don't mind him," said the bar-keeper, as we backed out from the intrusion, "it's only a friend of mine!"—but even with this expressive encouragement, and a glance at the sleeper's boots, which gave us a conventional confirmation that he was a man not to be "minded," we persisted in leaving the sleeper to his privacy. Our accommodator then offered to "bring us the fixin's" for a toilet in the entry, which we at once accepted, dressing with a murderous look-out upon the slaughter of the chickens for our breakfast. I daguerreotype these details, and similar ones, of things and manners as they are, foreseeing that railroads will soon irrigate the country with refinements, in contrast with which these primitive sketches may be curious.

After a sort of obituary breakfast, on the chickens we had seen slain and the "deeds they had left behind them," in the shape of an orphan egg or two, we started in a rough wagon for the cascade. The way thither lay between a glory of Art and a glory of Nature, for on our left lay the Susquehannah in one of its finest passages of beauty, and on our right the magnificent viaduct, high in the air, by which the railroad descends to the valley level. Sky and mountains, seen under a range of lofty arches, are like a series of stupendous panels of landscape on the wall of a gigantic cathedral—and those who have not stood on the Campagna of Rome, at the base of the great aqueducts, and looked off towards Albano, with the mountains divided and framed into pictures by these massive lines of architecture, may here see effects even bolder and finer.

The entrance to the Storucco reminded me of a call I once made upon a lady in Venice—my gondolier gliding into the very centre of the tall palace in which she lived, by a dark canal leading to a stair on the water level. The road turns into the Storucco at the point where the stream comes to the Susquehannah, and the beauty of the place is reached by a long ascent. The glen itself is fine enough to repay a journey from New York to see—a fissure of a cracked open mountain, with two or three different streams pouring into it—but the look upward, as you stand between *two sky-reaching precipices, spanned across at the top by a single arch*, is truly most impressive. A rainbow turned into a railroad bridge, for the passing of a chasm between two clouds, would certainly look no more remarkable.

A friend of mine in the Navy calls brandy and water "a fine institution," and if I had had more of two "institutions," for which I will borrow the phrase—time and a sandwich—I should have been delighted to make a day's exploration of the Storucco. It looks like a far-reaching cavern of the picturesque, of which we saw only the entrance—grandeur and darkness tempting powerfully on. Of the cascade we could hardly judge, the long drought having reduced its sheet to a mere trickle down the face of the rock; but a fall of such a depth, and into such a chasm of darkness, must be magnificent at some seasons. We mounted to the bridge, and looked over into the deep fissure which it spans. It is a startling wonder of mechanism, and the most educated man

may, at first sight, marvel how it was thrown over. The men at work upon it while we were there, looked so like ants, as we saw them from the base, that it seemed impossible the bridge could be the work of creatures of *their* size.

We had a curiosity to follow the bank of the Susquehannah to Great Bend, nine miles, and our landlord (who kindly thought us worthy of trout and venison, and promised to send to me in the city what we should by rights have eaten at Lanesboro',) gave us a sort of top-less omnibus, and a pair of hardy little horses, with which we made the trip very comfortably. The scenery is much finer this way than seen from the window of a rail-car. The reaches of view, fore and after, were of perpetual beauty. My companions, who had not been in this part of the country before, felt abundantly repaid for their trouble in coming, and stayed at Great Bend, to return the next day with daylight to see the Delaware.

Obliged, myself, to be in town the next morning, I took the evening train, and slept over the track again most comfortably, all the way to Piermont, having passed a long and delightful day two hundred miles from the city, and yet absent from it altogether but thirty-six hours! Things are getting handy in these days, my dear General!

Yours, here and there.

LETTER FROM COZZENS'S HOTEL.

Name of the Place whence the letter is dated—Cozzens's new Hotel—Cloven-Rock Road—Waterfall Ladder—Fanny Kemble's Bath—Weir's Chapel—General and Mrs. Scott—River God's Hair—Theory of June and August—Charade by a Distinguished Hand.

June, 1849.

You will see by my erasures, dear Morris, that I have tried hard to date my letter with a word descriptive of the place where it is written. Like most new things, babies included, this new resort, which is still in its infancy, goes by the handiest name—but, as there is a time when "poppet" or "blessing" is formally exchanged for John or Thomas, so should we be thinking of the period when "New West Point Hotel," or "Cozzens's West Point Hotel," should be graced with an appellation both more distinctive and more ambitious.

Grudging, as I mortally do, any time wasted on in-door work in June, I am not going to throw away the half-hour for which I have bothered my brains with this matter, and shall therefore record, in print that "will pay," my bibliographical, geographical, and euphonious ransack for a name to this Hotel.

"West Point Hotel" it is not—though it sits in the high lap of the same West Point Mountain—for the old and well-known Hotel of that name is still in existence, and as the landings to the two places are but a short distance apart, it would be a constant embarrassment to strangers, if in their names there were even a resemblance. Then the *old* West Point Hotel having been made famous by Cozzens's keeping, the name of "Cozzens's West Point Hotel" would of course lead the remembering public only to the old and upper landing. Palpable mis-namings as these evidently are, however, the beautiful place from which I write is known at present by no other.

To find a name, then, and a descriptive one: Let us look first into its geographic peculiarities.

The new Hotel stands within the portals of the Highlands, with mountains enough between it and New York to insure the *change of climate* so healthful in the resorts of residents on the sea-board; and, if this were its only great advantage, it might be called, with descriptive propriety, the *Transalpine Hotel*—a name neither unmusical nor inexpressive. Its leading attraction, however, in the way of position, is the lofty bank on which it stands—the grounds of the house occupying a highland terrace, one hundred and fifty feet above the river, and the magnificent mountain which rises immediately behind it seeming literally to hold Cozzens and his caravanserai in its leafy lap. For position merely, *Highland Terrace* would be a name tolerably expressive.

But in creating an access to the place from the river, there was an enterprise shown by Mr. Cozzens that would not be unduly commemorated in its name. Two years ago, a precipitous rock, of near two hundred feet, "set its face" against any approach to the spot from the river; and the engineer, first consulted as to the cost of a wharf at the foot of this perpendicular wall, thought Mr. Cozzens a little "out of his mind." Carriages, *now*, wind easily from its base to its summit—a spiral road having been blown out of the flinty

mountain-side, and the broad track, up which a four-horse omnibus goes with a trot, being as smooth as the Russ Pavement in Broadway. It struck me that *Cloven-Rock Hotel* would describe this feature pretty fairly, and as the road up is most picturesquely seen from the river, it would have a certain finger-post indicativeness that is desirable.

The most enjoyable peculiarity of the scenery is still unnamed, however. The thickly-wooded banks of a bright, rocky, and musical brook—with a descent so rapid that, at every few feet, you come to a mimic waterfall—tempt you from the hotel-grounds to a long ramble up the valley in the rear. There is nothing one wants more, at a public place, than the neighborhood of just such a shaded brook—to escape to, from too much society; to seek with a book or a pencil; to muse by, in idleness; to track with friends, one or more, and, with the delicious accompaniment of swift-running water, talk philosophy or love. It is a clean, clear, darkly-shaded mountain rivulet, picturesque at every inch of its way, and worthy in itself of a name and a moderate immortality. It is better known in its death than in its life; for though few ever heard of the portion of its course I have been describing, everybody has seen where it slides over a rock, a hundred feet into the Hudson, and by the name (oh, cacophonous horror!) of “Buttermilk Falls!” It would truly describe this pretty stream to call it Waterfall Ladder, and if the Hotel (of which it is but a musical corridor) could afford to be named after so lesser an appendage, we might descriptively call it *Shady Brook Hotel*. *Hudson Terrace* is a well sounding name, of which it is capable also; or, as the Eagle Valley opens behind it, it might be called *Eagle Valley Hotel*; or, as Fort Putnam stands on the same side of it from West Point, it might with propriety be called *Fort Putnam Hotel*.

Thus much of geographical reasons for names; but there are one or two belongings of moral sentiment to the spot, which should at least be mentioned among its claims of nomenclature.

Within a stone's throw from the portico of the Hotel, upon a knoll half hidden with trees, stands one of the most beautiful structures, of its kind, in this country—a stone church, of English rural architecture, built by the painter Robert Weir. The story of its construction is a touching

poem. When Mr. Weir received ten thousand dollars from Government, for his picture on the panel of the Capitol, he invested it, untouched, for the benefit of his three children. On the death of these children—all three—soon after, the money reverted to him, but he had a feeling which forbade him to use it. Struck with the favorableness of this knoll under the mountains, as a site for a place of worship, much needed by the village near by, he applied for it to Mr. Cozzens, on whose property it stood, and who at once made a free gift of it for the purpose. The painter's taste and heart were set to work, and, with the money left him by his children, and contributions from General Scott and others, he erected this simple and beautiful structure, in a memorial of hallowed utility. Its bell for evening service sounded a few minutes ago—the tone selected, apparently, with the taste which governed all, and making sweet music among the mountains that look down upon it. From this beautiful vicinage, in the sentiment of which Mr. Cozzens's liberal gift makes a him partaker, his house might be called, if there were no name more appropriate, *Woods-chapel Hotel*.*

There is still another feeling, separate from the scenery, and perhaps the strongest with Mr. Cozzens himself, which might decide the naming of his house. The ground on which it stands is part of property he purchased while the old West Point Hotel was in his hands, and, being only a mile from the military college, it is associated inseparably, in his mind, with a West Point character and locality. He exercised so successfully, and for so long, the commissariat functions of the Army at this, its most romantic starting-post, and his hotel in New York was so completely the home and rendezvous of officers and cadets, that he is essentially an "army man"—totally unwilling that the distance of but a mile from his old and favorite quarters should deprive him of his brevet of West Point associations. In fact, the mile between his hotel and the parade-ground, along the bank of the Hudson, is so lovely and beguiling, that it may well seem, in its whole length, but a promenade of the Cadet College itself. Now, of all this, to suit Mr. Cozzens, the name of his new house should have an indicating relish. What would comprise it, and still be distinctive and musical, I cannot cudgel out of my brains at this moment; but there is a circumstance

* Mr. Weir named it. "The Church of the Holy Innocents."

which gives, at least, room for suggestion. The first guest at this, his new hotel, was the great soldier who is now at the head of our army, General Scott: and his singularly gifted family are here, the guests for the summer. Besides the General's identification with all that belongs to the army, Mrs. Scott, as you know, is the admired and counselling Egeria of the youthful sword and epaulette—with the cadets of West Point, as with the officers of the army, a Queen elect of deference and devotion. In all tribute to her husband's glory, she is of course a sharer; but her influence at the Point, makes it fitter for her sharing, if offered to him here. There chances to be a fine bold word, which, notwithstanding General Scott's greater achievements since, is a synonyme for his name on his country's lip—*Chippewa*. To call this palace of a house, with its beautiful associations and surroundings, *THE CHIPPEWA*, would therefore, it seems to me, express all which, by this last array of reasons at least, is demanded in a name.

I thought, when I began, that I should dispose of this part of my letter in a paragraph—but “what's in a name” is sometimes a pregnant question. In discussing the word for my date, however, I have outlined, pretty fairly, the scenery which was to be the theme of my letter, and with a touch or two of the pencil upon slighted points, I shall give you a sufficiently completed picture.

The knowledge of *comfort*, which Mr. Cozzens has gained by long experience as “mine host,” has been successfully brought into play in the structure of this hotel. It is full of conveniences and luxuries, and even the fastidious would be puzzled to name a want unprovided for. The *show* portion of the house—a secondary consideration, of course—is only a little too splendid for my taste in the country. The costly carpets, rosewood and marble tables, satin furniture and profusion of the largest mirrors and elaborate gilding, make of it a palace that might be appropriate enough for Queen Victoria, but which was scarce needed here. Even if, (as is likely enough,) it was Mr. Cozzens's sagacious guess at what would attract republican custom, I should have liked to see a house which was sure to be the perfection of comfort, setting an example of simplicity in its ornament. Of the exterior no one could complain, the model of the building being most proportionate and imposing, and the portico, or covered

ambulatory encircling the lower story, being singularly elegant. Thinking, of course, that Mr. Cozzens had been indebted to a very clever architect for his plan and the proportions of his rooms, I inquired, and found the designs to be his own.

The views, up and down the Hudson, from the terrace lawn and the bold bluff a few steps beyond, are the perfection of picturesque scenery; and, from this same bluff, within a stone's throw of the colonnade, you look down upon what is profaned by the name of Buttermilk Falls—a lace veil over the face of an else bare precipice of a hundred feet. The whole descent is broken into two cascades, by the way; and, from the bluff, they look like the backs of two river-gods, climbing up the mountain with their white hair streaming behind them.

With the three ladies who formed my party from New York, and an English friend and his companion, whom I met yesterday, to my most agreeable surprise, at the foot of the Falls, I paid a visit to the glen on the opposite side of the river, known now by the name of "Fanny Kemble's Bath." "Indian Falls," as it was formerly called, was a frequent resort of the energetic lecturess when residing at West Point and pulling about the river in a skiff; and, as those were days when it was comparatively unknown, she had its shaded rocks and waters uninterruptedly to herself. It is a spot from which the sky is almost shut out—three sides of rocks and leaves and one side of waterfall closing it in—and the prettiest place conceivable to pic-nic in, and pass the day. Mr. Cozzens took us over in his boat, and "posted us up," with his never-failing vivacity and agreeableness, in its legends of the old time and love-stories of the new.

Bless me, what a delicious month June is! The world to-day seems quite new—no remembrances of last year's June having in the least anticipated or dulled its complete novelty of freshness. I am inclined to think, dear Morris, that the wheel of our weather, in the course of its annual revolution, dips into the climate of heaven, and that the intersection takes place in June. What warmer world it passes on and intersects later—say in mid-August—is slightly indicated, perhaps, by the expressions with which the profane accost each other in that season—but, either to find heaven in June, or escape the resemblance of New York to "the other place"

in August, I should name this Hotel of many charms as the best possible resort. For his skill in the art of life, pleasant companionship included, its enterprising master is well entitled to a diploma.

My next excursion will be to a beautiful spot I hear of, but have not seen, upon the Erie Railroad, and, meantime, adieu.

LETTER FROM GREENWOOD LAKE.

A VAGUE rumor of a new place of summer resort, of which we could find no advertisement, nor get any definite description, tempted us to slip from our editorial harness, last week, and take a sniff of fresh air and discovery. That there was a "Greenwood Lake," somewhere between Orange and Rockland counties—somewhere between Goshen and Newburg—that a hotel had lately been opened on its shore for summer custom, and that it was to be reached by the milk-and-butter avenue of Chester Valley, was all that "general information" could furnish, as to its whereabouts and accommodations. Just at this time, conversation runs mainly on these places of resort, and we presume, therefore, that some more definite description will be of interest to our readers.

To begin with what you might else skip to find:—Greenwood Lake is sixty-five miles distant from New York, and the cost of reaching Chester, ten miles from it, is one dollar and five cents, by the Erie Railroad. By the train, whose passengers leave New York in the "Thomas Powell," (foot of Duane-st.,) at five P. M., you arrive at Chester at nine in the evening. An open wagon takes you hence to the Lake in an hour and a half, or two hours, price one dollar—road rather rough and wagon-springs altogether unmerciful—and a large and showy hotel receives you on the edge of the water. Thus much for statistics, *d la* Guide Book.

The "Thomas Powell" did the twenty miles to Piermont, as usual, in an hour and a quarter, and—apropos—as she returns the same evening by half-past nine, and serves an admirable supper on board, what more delightful excursion could there be than this her daily trip? She remains at Piermont two hours, and, Irving's residence being on the opposite bank of the river, and a ferry across just established,

a look at Sunny-side and Sleepy Hollow might be included in the evening's pleasure.

[Let us insert, here, a suggestion to omnibus proprietors. Considering the crowds of passengers landing continually from the ferries and steamers, why would it not "pay" to run a line *along the water-side*, from the Battery to Canal-street, and so up to Broadway? At present, the gauntlet of insolent drivers that one has to run, to get ashore, and the alternative, at your own door, between an imposition or a quarrel with hack drivers, are the disagreeable accompaniments of arrival; and vex strangers, while they deter many citizens from making excursions at all. Giving his ticket to a systemized company for delivering baggage, the passenger might then take the omnibus, and the mere possibility of this escape from their extortions, would make drivers both more civil and more honest.]

Of the rail-road track of *unparalleled beauty of scenery*, between Piermont and Chester, we shall have more to say, when we have rambled on foot, as we mean to do this summer, all over the miniature Switzerland threaded by the Ramapo river. Let the lover of the beautiful, (without contenting himself with a look from one window, and at one side, only,) place himself at the end of the last car, and, riding backwards, watch his path as he speeds along. It is a rapid succession of exquisite surprises for the eye, each one of the thousands of which would be a picture well worth preserving. The hint is enough, for those who have the taste to care for what is lovely.

Greenwood Lake Hotel has the usual mistakes of taste which such places invariably have, in our country—too much white paint, portico, parlor, piano, and pretension, and too little of what the needless excess in such ostentation would easily have bought. As the house and its appurtenances are at present arranged, there is a want of refinement which would alone prevent any delicate person from staying there at all. But the capabilities of the location are great. The Lake is nine miles in length, and spreads away in a vast oblong mirror to the West, the high hills which frame it are of fresh green forest, and the shape of the valley in which it lies, is such, that the Hotel lies in a tunnel for the wind, and there is always a breeze in summer. With singular dulness to taste and convenience, the proprietor has set his house at a long distance

from any shade, and the visitors who should go out when the sun were high, would be broiled before they could get to the woods. This makes the place uninhabitable for children. The one negro waiter, who had a ludicrous habit of concluding every sentence he uttered with "and so forth," betrayed the effect of this want of shade, in his account of the habits of the house, given to us at our solitary breakfast.

"How do the people amuse themselves here?" we asked.

"In the morning," he said, "the ladies ride a-horseback, etc. In the evening, they walk, and go out sailing, etc."

"And what do they do during the day?" we inquired, hoping to hear of some excursion to waterfall, or wood, or glen, or some other escape from paint and whitewash.

"Oh, in the day-time, Sir, the ladies don't do nothing, except *lay pretty still, etc.*"

When will the builders of new summer resorts learn that good mattresses and linen sheets are more attractive than columns and porticoes, and that the close neighborhood of woods is indispensable? When will they civilize to decency in the construction of the house, and trust less exclusively to the showiness of the parlor furniture, for in-door attraction? With half what this hotel has cost, a house on Greenwood Lake might have been one of the most desirable places of resort in the country. As it is, we should suppose no person who had any idea of comfort would stay there a day.

Yours, &c.

LETTER FROM RAMAPO.

Ramapo Valley, (*Erie Railroad.*) July 2.

DEAR MORRIS:—"Far enough away for a letter" is a measurement essentially altered, of late, by railroad and telegraph. Though forty or fifty miles from you, it seems almost absurd to write, when I could go to you in an hour and a half. "Away from home" is a comparative thing, after all—since a tortoise would measure it at twenty feet, and a bird at twenty miles. An advertisement, in a New York paper, of "a country seat in this vicinity," formerly meant a place within five miles. As about one hour distant was thus implied, and you may now go thirty miles in the same hour, "this vicinity" is a phrase of six times as much meaning. The

express train, on the English railroads, go regularly sixty miles in the hour; and as things progress, we may as well call this Ramapo Valley a suburb of New York, for such it will be shortly—(within half an hour of Hoboken, that is to say)—though a valley in Norway or Sweden is, at present, hardly less known or thought of.

I had been so impressed with the glimpses of romantic scenery, which I caught in whirling through the sixteen miles of this valley in the rail-cars, that I longed to traverse it with a locomotive whose lungs and legs would give out, and wheels not yet disenfranchised from hills, ruts, and pebble-stones. The hottest day of the summer, thus far, was the one when I found the leisure; and, as the trip commenced with a cool and refreshing rush into the breeze's arms (with the swift course of the "Thomas Powell" up the river,) *your* sufferance of the heat, that day, was at least three hours longer than *mine*. I regretted that I had not brought you with me as far as Piermont; for this delightful boat, which leaves at five, gets back to New York a little after nine; and you can have thus four hours of cool comfort and beautiful scenery, without losing any important portion of the day in the city. Think of the cheapness of luxuries, by the way, when this lovely evening trip, twenty miles up the river and back, is paid for with a couple of shillings!

The *Ramapo Ravine*, of sixteen miles, is a wild mountain vestibule to the open country of Orange County beyond. Our milk and butter, eggs and poultry, come out, by this long shadowy entry, from the fertile plains where they are produced. I had taken a fancy to a stopping-place at the extremity of this porch of mountains—not from any recommendation, except what was contained in the looks of a very large and fine-looking landlord—and here I proposed to sleep and find a vehicle to return leisurely through the valley the next morning. This station—"Turner's"—we reached at a little after eight, and as the cars stop here "fifteen minutes for refreshments," it seemed, for that space of time, very little like a place for a quiet night. Two hundred people, laying in what coffee and tea, pies and crackers, would suffice them for a night's journey, make a confusion that you think might last. But "all aboard," and two or three pantings of the engine, and away they go—leaving their half-drunk coffee and tea, and their half-eaten segments of pie—and the crickets are again

heard outside the door, and all is rural and undisturbed. Would that a rail-track could be laid through the mind, to dismiss its turmoils with as expeditious a completeness!

The road at this place runs above the roof of an old mill, with an old-fashioned tavern just below it, and the refectory, perched up alongside of the rails, seems not to have modified, essentially, the "entertainment for man and horse." I found a country bed, with country accommodations, and most civil and obliging people; and the old horse, destined for my next day's explorations, had been "twenty-three years in the family." In the course of chat, before going to bed, I learned that the woods are full of game; that the lakes near by are full of pickerel; that a man sees, on an average, a couple of hundred snakes "round there" in a summer; and that board in that region is about three dollars a week. People are beginning to come out from the city to pass the summer months in the neighborhood, and there are several farm-houses in the village two miles beyond, (Monroe Village,) where they are ready to take lodgers.

My drive down the Ramapo, for twelve miles, the next day, was the opening of a many-leaved book—as delicious a volume of scenery as the unbound library of Nature has to show. So winding is the river, and so capricious the road, that every few feet bring you to a new scene, with exhaustless novelty of combination, and a singularly picturesque character to all. The mountains are boldly crowded together: the bright little river distributes its silver lakelets, and inlays its sparkling rapids, as if on purpose to please an artist; the foliage is dense and luxuriant to the tops of the mountains; and the edge of the horizon near by, on every side, is in all varieties of eccentric grace and boldness. The Ramapo Valley is really one of Nature's loveliest caprices; and its divine pictures will one day be made classic by pen and pencil.

The most picturesque point of this long and winding ravine, is near the outlet of Tuxeto Lake—a bright stream that comes in from a beautiful sheet of water by this name, a little way back among the mountains. There is, here, a rocky cleft in the river's bed, through which rush a succession of waterfall-rapids, and—(curiously unexpected in so wild a spot)—the scene is here completed for the artist's eye, by the broken arches of some fine old ruins! They are the remains of very extensive iron-works, formerly in operation here, and, as their

site, of course, was chosen for the water-power, the crumbling walls are in the finest position for effect.

The whole valley of the Ramapo has but three or four owners. The tract of many thousand acres, belonging to Mr. Peter Townsend, is the largest. Mr. McFarlan, the former member of the Legislature, owns an exquisitely lovely portion of it. The Lorillard family have another tract, and, further down toward Ramapo village, the valley spreads into a charming lap of mingled culture and mountain scenery, called Sloatsburg. Two or three gentlemen of the name of Sloat reside here; and, with great taste and enterprise, they have surrounded their fine residences with every look of prosperity and comfort. The pretty village around them has one peculiarity—there is no tavern, and consequently no loungers nor any look of travel, and the whole place has a most captivating and park-like aspect of privacy.

Sloatsburg was the termination of my twelve-mile ride, and, hitherto, Mr. McFarlan, whom I had called upon, at his romantic residence a few miles back, had kindly accompanied me. For the interesting historic incidents which he gave me, connected with the scenery we stopped to admire on the road, I wish I had room in this letter, but I have already exceeded time and limits, and those who visit the Ramapo may like to learn its history and imagine its poetry for themselves. I pointed out, to this gentleman and to the Messrs. Sloat, any number of situations for villas and country-houses, such as "Mr. Capability Brown," of London, would consider of unsurpassed advantages; and (let me tell you) New York is yet to open its eyes at this Eden within reach—this *little Switzerland within two hours' of Broadway*.

Rather than wait for the more rapid mail-train, which I had intended to take at this station, I accepted a chair in the conductor's box on a slow freight-train, and so, with the fortunate opportunity of looking out on both sides, and seeing all of the country I was passing through, I pursued my way toward Piermont. The scenery, to the edge of the Hudson, is all beautiful. One wonders that the first opening of the railroad has not peopled such a valley with residents, at once. Like every new country, however, it is liable to fevers, where the water is stopped for mills and the moist vegetable deposit accumulates and decays, and this, perhaps, is a reason; but, with management and care, this evil is soon removed, and then,

what neighbourhood of New York can compare, for a residence, with the valley of the Ramapo?

With recommending a trip hither to every lover of beauty, and every reader of the Home Journal, I will close this long letter, dear Morris, and remain, Yours, &c.

LETTER FROM WESTCHESTER.

Visit to Westchester—Speed of Harlem Train—Lots (of Dust) for Sale—Monotony of Elegance—Poverty necessary to Landscape—Reed's Villa at Throg's Neck—Bronx River shut in from Publicity and Fame—Missing Train and Stage—Surly Toll Keeper—Politeness of "Mine Host"—Suburban Manners of New York—High-bred Horse and Low-bred Owner—Contagion of Rowdiness, etc., etc.

DEAR MORRIS:—Before leaving town for the summer, I made an excursion from the Island of Manhattan to the main land of Westchester, but doubt whether I saw any thing unfamiliar enough to chronicle. My friend, who was to meet me with his horses at Fordham, had instructed me to take the three o'clock Harlem train in the city, and come to him "in forty minutes;" but, though there seemed to be no unusual delay, we were one hour and fifty minutes performing this sixteen miles—a fact which will instruct any sanguine reader, who may think of passing the afternoon in Westchester, to take the morning train. Of dust, I think I have never "experienced" so much in the same time and distance. The "lots" between Twenty-seventh street and Harlem seem nothing but lots of dust; and, either the law should take notice of fraudulent pretence, or the spelling should be altered upon the sign-boards—for they are fit only "*for sail*" before the wind. My travels in that direction, again, would not be willingly beyond the water's edge of the municipal water-cart, and I wonder how the "old family" population of Westchester County get to and fro—unless, indeed, they go by North or East river, landing at Yonkers, or Throg's Neck, with their carriages to meet them.

Once away from the rail-track, in Westchester, you find yourself in a region of "country seats"—no poor people's abodes, or other humble belongings, anywhere visible. It struck me that this was rather a defect in the general scenery,

though any one estate, perhaps, looked better for things exclusively ornamental. Or, is contrast *always* necessary in out-of-door pictures, and does no rich man's house show to advantage without a laborer's cottage in the back-ground? Whatever degree of distribution of "poor folks," is necessary—(and whether needed to humanize, or furnish relief to the landscape)—certain it is that Westchêster wants a dash of wretchedness to make it quite the thing. Miles upon miles of unmitigated prosperity weary the eye. Lawns and park-gates, groves and verandahs, ornamental woods and neat walls, trim hedges and well-placed shrubberies, fine houses and large stables, neat gravel-walks and nobody on them—are notes upon one chord, and they certainly seemed to me to make a dull tune of Westchester. Remembered singly, however, there are lovely places among its winding roads. We drove in front of Mr. Reid's cottage, at Throg's Neck, as the Eastern Steamers swept past upon their route, and a finer picture than was formed by the broad waters of the Sound, the moving wonders of steam, the landscape beyond, and the charming ground immediately about us, could scarcely be composed by a painter.

The Bronx is a lovely little river, but, like a beautiful woman seen through the window of a house where one does not visit, it seems invidiously cut off from sympathy. Private grounds enclose its banks wherever they look inviting. For so pretty a stream and so near New York, it is very little celebrated. There is many a "Ward" in the city, I dare say, where the Bronx was never heard of. The poor river, so aristocratically fenced up, might say, perhaps, like the Queen of France when her attendants drove a troubadour from her Palace-gate:—"Admit him who can tell the world I am beautiful."

A call we made, at a place of exquisite taste and beauty, had been a little too prolonged, and a half-hour's very fast driving did not repair the loss. Bidding good-night to my kind friend on one side of Harlem Bridge, I crossed to the other to take the stage for town—thinking my being too late for the train was the extent of my misfortune—but the last stage was gone, as well. It was quite dark, and the toll-keeper was evidently used to giving his worst manners to foot-passengers at that hour. He very sulkily assented to enquire me up a conveyance to take me to town. The tavern was next door, and a light in the bar-room showing two loungers.

chatting together, and a man lying at his full length on a table, he led the way in. I must give you the scene, as a specimen of the manner of receiving customers in the suburbs of New York.

"Man wants to go to town!" said the toll-keeper, stepping in before me and walking up to the inn-keeper.

A look out of the corner of his eye, but no change of posture and no answer.

"I am left by the train," I said, following into the room, "and must get home to-night; have you a vehicle?"

After a minute or so of motionless silence, "I don't know but what I have!" came forth very reluctantly, but the speaker was evidently resolved neither to rise nor say needless word, till bargain was first made.

"For what will you take me to town?"

"Three dollars."

I diffidently suggested that the price seemed a large substitute for the shilling conveyance I had missed.

"Would you bring me out here, at this time o'night, for that?" said the man, pulling his hat over his face as if to go to sleep without further bother.

As I really could not say that I would (bring my prostrate friend to Harlem for three dollars, were I to hear of his being left in New York by the last train) I assented to the price; and he then slid from the table, and made his way yawningly to the barn. Now, what sort of a vehicle would you have anticipated from such manners? I expected a potato-cart, with a board seat.

One of the newest and most chaste models of trotting-wagon came round presently to the door, with a remarkably beautiful black trotting mare, in light and elegant harness—the whole turn-out very much beyond what I had ever seen in the way of "livery." I was driven to town in admirable style, and, take it altogether, it was a very fair three-dollar business. But where would have been the harm of a little politeness "thrown in?"

That a man can keep such a horse and such manners—one ownership for both—is, of course, a comment on the quality of New York suburban custom at an inn. I do not suppose the landlord at Harlem is more rude than his brethren at other stopping-places on the road, and it is evident that the "circumstances" which had enabled him to keep such a team, had

made no call for improvement in civility. As a landlord, and well off, he was a mirror to reflect the manners of those he sees most of, and who drives such "teams" as he does. I have mentioned his want of tolerable behavior, simply to introduce the question, of how far the rowdyism of the time affects the common manners of the country?

I write this in the Highlands, at the back of Cro' nest, and meant to have spoken of my Westchester excursion only by way of introduction to descriptions of scenes less familiar—but I have filled up my space, and will start fair with another theme in another letter. Yours, &c.

LETTER FROM THE HUDSON.

Highland Terrace, *August* —.

DEAR MORRIS,—I mentioned that I had still a memorandum or two of my visit to West Point the other day, and, with your leave, I will chronicle as I go—though I am not sure of amusing you with topics picked up on such a thoroughfare of summer travel. As I am properly off duty, however, with an invalid's privilege, you will considerably expect no more from me than "slops" will sustain and season.

I was strolling leisurely over the parade-ground, listening to the band, which was playing during a "stand at ease" of the afternoon drill, when three or four gentlemen passed me, walking faster toward the same attraction. They were speaking Spanish; and I took them (by this and the white gloves the younger men wore) to be a party of Cubans. One of them, the eldest, however, attracted my attention as he walked before me, and I commented on the un-tropical decision and character of his gait, and on a certain strong resemblance between his profile and that of Garbeille's bust of General Taylor. The nose was slightly aquiline, and the whole air military, particularly the straight carriage of the back and head, and the firm planting of the feet. The resemblance to the late President suggested a comparison between the two heads, and I remarked a difference, in the much larger combativeness of the Spaniard, Taylor having been moderately developed in this animal organ, and drawing his courage from the better controlled organ of firmness. I

had very little idea that I was thus unconsciously comparing the heads and motive principles of TAYLOR and PAEZ!

The commanding officer at the Point kindly presented me to the Venezuelan hero, as we stood in a group of listeners to the music, a few minutes after, and I had an opportunity of observing his face and mien more closely. PAEZ is a most powerfully and compactly framed man, not very tall, but with all his physical faculties in admirably perfect development. His brow is well rounded, his eyes are good-humored and alive with perception and prompt fearlessness, his skin is dark, and the lines about his mouth full of chivalric expression. A grey moustache, clipped short, gave a rather more heroic look to his compressed lips than they might otherwise have had, and possibly the military music added to this, for I observed that he was very much moved by it. With one air, particularly, which returned, at the close of each measure, to a rapid crescendo on the drum, (please ask your cadet boy the name of it, dear Morris,) the famous South American was delighted quite beyond his soldierly reserve. Standing with folded arms almost immovable, during the drills and the other portions of the music, he turned to the several gentlemen around him, at each successive putting on of the vehemence, and expressed his pleasure, with a smile and some good round syllables of Spanish ejaculation. It brought out the awakened glow of his face, and showed us how the hero may have looked, when, but for the music, we should have seen only the man.

The little band of gray-coats performed beautifully. This learning the trick of making ten thousand legs and arms move to the thinking of one brain, is a very picturesque process, though, as an actor in it, I should prefer some directly opposite system, which would give us the use of more brains for our legs and arms. Looked at from "the ranks," indeed the two professions of soldier and editor are in direct contrast in this respect—a soldier's duty being but the ten thousandth of one man's thinking, while an editor's duty is to think for ten thousand. Since this has occurred to me, I have taken back a kind of sigh I remember, while looking on at the parade, (for I fairly wished my drudged brain were under the cap of one of those handsome cadets, learning glory, with a commanding officer to think for me)—and I shall use it as a lesson of content. Please remind me,

when I next murmur at my lot, of the above-mentioned difference (or this view of it) between serving subscribers and serving one's country.

Speaking of gray coats, I understood, at the Point, that this classic uniform of the Military Academy is to be changed to a blue frock. It will be a sensible and embellishing alteration, and the cadets will look more like reasoning adults and less like plover in pantaloons—but what is to become of all the tender memories, “thick as leaves in Vallambrosa,” which are connected with that uniform only? What belle of other days ever comes back to the Point, without looking out upon the Parade from the window of the Hotel, and indulging in a dreamy recall of the losing of her heart, *pro tem.*, on her first summer tour, to one of those gray-tailed birds of war? A flirtation with a gray coat at the Point is in every pretty woman's history, from Maine to Florida. Suppress those tapering swallow-tails! Why, it will be a moulting of the feathers of first loves, which will make a cold shiver throughout the Union. I doubt whether the blue frock, with its similarity to the coats of common mortals, will ever acquire the same mystic irresistibleness which has belonged to that uniform of gray. The blue may be admired, but the pepper-and-salt of other days will be perpetuated in poems.

I went, of course, before leaving the Point, to see what WEIR had upon the easel. His picturesque studio, with its old carved cabinet and heaps of relics and curiosities, was in as rich and artistic confusion as ever; but, though the room was up to one's chin in lumber, there was standing room in front of his easel, and a sweet picture, just finished, stood upon it. The mind of the painter runs upon sacred subjects, and this was an ideal embodiment of devotion—a young girl of saintly beauty, with her hands clasped unconsciously in devout thought, and her calm eyes turned upward. It was an exquisite piece of colour, and conceived in a pure-hearted inspiration. I found the hands a little too slight to be in keeping with the full health of the face, but, as such inequalities of development do occur in Nature, and a transparent thinness of hands gives a look of more unimpassioned and spiritual delicacy, perhaps the artist was right. He showed us also a portfolio of drawings from Scripture subjects, full of original vigour; and it seems to me that Weir's

genius so runs upon this vein, that he would work altar-pieces and church pictures to more advantage than other branches of Art. Whatever he should do in this way, he would do with all his heart.

Bayard Taylor was at the Point. Rider's Hotel was full of good company, and all rejoicing in the presence of Mrs. General Scott, which, besides much other pleasure that it gave, brought the band, two evenings in the week, to play, as a compliment from the Commandant. It is a remarkable band, by the way, or scenery heightens music, or, possibly, Nature's monotones give us a relish for brass. After hearing crickets and Katy-dids for a month, one's ear gets a hunger even for a trumpet.

In so dull a vein, this letter must be long enough. So, adieu.—Yours, &c.

LETTER FROM HIGHLAND TERRACE.

Invalid's Difficulty in Writing—Meeting with Durand the Painter—His Residence on the Quassaic—Sheet of the Hudson as Middle-ground to Landscape—Morris's Residence at Undercliff, in the Distance—Misnaming of River—Need of a Usage as to Name-giving—Process of Naming—"Nigger Pond"—Mysterious Package by Post—Delay in Delivery of a Missive—Arrival of what was destined for me in the time of our Saviour—Head of Homer in an Intaglio—Object of Fate in having it Cut and Forwarded, etc., etc.

DEAR MORRIS,—If a letter find its way off the point of my pen to-day, it will be by force of natural declivity, for I am rallying after a week's illness; and to slope a quill toward your name is the most of a "continuity" of which I feel any way capable. I shall write, if it please Heaven. What we should chat about, if you were here, may possibly slide off "with intermissions;" but, as to the subjects, I shall take them as they come, and obstinate sentences may "perish in their sins." Look for nothing that does not run trippingly off.

Pottering about in a farmer's wagon, last week, (on my summer's business of looking up scenery,) I overtook DURAND at the outlet of one of the ravines opening into the Hudson. The great master of landscape was taking an evening walk with his daughter, and was not far from his home—such a spot as a sense of beauty like his should properly abide in.

Really you would not wish Claude or Ruysdael better lodged. I had never before seen the beautiful stream which is here tributary to the Hudson, (and on a natural gallery of which his cottage is hung, like a picture high on the wall), but, with his verbal direction, I turned at a bridge over a swift current, and followed a winding ascent along its bank. One or two mills, whose buildings, dams, and bridges are of very neat structure, give an air of utility to the outlet, but the shell-like curves and mounds of the acclivities, on either side of the winding valley, are laid out in ornamental woods and grounds; and the views back, as you ascend—(distant glimpses of the broad Hudson seen from the seclusion of this lesser stream and its verdure—are most enchanting. Fine as the Hudson is, it is finest as the *middle-ground* to a picture. It *needs a foreground* for its best effects—such a one as you get from these lovely retreating eminences with promontories on either bank. Our background, blue and misty, was the mountain range you say your own prayers up against, my dear General, when you tip your Hudson-facing chair, at Undercliff, into an attitude of devotion. (Pardon my mentioning what is behind you, at such times. To turn your back on the world is all very well, of course; but you do it with more “spiritual grace” if you first know what there was in it worth seeing.) We will come over and see Durand and his bird’s-nest, together, some day.

Till I see Downing, the horticulturist, who lives within a mile or two of this bright little river (and as its nearest celebrated man, is bound to see it treated with respect), I shall vainly conjecture why one of the most romantically swift, rocky, deep-down and cascady streams in the world is robbed of its good name and belied by a false one. In the early histories, and on the county maps, this lovely water-course is called *the Quassaic River*, after the Quassaic tribe of Indians, whose favorite haunt it was; but, by the people in the neighborhood, it is only known as “Chambers’s Creek”—a doubly misrepresenting appellation, since, in the first place, a *creek* is a navigable inlet of still water putting up from a bay, while the Quassaic is a rocky and pebbly rapid from one end to the other; and, in the second place, there is no propriety in changing the Indian name of a river to “Chambers’s,” because a person named Chambers comes to reside on its border.

It has often occurred to me that there should be a timely and formal interest taken by American neighborhoods in the *naming* of their smaller lakes, falls, rivers, and mountains. In the varied scenery of our country there is many a natural beauty, destined to be the theme of our national poetry, which is desecrated with any vile name given it by vulgar chance. while, if taken in time, a more descriptive and fitting baptism would be both pleasant and easy. Why should not neighborhoods manage this desirable object by a pic-nic, or some other agreeable shape of gathering? If a river, a "pond," or a fall, a ravine, a valley, or a mountain, have a bad name or no name, the influential persons who reside near by, and who have frequent occasion to speak of it, might very properly call a meeting on the subject. The history of the country would, of course, be first consulted, and a name taken, if possible, from any Indian legend, stirring event, or fine action, of which the spot in question had been the scene. Failing this, the opportunity might be taken to celebrate the memory of any departed great man whose home had been near. Other reasons of choice might occur, to the committee appointed to decide; and, to make sure that the name be euphonious and poetical (which it should certainly be), the committee should be half composed of the more refined and more imaginative sex. The name once decided upon, its adoption might be the occasion of one general picnic, or of any number of private parties with excursions to the spot; or a poem might be delivered, or an oration, or (why not?) a sermon. I should be glad, indeed, if the Home Journal could suggest a usage of this kind. You will allow that it is wanted, when you take for example the most beautiful lake in the romantic highlands of the Ramapo—a resort of unsurpassed rural scenery, and within two hours of New York—and what do you think is the only name it is known by? "Nigger Pond!"

The country Post-Office, which serves, just now, as the "Bridge of Sighs" between the lofty highlands of the Hudson and the "shop" in Fulton Street—

"A palace and a prison on each hand"—

brought forth a mysterious-looking package, a day or two since, which, *considering that it had been probably seventeen or eighteen centuries on the way*, it was an event to receive.

Last from the Bay of Naples, and "favoured by Captain Totten of the U. S. Store-ship Relief," its previous delays for centuries, and its first posting by Fate, for this destination, were, of course, not definitely decypherable. Come to hand, at last, however, the removal of sundry envelopes disclosed, first, a case with broken hinges, imbedded in which lay a beautiful antique—an elaborate *intaglio gem*, representing the head of old Homer. Specimen of Grecian Art as this is, and found in Pompeii, (where, of course, it was a foreign curiosity at the time of this fated city's burial in lava,) I cannot specify to what respectable contemporary of our Saviour I am indebted for its first forwarding from Athens, on this its westward destination. Whoever he was, he probably had very little idea, that, past the post-office where it would eventually be delivered, would run an electric telegraph, which could do, in *seventeen minutes*, the distance which this gem would not travel in less than *seventeen centuries*! Fancy the "direction" which a prophet who "knew the road" would have put upon this gem at starting:—*From ———, Esq., at Athens, in the year One, or thereabouts, to its Appreciator, Esq., in the Hudson Highlands, via Pompeii and the Atlantic, and to be delivered in 1850!* Embarrassed as I certainly am, at present, "duly to acknowledge the receipt," of this missive so long due, I doubt whether Andrew Jackson Davies would not promise us a clairvoyant telegraph, by which we may some day track it back—from the Highlands and me, all the way to the Acropolis and its patient artist. Of the various hands through which it has since passed—from the first purchaser who despatched it from Athens to Pompeii, in the reign of Pontius Pilate, to the purchaser in the eighteenth century who officiated in the Post-Office of Fate by forwarding it thence to me—I can only name the last; and it will perhaps amuse him to accept thanks, which he, as the last link in a chain as long Anno Domini, is commissioned to pass back to those of whom he is the latest continuation!

Lieut. Flagg, of the navy, (if the above statement of facts needs reducing into a shape less explicit and more intelligible,) has most kindly remembered me, while the frigate Cumberland has been anchored in the Bay of Naples, and sends me an exquisite antique, which he found in his rambles in Pompeii. It is a head of old Homer, with his brows bound with the circlet, as he is commonly sculptured, and his sharp nose,

relaxed eye and slightly parted mouth, in the usual expression of just completed improvisation. The curling beard, high cheek bone, emaciated face and round head, are all exquisitely cut in the *pietra dura*. I shall have him set in a ring, and distribute his likeness on the seals of my letters—this tributary mite, toward a revival of celebrity for immortal old Homer, having (possibly) been Fate's intention, in first having it carved and started on its westward way, eighteen hundred years ago. Who knows but the best kind of immortality needs a lift, from time to time—eh, General?

But my letter waxes long for a sick man's.—Adieu.

LETTER FROM HUDSON HIGHLANDS.

Hudson Highlands, *August* —.

DEAR MORRIS:—I have mended my pen to the music of a cow-bell, and sit at a cool window on the north side of a pleasant farm-house—no interruption possible except from these very communicative poultry—(and, somehow, cocks and hens seem to have a great deal to say to each other)—so that, if comfort and leisure do not prevent, I am likely to inveigle this innocent summer's morning into a letter. Really a day as beautiful as this should have a voice to speak for itself. If there has, ever before, been one as beautiful, and if its sunshine and breezes went past unrecorded, I can only say the Past should give back its unwritten. Is there no Morse, to make the shadow of a tree work like a pen in the sun's hand, and keep a diary as it goes round—to make a breeze tell what it reads, as it turns over the leaves in the forest—to take down the meanings of Nature, and “write words” for the eternal “airs with accompaniments” given us by the winds and running brooks? What do you suppose the angels think, of our knowledge of what is about us? I shall be surprised, a hundred years hence, if I do not look back upon the world, and find that we have walked it like flies in a library—complacently philandering over the backs of volumes of secrets for which our poor buzz contained no articulation!

But you are waiting for the history of my recent explorings. I have seen the world from the seat of a farmer's

wagon, for two or three weeks, and have "got in" scenery, as my landlord has got in hay—till the loft is inconveniently full. My pen, that plays pitchfork, would easier give you your fodder if it were less weighed down with what you do not want. The *rack* gets its name, probably, from the painful disproportion between each "feed" and the size of the "mow." What shall I ever do, with all the beautiful trees, streams and valleys, that I have taken into my memory in the last twenty days; and which I can neither forget, nor re-produce in description?

To go round behind where the thunder comes from, has always been a wish of mine, when at West Point, and this I have accomplished at last, in a trip from the other side. I am ruralizing, as you know, on the Pacific Ocean slope of the Alps which look across Fort Putnam to the Atlantic. From here, as from New York, "the Point" is, in fact, an island—no getting to it except by water—and the next easiest way to reach it seemed to be to climb up into the clouds and slide down from above, with the trick of some "gentle shower." I have done this—having fairly mounted to the cloud line, gone up through, come out on the other side, and alighted safely at Rider's. You should have witnessed mine host's astonishment at seeing me arrive by a conveyance of which he knew nothing!

To describe the excursion more intelligibly :

I was indebted to a kind clergyman, of the village near by, for the offer of guidance in this rather unusual trip to West Point over the mountains. The distance is reckoned at about eight miles, and to go and return is a fair day's work. My friend, Mr. C——, is a very public-spirited man, and he had another errand beside showing me the road. He wished to make some movement, at the Point, for the raising of a monument to Duncan, whose grave, without a stone to mark it, is on one of the eminences near this, overlooking the Hudson. Of his success in forming a plan for this purpose, and its claim on the public, I will elsewhere speak—confining my present letter to the excursion.

Mr. C—— is the tiller of the soil of a farm, as well as of the souls of a congregation, and drove round, for me, at seven in the morning, with a very spirited pair of horses in his open wagon. The road we were to travel was more rough than new—its most frequent traveller at one time, having been

General Washington—and the mountain stream, along whose course it makes its first mile or two of ascent, is still called “Continental Brook,” after the troops who often tracked it. Any soft part that there might ever have been to the road, had been washed out by the heavy rains. Indeed, I doubt whether we touched *earth* after the first half hour—the wheels simply banging from rock to rock, with never a moment to catch breath between. The scenery behind us, as we ascended, grew at every step more extended and beautiful, however. Leaving my friend to keep his horses from falling backwards over us, I turned about, and braced my feet against the rear-board of the wagon—(almost standing erect upon it, part of the time)—to enjoy the prospect as well as was permitted by the venerable stones which had jolted the Saviour of his country. The Hudson, thence, looked less like a river than a lake, small, and with its banks sprinkled with villages. We seemed to be climbing up the side of a huge bowl, and the river was but the remaining ladle-full, “left for manners” in the bottom. The incompleteness of this bowl—the piece broken out of the side, as it were—is but the small interval of comparatively low land above Newburgh and Fishkill; the sweep of mountains which encloses this loveliest of landscape amphitheatres, forming otherwise, a romantically Alpine circle of horizon. Of the broad Highland terrace between Newburgh and West Point—known as the townships of Cornwall and New Windsor, and extending back, on a high level, four or five miles from the river to the base of the hills—I shall have more to say in another letter or two.

Between the peaks of the half-dozen mountains clustered behind West Point are table-land hollows, which give a shelf-like location for a farm, and in one of these we found a very handsome young couple, with a well-built stone house, and every appearance of a comfortable home and thrifty culture. A little way from the door lay a most beautiful and bright lake, that holds the head-waters of Buttermilk Falls, (which you notice just below Cozzens’s, in coming up the river). The summits of “Black Rock” and “Sky Rock” were close by. Goshen dairies lay on one side, and our country’s garden for soldiers on the other—the Hudson on the east, and the Ramapo, farther off, on the west—and from hereabouts comes thunder, manufactured from the clouds caught in these hollows of His hand. In fair weather, such as we

found it in, it seems a place of thin air, quite above newspaper level, and with no foot-print of mortal trouble or unrest. They should build an inn on the Lake shore in this Summit Valley, where one might come and lodge when he were tired of the world lower down. I should be a customer at least once a year.

It is something to start with a down-hill, so blessing to you, for the present, from the regions whence such things come.

Adieu. Yours, &c.

LETTER FROM THE HIGHLANDS.

Hudson Highlands, *August* —.

DEAR MORRIS:—Please read this letter in connection with the last. They are two halves of an excursion, and should, perhaps, have been sent to you in one; but—like the Turkish Pasha with whom I once dined, on the ruins of ancient Troy, and who gave us a promenade in his fig-orchard between the courses—I fancy the appetite is sometimes freshened by a respite. I had made you climb with me, from the other side, to the summit of the mountain above West Point, and there you left me. Let us see if I can interest you, to keep me company down.

I believe I have not mentioned that the rough road we were tracking is the lightning turnpike from New York to Albany—the telegraph wires following it closely all the way. Electricity (perhaps it never occurred to you) goes as easy up hill as down—or at least I presume so, as there is no sign of “putting on another horse” to take the telegraph over the mountain. The birds I noticed sat as confidently on the wires, in these remote woods, as they do in the less timid atmosphere of the lowlands. How strange that they should feel nothing, either of the various news that passes between their toes, or of the harnessed lightning on which it is whipped along under them? Of what swift secrets, of superior beings, are we in our turn unconscious? Perch with reverence, my friend, on wires you do not altogether understand—(the Rochester knockings, for example)—remembering how unlikely one of these sparrows would be, to believe

that news could be communicated over a thing he could sit on as quietly as on the most undeniable birch twig in the wilderness. Catch a sparrow at believing *that* humbug!

As you see these wild mountain-tops from the Hudson, they do not look inhabited—but they are, even in the wildest recesses. There is a class of people who cannot live where there are fences, and yet who like liberty within reach of a dram. They must at least stay where a village steeple beckons them down, once a week, to get something to drink. Above fence level, the land, though owned, is uncared for. There is no charge either for the logs or place to build a shanty, nor for the pasture of a cow, nor for the load of sticks, which, taken to the village, will swap for the fill of a bottle, a salt fish, and a little tea. There is such a two-legged type of the American eagle at every little distance in these cloud-capped glens, dwelling untaxed on the mountain-top and taking what he wants, rent-free, from the earth's surface about him. In the Highland region of the Hudson, sixteen miles by twenty-five, there are probably five hundred of these carriers-out of our national emblem—eagles in all their tastes, except fondness for drink. It was doubtless from this class that the "cow-boys" were formed, in the days of the Revolution, and, indeed, we could see the home of that marauding troop, the mountains of the Ramapo, from the eminence we were crossing. Two or three weeks ago, you remember, I described my visit to that region. In former days (my intelligent companion of the present ramble informed me), the Ramapo Valley was called "Smith's Clove," and it was thought by decent people to be the devil's own abode. The Smith, after whom it was named, was the chief of the cow-boys, and the worst known man. It is among the "old stories" of Orange county, that a fellow for whom the people had a great dislike, though no particular crime could be proved against him, was adjudged by the Selectmen to be expelled from the neighborhood. The Dutch town crier and constable called upon him accordingly, and informed him that he was to absent himself forthwith, "from off the face of Cot Almighty's airth." "Off the face of God's earth!" exclaimed the poor fellow, "why, where is that?" "Smith's Clove!" said the constable. So that the loveliest and most picturesque sixteen miles of the whole track of the Erie Railroad—(through the Ramapo Valley; or "Smith's Clove")

—is “off the face of Cot Almighty’s airth,” remember! Whether towards heaven, or the other place, was not mentioned in the story; though I have seen so lovely an inhabitant from thence that I should be willing to take my chance at beginning there, when the world has done with me—taking a cottage in the shadowy vale, meantime, to pass old age there, and so take oblivion easy.

School-books say that the steepest acclivities of mountains are towards the sea, but the one we were now descending is an exception. The most precipitous side, by several degrees, is towards Newburgh. Leaving Black Rock on our left, and Spy Rock on our right, we followed a winding descent, made by the folding of several slopes into each other, and, after a mile or two downwards, came suddenly upon a smooth broad road, of scientific construction. For the remainder of the way, four miles, we followed the easy grade of a road laid out and built by the Engineers of the Military School, and—(though we had been jolted into a proper appetite for it, it is true)—we found it unusually delightful. With the wild mountains still completely enclosing us, we were entering upon a highway as well built as the Simplon, and with a descent so gradual as scarcely to be noticeable. This refinement, and the equipages we began presently to meet—(visitors to the Point, taking their morning drive)—seemed strangely in contrast with what we had just left behind us. Those easy wheels, bearing so gently along the ladies reclining on their cushions, were a very sudden change from the ox-teams, struggling and toiling with their creaking axletrees, which we had passed on the rocky continuation of the same highway a few minutes before.

A cascade with a green veil on—really difficult to see, it is so shut in by the leaves of the wood—makes music for the traveller at about three miles from the Point. Falling fifty or sixty feet, it is of sufficient magnitude to deserve a name; though, as it is the stream which feeds Buttermilk Falls, they would probably call it *Cozzens’s Churn*, if it were left to the Orange county vocabulary. We followed the course of this bright current for some distance, and it seemed impossible to believe that there was a larger river before us. The Hudson is invisible till you come close upon its banks, and the mountains which you see beyond it look as impenetrably battlemented with precipices as those which frown

immediately around. As you get the first view of the water below, it seems at a far-down subterranean depth, and a sloop which was just rounding Rider's wharf, had really the pokerish effect of some underground navigation, upon which the sunshine had been accidentally let in.

The sudden unfolding of the panorama around the Point is inexpressibly beautiful. The high ridge, which you have had for some time on your left, you find to be Crow's Nest, and a bold elevation on the right turns out to have been the back of Fort Putnam. Below lies the enchanted scene which all the world has been to see, and which needs no describing. We drove in upon the Parade-ground by the gate which Uncle Sam has placed across the road to remind us of his authority hereabouts, and we paid the toll of homage to genius which every one pays in passing through that gate—for Weir's house is where a toll-keeper's would be, close beside it.

And so, dear Morris, I have landed your attention safely on the other side of the mountain, as my skilful and Reverend friend and driver safely landed me. If you thank me as cordially as I thanked him, I shall feel that my trouble has not been thrown away. Of some matters of interest that I saw at the Point that day I will perhaps speak in another letter.

Yours, meantime,

N. P. W.

LETTER FROM THE HIGHLANDS.

Hudson Highlands, *August* —, '50.

DEAR MORRIS:—The summer, like other promises of unchanging warmth, has its caprices; and the mountain by whose side I sleep, and which was to wear a smile genial and balmy through its October, shows "a cold shoulder" to-day, and gives a foretaste of the soured airs of its November. The old age of the Season, like other old age, comes soon enough, at the slowest; and these premature gray skies, frowning over unripened fruit as they do, put the most amiable of pens and ink out of humour. The forecast shadow of the letter I am about to write looks brief and cold.

"No man is so poor that he must have his pig-stye at his

front door," says a Fourth of July Oration which you sent me yesterday, and, since the atmosphere is charged with a sermon, let me preach one to our country people on this text. In the excursions I have made, through Orange and Rockland counties, within the last month, there is but one universal feature which has seemed other than beautiful—but one ever recurring disgust—the *pig-troughs invariably outside the front gates and the swine invariably kept in the public road*. I say "invariably," because the country-seats of gentlemen are almost the only exceptions to this abomination. You may see traces of taste around the door of many a cottage and farm house—flowers in bloom, vine-colored porches, shrubs and neat walks, *inside* the fence—while *outside* the fence, strange to say, is a filthy phalanx of pigs, which you must charge and rout to get in. The way to the parlor is through the pig-stye!

What is *gained* by giving hogs the freedom of the road it is difficult to tell, for there is no waste food for them on the highway. What is *lost* by it seems so apparent as to make the custom a wonder, among people of any thrift or policy; for, besides the constant inroads they make upon the crops, and the frequency of their being run over, and of their injuring children, and being chased and maimed by dogs, they *demean the general aspect of the neighborhood*, and disgust those whose choice of it for a residence depends on the agreeableness of the impression. I would not mention such a subject if it were not with a hope of hastening a reform in the matter. The country about the Hudson, particularly, is quite too beautiful to be disfigured by such an eye-sore. Let me add weight to what I have said, by quoting, from the Fourth of July Oration I spoke of, an admirable and most truthful passage, on the duty of every citizen to embellish the neighborhood of his residence:—

"Every man, no matter how poor he may be, can do something towards making this world more beautiful. He can leave behind him monuments, through which the grateful zephyrs shall warble his praises, long after he shall be sleeping in the dust. Are you a poor man, toiling hard for frugal fare? You will be more than repaid for the labour that is required to keep the plat before your door clean and green; and you will love your home the better for the rose bush which blooms in the yard, looking up into your eye, as it were with gratitude, through its green leaves and blushing flowers. It was but the work of half an hour to plant it there. And many a year will it reward you and your wife

and your children, with its smiles. A man cannot love a rose, without being a better man for that exercise of love. A child cannot prune it and water it, and watch with affection its swelling buds, without becoming more gentle in character, more refined in feeling, more docile in spirit.

"Walter Scott, in one of his graphic descriptions, represents a Scottish lord, riding by the humble hut of a peasant, who is planting a tree before his door. He commends him for his taste exclaiming, 'When you have nothing better to do Jock, be aye sticking out a tree Jock, 'twill grow when you're asleep Jock.' There is no little philosophy in this declaration. You plant a tree—give it that gentle nurturing which it may for a short time need, and it will ever after reward you with its foliage and shade. You sleep, and it steadily advances, in its growth, to the perfection of beauty. You go away for months, perhaps for years, and it forgets not to grow, and on your return your heart is gladdened by its fair proportions.

"And a tree is property. Who will not give a few dollars more for a farm house, beneath the shade of whose ornamental trees his children can play, or his cattle slumber in the noon-tide heat? And how can the occupant of a village house make a better investment of a few dollars, than in attaching to his house those ornaments which every man of taste so eagerly covets? A few green sods will change an unsightly sand bank into beauty, where the eye may rest with pleasure and where the feet may love to linger. A few hours' work, in a spring morning, may give to your home the richest ornaments a home can have, tempering the fierce blaze of the summer's sun, and breaking up the fury of the winter's storm.

"Property is worth more in a beautiful, well-shaded village, than on a bleak, sunburnt, unsightly plain. *He who has no regard for the appearance of his own premises, not only sinks the value of his own property, but also sinks the value of the property of his neighbours. No one likes to live in the sight of ugliness.* On the other hand, he who makes his own home attractive, contributes to the rising value of all the region around him. He is thus a public benefactor, contributing not merely to the gratification of the taste of those who look upon his improvements, but adding to the real marketable value of the property in his vicinity.

"Do not think that we are here urging expense upon those who are ill able to afford it. No man is so poor but that he can have a flowering shrub in his yard. No man is so poor, but that he can plant a few trees before his dwelling. *No man is so poor, that he must have his pig-stye at his front door.* We only contend that every man should exercise that taste which God has given to every man. And though we may not be able to vie with the rich in the *grandeur* of our dwellings, the lowliest cottage may be embellished with loveliness, and the hand of industry and of neatness may make it a home full of attractions. Let there once be formed, in the heart of man, an appreciation of the beautiful and the work is done. Year after year, with no additional expense, the scene around him will be assuming new aspects of beauty.

"Say not, I am not the owner of house or lands, and therefore I have

nothing to do. All are but tenants at will. We are all soon to leave, to return no more. Wherever you dwell, even if it be in your own hired house but one short year, be sure and leave your impress behind you—be sure and leave some memorial that you have been there. The benevolent man will love to plant a tree, beneath whose shade the children of strangers are to play. It does the heart good to sow the seed, when it is known that other lips than yours shall eat the fruit.

“Neither think that this is a question without its moral issues. The love of home is one of the surest safeguards of human virtue. And he who makes home so pleasant that his children love it, that in all the wanderings of subsequent life they turn to it with delight, does very much to guide their steps away from all the haunts of dissipation, and to form in them a taste for those joys which are most ennobling.”

The author of this is the Rev. John Abbott, Principal of one of the best institutions in this country, and a man of admirably practical, elevated, and sound mind. The Oration was delivered at Farmington Falls, and the other portions of it are well worthy of reproduction, had you room.

Just enough of an invalid to be very much “under the weather,” as I am, dear Morris, I must break off with thus much of a letter for this week, and hope for more sunshine and a quicker pulse when I next write to you.—Yours, &c.,
—N. P. W.

OLD WHITEY AND GENERAL TAYLOR.

WE were standing at the corner of President Square, in Washington, the other day—literally brought to a stand-still by the heavenly beauty of the weather—when a loose horse trotted leisurely by us in the open street, and we found ourselves expanding towards him, in sympathetic recognition of the similarity of our respective happiness. “There are two of us out of harness, to-day,” we mentally said—“God bless you, old brother workey, and may you enjoy, as I do, this delicious sunshine and its heavenly nothings-to-do!” On he trotted towards the President’s gate, and, halting a little before the entrance, he seemed hesitating between perfect liberty to go in or stay out—when it suddenly occurred to us that our fellow idler might not be, after all the “private individual” for whom we had fancied our sympathy to be rather a condescension than otherwise! What if it should be “Old Whitey,”—reposing on his laurels!

A moment's look, up and down the pavé in front of the President's mansion, corroborated the conjecture. There were, perhaps, twenty persons in sight, and, among them, we recognized one of the Cabinet Secretaries, a venerable Auditor, the Austrian Chargé, and two of those un-anxious and yet responsible-looking persons whom you know to be "Members" and not office-seekers—and—(curious to see)—all eyes were fixed, not upon the distinguished foreigner, not on the Honorable officials, not on the Honorable members, not on an unharnessed and loose Editor of the Home Journal—but, on the unharnessed and loose white horse!

We felt the smoke of Buena Vista and Resaca de la Palma, of Palo Alto and Monterey, pushing us towards the old cannon-proof charger. He went smelling about the edges of the side walk—wondering, probably, at such warm weather and no grass—and we crossed over to have a nearer look at him, with a feeling that the glory was not all taken from his back with the saddle and holsters. "Old Whitey" is a compact, hardy, well proportioned animal, less of a battle-steed, in appearance, than of the style usually defined by the phrase "family-horse," slightly knocked-kneed, and with a tail (I afterwards learned) very much thinned by the numerous applications for a "hair of him for memory." He had evidently been long untouched with a currycomb, and, (like other celebrities for want of an occasional rubbing down) there was a little too much of *himself* in his exterior—the name of "old Whitey," indeed, hardly described with fidelity a coat so matted and yellow. But, remembering the beatings of the great heart he had borne upon his back—the anxieties, the energies, the defiances of danger, the iron impulses to duty, the thrills of chivalric triumphs, and the sad turnings of the rein to see brothers in arms laid in the graves of the battle-field—remembering all that has been thought and felt, in the saddle which that horse was wont to wear—it was impossible to look upon him without a throb in the throat—one of those unbidden and unreasoning tear-throbs, that seem to delight in paying tribute, out of time and unexact, to trifles that have been belongings of glory. We saw General Taylor himself, for the first time, the next day—with more thought and reverence of course, than had been awakened by looking upon his horse—but with not half the emotion.

The "hero-President" has been more truthfully described

than any man we ever read much of before seeing. One who had not learned how extremes touch, in manners—the most courtly polish and the most absolute simplicity—might be surprised, only, with that complete putting of every one in his presence at ease, which is looked upon in England, as the result of high breeding; and which General Taylor's manners effect, without the slightest thought given to the matter, apparently, and with the fullest preservation of dignity. "Rough and ready"—in this way—an English Duke would be, as well; and, by the way, his *readiness* is of a simplicity and genuineness which it is wonderful indeed to find so high on the ladder of preferment! There were but six or eight persons in the room, when the party we accompanied were presented to the President; and the conversation, for the ten minutes we were there, was entirely unstudied, and between himself and the ladies only. But we should have been anywhere struck with the instant directness, obviousness, and *prompt and close-hitting immediateness*, with which he invariably replied to what was said. Let it be ever so mere a trifle, the return thought was from the next link of association. Most great men, diplomatists and politicians particularly, go "about the bush" a little, for a reply to a remark, omitting the more obvious and simpler answer it might suggest, for the sake, perhaps, of an appearance of seeing more scope in the bearing of the matter. But Taylor—(we thought we could make certain, even from these few brief moments of observation)—has no dread of your seeing his mind exactly as it works; and has no care, whatever, except to think and speak truthfully what comes first, regardless of any policy, or management of its impression on the listener. The key of his voice, at the same time, is that of thorough frankness, good humour and unconsciousness of observation, while his smile is easy and habitual. The grace with which these out-of-door characteristics accompany a mouth of such indomitable resolution and an eye of such searching and inevitable keenness, explains, perhaps, the secret of the affection that is so well known to have been mingled with the confiding devotion felt for him throughout the army. It is impossible to look upon the old hero, we should say, without loving and believing in him.*

* General Taylor's death followed very closely upon the period when this was written.

THE LATE PRESIDENT.

GENERAL TAYLOR's life has one most striking lesson. He ascended to the highest honor of his country, *by the honest staircase of unobtrusive duty, and not by the outside ladder of brilliant and crafty ambition.* Where and what he was, till Glory called him, is the instructive portion of his history. The great deeds he was found ready for—when need came—take their best lustre, it seems to us, from the patient heroism with which, in a remoter and lesser sphere, he equally “endeavoured to do his duty.”

From the great anthem of eulogy and mourning, pealing forth, since his death, in every shape of utterance, it seems to us that this one note should be the dwelt-upon and eternal echo—GLORY SOUGHT HIM, HE SOUGHT NOT GLORY. In this distinction—could it but be made necessary to American greatness—there would be a “divinity to hedge about” the Presidents of our country, which would lift them far above kings; while, in it, at the same time, would live a principle of incalculable security to our institutions.

There seems to have been a design of Providence in the whole fitness of Taylor's character to the times he fell on. The passion for military glory, with which the nostrils of our national prosperity were inflated at the time of the conquest of Mexico, called for a hero—but never before was there such need that it should be a hero who could *govern himself*. The moderation of Taylor has been of more use to us than his victories. His common sense has been mightier than his sword.

The dying words of the great and good man:—“I HAVE ENDEAVOURED TO DO MY DUTY”—contain a biography of more worth than Napoleon's; but they seem to us of a higher purport than to be weighed against another man's glory. They contain the law of conduct of which our country has most need to be kept in mind. Sound judgment and high principle are wanted at the helm of State, and for these qualities, more than for brilliant genius and practised policy, we should look, in the men to govern us.

Honour to the ashes of Taylor! But let the urn which preserves his memory be the adoption of his dying words as

a standard ; for, no measure is so fitting, for those who are to take his place, as that by which he measured his own life in leaving it—THE ENDEAVOUR TO DO HIS DUTY.

EDWARD EVERETT.

THAT "the root of a great name is in the dead body" is one of those old sayings based upon a principle of human nature, and likely to be always true in some variable degree ; but, either it is less true in proportion as the world civilizes, or else among the changes which are classed as "things the age is ready for," is a greater liberality as to the pre-payment of posthumous fame—a rebuking of envy, jealousy and ungenerous interpretation—in short, *a rendering of more justice, than of old, to living greatness.* We have remarked instances of this, within the last ten years, which could not formerly have occurred—Sir Robert Peel, Wordsworth, and Hallam, in England, for instance, and Webster, Everett, Irving, and Bryant in our own country—all of whom have been nearly as much honored *in life* as they could be, or would justly be, *in death.*

Finding upon our table the two volumes of "Everett's Oration," just published by Little and Brown, of Boston, we felt ourself summoned to the bar of conscience, (as an Editor must ever be when about to speak of one to whose imprint of fame he serves as the ink,) and we were compelled, as we ever are before this tribunal, to answer the question partly answered in the paragraph above—is he appreciated by his contemporaries, or is there a tacit appreciation in the higher sanctuaries of public opinion, to which you are bound, by the possession of a journal, to give voice ?

Mr. Everett has had the tribute of public honors in singular profusion and variety. After attaining the summit of distinction for learning, as Professor of the University, and for pulpit eloquence, as a clergyman, he successfully filled the offices of Member of Congress, Governor of his State, Foreign Minister and President of Harvard College, with lesser appointments and honors in great number, which could only be given to the country's most finished orator and surest master

of public occasion. Just in the prime of a statesman's life—at the age when a statesman's career of patriotic service oftenest begins—he has more behind him than was ever won, of American distinction, in the same time; and, with his varied acquirements and experience, he has more material for greatness hereafter than was ever possessed, in this country, so on the threshold of a meridian. This is generally understood, and so certain to be expressed, where Mr. Everett is spoken of, that, taken into connection with the respect and admiration always paid him, posthumous fame could scarcely honour him more.

We were strongly impressed, the last time we were under the spell of Mr. Everett's eloquence, with the need of such men that a Republic has—the need, in fact, that there would seem to be, of a *lofty order of professed public orators*, who, by mingled wisdom and eloquence, could minister to the public mind as did the oracles of old, or the prophets of Scripture. Take one of Mr. Everett's Orations, for instance, and see what was required, for its preparation, and its adaptedness to the occasion on which it was delivered! The most splendid structure of the architect is not more heaped in confusion when the stones and mortar are first brought together, than are the events and associations from which the Orator must rear his deed-enshrining fabric. It requires first that difficult and statesmanlike faculty of *generalization*—of realizing the classic absurdity, that is to say, of judging of a house by a specimen of a brick—of taking the relevant and irrelevant events of a period, and building them into the century outline to which they belong. It requires a judgment capable of weighing any human action, seeing its motive and bearings, and anticipating the verdict which will be passed upon it in history. It requires both the power of seeing events with the philosopher's perspective of distance and of comprehending familiarly the character and want of the present hour—which he is called upon, with the mystery he thus reads, to enlighten and instruct. It requires profound scholarship, political sagacity, generous and bold enthusiasm, views too liberal for one sect or one party, great personal respectability, and the control of that sublimity of human speech which we call eloquence. The gifts and making of such men, are the gifts and making of a prophet; and, like prophets, they might profitably be set apart, and, sacred from other occupation, be kept for these high duties only.

Mr. Everett has always seemed to us the ideal of such an orator as we describe. He has lived up to a consciousness of such a mission, apparently. The public understands this. Who would doubt, that, for any emergency, of public question, duty, or trust, he would exercise the highest human intelligence, and bring to bear upon it every existing light of precedent, policy, and foreseen result? Yours, &c.

EMERSON.

THE announcement that Mr. Emerson was to lecture at the Mercantile Library, a few evenings since, was a torpedo touch, even to that most exhausted and torpid thing on earth, editorial curiosity—for, though the impregnator of a whole cycle of Boston mind, and the father of thousands of lesser Emersons, he is the most unapproachably original and distinct monotype of our day; and, strange to say, we had never, to the best of our knowledge, laid eyes upon him. For this unaccountable want of recognition and signification, living in the same town, as we were, when Emerson first began to preach and write, and never taking the trouble to go and behold him as a prophet, we must own to tardy perceptions; but it was doubtless due to his belonging to a sect which we supposed had but one relish, and which led us to dismiss what we heard of him, of course, with the idea that he was but a new addition to the prevailing Boston beverage of Channing-and-water. ✓

The eye sometimes reverses, and always more or less qualifies, the judgment formed without its aid; and we were very much disappointed, on arriving at the Hall, to find the place crowded, and no chance of a near view of the speaker. The only foothold to be had was up against the farthest wall; and a row of unsheltered gas-lights blazed between us and the pulpit, with one at either ear-tip of the occupant, drowning the expression of his face completely in the intense light a little behind it. To look at him at all was to do so with needles through the eyes, and we take the trouble to define this by way of a general protest against the unshaded gas-burners of the Tabernacle, Stuyvesant Institute, and other public rooms, where an ophthalmia is very likely to be added to

the bad air and hard seats with which the "evening's entertainment" is presented.

The single look we were enabled to give Mr. Emerson, as the applause announced that he had come into the pulpit, revealed to us that it was a man we had seen a thousand times, and with whose face our memory was familiar; though, in the sidewalk portrait-taking by which we had treasured his physiognomy, there was so little resemblance to the portrait taken from reading him, that we should never have put the two together, probably, except by personal identification. We remember him perfectly as a boy whom we used to see playing about Chauncey-place and Summer-street—one of those pale little moral-sublimes with their shirt collars turned over, who are recognized by Boston school-boys as having "fathers that are Unitarians"—and though he came to his first short hair about the time that we came to our first tail-coat, six or eight years behind us, we have never lost sight of him. In the visits we have made to Boston, of late years, we have seen him in the street and remembered having always seen him as a boy—very little suspecting that *there* walked, in a form long familiar, the deity of an intellectual altar, upon which, at that moment, burned a fire in our bosom.

Emerson's voice is up to his reputation. It has a curious contradiction, which we tried in vain to analyze satisfactorily—an outwardly repellant and inwardly reverential mingling of qualities, which a musical composer would despair of blending into one. It bespeaks a life that is half contempt, half adoring recognition, and very little between. But it is noble, altogether. And what seems strange is to hear such a voice proceeding from such a body. It is a voice with shoulders in it, which he has not—with lungs in it far larger than his—with a walk in it which the public never see—with a fist in it, which his own hand never gave him the model for—and with a gentleman in it, which his parochial and "bare necessities-of-life" sort of exterior, gives no other betrayal of. We can imagine nothing in nature—which seems, too, to have a type for everything—like the want of correspondence between the Emerson that goes in at the eye, and the Emerson that goes in at the ear. We speak, (as we explained,) without having had an opportunity to study his face—acquaintance with features, as every body knows, being like the peeling of an artichoke, and the *core* of a face, to those who know it,

being very unlike the eight or ten outside folds that stop the eye in the beginning. But a heavy and vase-like blossom of a magnolia, with fragrance enough to perfume a whole wilderness, which should be lifted by a whirlwind and dropped into a branch of an aspen, would not seem more as if it never could have grown there, than Emerson's voice seems inspired and foreign to his visible and natural body. Indeed, (to use one of his own of his own similitudes,) his body seems "never to have broken the umbilical cord" which held it to Boston, while his soul has sprung to the adult stature of a child of the universe, and his voice is the utterance of the soul only. It is one of his fine remarks, that "it makes a great difference to the force of any sentence whether a man is behind it or no"—but, without his voice to make the ear stand surety for his value, the eye would look for the first time on Emerson and protest his draft on admiration, as *not* "payable at sight."

The first twenty sentences, which we heard, betrayed one of the smaller levers of Emerson's power of style, which we had not detected in reading him. He works with surprises. A man who should make a visit of charity, and, after expressing all proper sympathy, should bid adieu to the poor woman, leaving her very grateful for his kind feelings, but should suddenly return, after shutting the door, and give her a guinea, would produce just the effect of his most electric sentences. You do not observe it in reading, because you withhold the emphasis till you come to the key-word. But, in delivery, his cadences tell you that the meaning is given, and the interest of the sentence all over, when—flash!—comes a single word or phrase, like lightning after listened-out thunder, and illuminates, with astonishing vividness, the cloud you have striven to see into. We can give, perhaps, a partial exemplification of it, by a description rather than a quotation of a droll and graphic sketch, which he drew in his lecture, of his first impression of Englishmen on the road. The audience had already laughed in two or three places, and—with the intention to be longer attended to, on that point, quite gone out of his eyes—he was fumbling with his manuscript to look for the next head—when the closing word just audible, threw us all into a fit of laughter. "The Englishman," (if we may paraphrase rather than quote, for it is impossible to recall the subtle collocation of his words,) "dresses to please himself.

He puts on as many coats, trowsers and wrappers as he likes, and, while he respects others' rights, is unaffected by, and unconscious of the observation of those around him. He is an island, as England is. He is a bulky and sturdy mass, with his clothes built up about his body, and he lives in, thinks in, and speaks from, his—building." To the listener, this last word, which was dug out, smelted, coined and put away to be produced and used with cautious and artistic effectiveness, *seems* an accident of that moment's suggestion—as new a thing to the orator as to himself, and which he came very near not hearing, as it came very near not being said.

We are gossiping only—not trying to estimate or criticise. What our readers might not otherwise get at, is what we aim to give—in this as in most else that we describe editorially. Emerson is too great a man to be easily or triflingly appreciated. The more studied as well as more properly deferential views which we entertain, of his nature and power, we leave unexpressed, because others are likely to do it better (as is shown in another column) and because we write, *stans in uno pede*, and can let the ink dry on nothing. We can only say of this Lecture on England, that it was, as all is which he does, a compact mass of the exponents of far-reaching thoughts—stars which are the pole-points of universes beyond—and, at each close of a sentence, one wanted to stop and wonder at that thought, before being hurried to the next. He is a suggestive, direction-giving, soul-fathoming mind, and we are glad there are not more such. A few Emersons would make the every-day work of one's mind intolerable.

Let us close by giving our readers an advance-taste of a grand similitude with which he closed his Lecture, and which we see is not given in the newspaper reports of it. It is one of those Titanic thoughts that would alone make a reputation, and a prophetic metaphor of England's power, for which Victoria should name one of her annual babies Emerson. After some very bold and fearless comment on the croaking that predicts the speedy downfall of England, he compared her to the *banyan tree*, which, it will be remembered, sends up shoots from its roots that become themselves huge trunks of parent vegetation. "She has planted herself on that little island," he said, "like the banyan tree, and her roots *have spread under the sea, and come up on far away continents and in every quarter of the world*, flowering with her language and laws, and for-

ever perpetuating her, though the first trunk dismember and and perish." In his own words, this thought will have as banyan an eternity as England.

SECOND LOOK AT EMERSON.

EMERSON handles things without gloves, as everybody knows. He has climbed above the atmosphere of this world and kicked away the ladder—holding no deferential communication, that is to say, with any of the intermediate ladder-rounds or degrees of goodness. If he descends at all, it is quite to the ground, otherwise he is out of reach—up with the Saviour or down with Lazarus and his sores. We intended, in the present number of our paper, to have given a careful illustration of this—in some remarks upon Mr. Emerson's last lecture and his works—but head and hand out of condition for a few days, has prevented this, as it will account, (to subscribers and correspondents,) for other short-comings of our bespoken time and pen. We only wish, just now, to record, before we lose hold of it, an instance of the boldness with which Mr. Emerson speaks, from his super-atmospheric elevation—instructing our readers, at the same time, as to his view of the principle of Socialism, now so vigorously at work among us.

As among the "Signs of the Times" (which formed the subject of his Lecture) he spoke with reverential admiration of the Apostleships of Fourier and Owen—lauding those reformers so highly, indeed, as to draw a murmur of satisfaction from the Listen-to-reason-dom which formed the greater part of his audience, and hisses from the few believers in things as they are, who had been brought thither by curiosity. Of the main Socialist aim, to distribute the means of human happiness more equally, he apparently could not speak admiringly enough—but he scouted, very emphatically, the possibility of any general community of existence, as a destruction of the poetry of individual and family separation, and as altogether "culinary and mean." Level all men, he said, and they would commence to unequalize to-morrow—those who had once got the upper hand in wealth and power being able and likely to get it again. The similitude with which he illustrated the impossibility of commonizing and equalizing great men, as well as the less gifted and ordinary, will be enough to complete the reader's

idea of Emerson's extent of belief in Socialism, while at the same time it makes an easily remembered frame on which to embroider the stray threads of its argument and progress. "Spoons and skimmers," said he, "you can make lie undistinguishably together—but vases and statues require each a pedestal for itself."

We went early, to get a seat where we could see Emerson, and were struck with the character of his audience, most of whom we knew by repute. We doubt whether any man, but this lecturer, could draw together so varied an assemblage, and yet probably none were there who had not a point of contact with the mind they came to enjoy. Mr. Charles King was there, with his combined likeness to Aristotle and Epicurus; Mrs. Kirkland, with her fine-chiselled aristocratic features and warm bright eye; Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis, the Revelations-man, looking as if thought had never left a foot-print on his apprentice face; Miss Sedgwick, with thought and care stranded on the beach of her countenance by the ebb of youth; Mr. Greeley, with his face fenced in by regularity and culture, while the rest of him is left "in open common;" half a dozen of the men who live for Committees and influence; six or eight of the artists who are painting away the time till the millennium comes; several unappreciated poets; one or two strong-minded wealthy men who are laying up a reserve of intellect against what Captain Cuttle calls a "rewarse;" and, as well as we could see, few or no ordinary people. If Emerson would come to New York, and invite just that audience to gather around him and form a congregation of Listeners-to-reason, with or without pulpit, we are very sure that he might become the centre of a very well-chosen society—form it into a club or gather it around a pulpit. Either way, New York is the place for him, we think.

* * * * *

That "critics," as Sir Henry Wotton said, "are brushers of noblemen's clothes," one feels very sensibly and reprovably, in turning a pen to write any comment on Emerson. He says so many wonderful, and wonderfully true and good things, in one of his Delphic lectures, that, to find any fault with him, seems like measuring thunder by its echo down a back alley. Yet, with all his inspired intuition, he is not careful enough not to *over-say* things. To point an antithesis, he will put, into his unforgettable words, that which leaves mistrust in the

ear when the music stops tingling. One feels vexed, not that he should have been careless enough to do what he likes, being Emerson, but that there should have been a miscellaneous audience there, to hear and remember it against him.

Yet we never saw a more intellectually picked audience than our Prophet of the Intuitive draws together. From the great miscellany of New York they come selectively out, like steel filings out of a handful of sand to a magnet. It would be worth while to induce such nucleal men to lecture in large cities, if only to discover what particles belong to that shape of crystal—what beads fit together on one string—how the partakers of one level of intellect are 'scattered through the different levels of politics, religion, and society. We should very much like a catalogue of Emerson's audiences, as minds which you could address, like the centurions of the Army of Opinion, with *reasons*, to be passed by them to the multitude in the shape of *commands*.

We made several memoranda of thoughts in Emerson's lecture with which to gem a paragraph for our readers, but we find that we should do injustice to them without giving the surroundings, and we will wait till they are published, (as we trust these lectures soon will be,) and give them in the safer shape of a column of "Spice Islands."

CALHOUN AND BENTON.

THOSE who take no part in politics, or who look on the two opposing parties as upon two sides of a pyramid—correcting each other's leanings, and holding the strength of the country between them—are still interested sometimes to know the shape in which the corner stones are hewn—the grain and mark from nature with which eminent men are visible to their fellows. The two great Southern Democrats, Calhoun and Benton, were figuring in strong relief recently in the Senate, and, in a memorandum book, wherein we record any chance approach of ours to the personal orbit of a star, we put ink on the impressions we received of these two, in a week's observation, and herewith we present them to our readers—adding only the conjunctions and prepositions, left out, so universally,

in things written to be read when one is beyond responsibilities of grammar.

BENTON is a caricature likeness of Louis Philippe—the same rotundity, the same pear-shaped head, and about the same stature. The physical expression of his face predominates. His lower features are drilled into imperturbable suavity, while the eye, that undrillable tale-teller, twinkles of inward slyness as a burning lamp-wick does of oil. He is a laborious builder-up of himself—acting by syllogistic forecast, never by impulses. He is pompously polite, and never abroad without “Executive” manners. He has made up his mind that oratory, if not a national weakness, is an un-Presidential accomplishment, and he delivers himself in the Senate with a subdued voice, like a judge deciding upon a cause which the other Senators had only argued. He wears an ample blue cloak, and a broad-brimmed hat with a high crown, and lives, moves, and has his being, in a faith in himself which will remove mountains of credulity. Though representing a State two thousand miles off, he resides regularly at Washington, drawing a handsome income from his allowance of mileage, and paying rare and brief visits to his constituency, whose votes he has retained for more than twenty years—an unaccountable exception to the anti-conservative rotation of the country’s gifts of office.

MR. CALHOUN lives in his mind, and puts a sort of bathing-dress value on his body. There is a temporary-looking tuck away of his beard and hair, as if they would presently be better combed in another place—mouth and eyes kept clear, only for a brief life-swim in the ocean of politics. He is tall, hollow chested, and emaciated, and both face and figure are concave, with the student’s bend forward. He smiles easily when spoken to—indeed with rather a simple facility—though, in longer conversation, he gives his eye to the speaker, barely in recognition of an idea—with a most “*verbum sap.*” withdrawal from talkativeness. When speaking in the Senate he is a very startling looking man. His skin lies sallow and loose on the bold frame of his face—his stiff gray hair spreads off from rather a low forehead with the semicircular radiation of the smoke from a wheel of fireworks just come to a stand still—the profuse masses of white beard in his throat catch the eye like the smoulder of a fire under his chin—and his eyes, bright as coals, move with jumps, as if he thought in

electric leaps from one idea to another. He dresses carelessly, walks the streets absent-mindedly, and is treated with the most marked personal respect and involuntary deference, by his brother senators and the diplomatists of Washington. He is a great man—probably an ambitious one—but in the Senate, a few days since, he indignantly denied the charge of “making tracks” for the Presidency. That high horse has been so “promiscuously” ridden of late, that he would doubtless look twice at the stirrups before taking the saddle with its associations.

MRS. FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER.

WE doubt whether we were ever present at a performance, the interest of which was so difficult to analyze, as the one of Mrs. Butler's Readings which we have had the fortunate leisure to attend. The curiosity to see the lady whose private life has so freely fed the appetite for gossip through the public papers, would account for but a small portion of it. The attention which she commanded, to the last syllable of the play from which she read, was of the most abstract and eager intensity—the silence being so absolute that the conversation of the hackmen at the distant street-door in Broadway, was an annoying interruption. Yet, mere rhetorical command of an audience it was not, either; for the play was read with singularly little variety of dramatic expression, and many passages, it seemed to us, quite awry from the obvious mood and meaning of the character represented.

Mrs. Butler entered, from the screen near her desk, with a degree of agitation which we were not prepared to expect in one who had been so much before the public. Before sitting, she with difficulty controlled her breath sufficiently to say, “I shall have the honor of reading *Macbeth* to you,”—a prepared introductory speech, the brief contemptuousness of which was corroborated by a movement whose careless inelegance would otherwise have been un-instinctive, viz.,—putting her foot out behind and drawing her chair under her with her heel. The powerful struggle to assume ease was a curiously fine display of self-wrestling, however, and, to the indifferent reading of the *dramatis personæ* which accompanied it, the audience were breathlessly attentive. The lectress

was in a full evening dress of white, very elegantly made and worn, and the arrangement of her simply-knotted hair, showing her well-shaped head to great advantage, could not have been improved, even in the sketch of a Lawrence. Our distant readers may perhaps like to know that Mrs. Butler is rather under the middle size, extremely robust in shoulders, though not large in the waist, with a powerfully muscular arm, features small and regularly compact, the finest possible teeth, dark and Siddons-like eyes, and lips expressive of little but antagonism and resolution.

The witch Scenes, in the first Act, were finely read; and the development they made of the reader's tone of voice, and completeness of enunciation, was very satisfactory. A shade nearer to a masculine voice than a proper contralto, Mrs. Butler's tones are still richly mellow, and nothing could well be more admirably beautiful than her articulation and pronunciation of the English language. In her subsequent distribution of force and emphasis to the speeches of the different characters, there was, we thought, the constantly recurring error of giving energy where none was intended by the author. Lady Macbeth's welcome to the guests at the banquet, was expressed more like a defiance than a welcome, for instance; and Macbeth's relenting declaration,

"I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none,"

was thundered at the top of the reader's voice, like an argument in a passion.

The exquisite passages of poetry with which this grand play abounds, however, seemed well recognized by Mrs. Butler; and her reading of two or three of them, though they were not the efforts upon which she herself set any pains or value, made a music in our ear that we shall not readily forget. Thus, in the first Act:—

Duncan.—This castle has a pleasant seat; the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Banquo.—This guest of summer
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here; no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed, and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt I have observed
The air is delicate.

The dainty elegance with which Duncan and Banquo said these sweet words, through Mrs. Butler's lips, made us feel the influence of their death, throughout the play, as we had never felt it before. And the following passages were read with a veritable deliciousness :—

Macbeth.—How does your patient, Doctor? .

Doctor.—Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies
That keep her from her rest.

Macbeth.—Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doctor.—Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macbeth.—Throw physic to the dogs. I'll none of it.

And these lines :—

Malcolm.—What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows:
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

Macduff.—My children, too?

Malcolm.—Wife, children, servants, all.

Macduff.—He has no children. All my pretty ones?

Did you say all? O hell-kite! all?

What all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?

Malcolm.—Dispute it like a man.

Macduff.—I shall do so:

But I must also feel it as a man.

The speeches of Lady Macbeth were delivered from a conception probably intensified for the stage, and were accordingly suited to the demand of "the groundlings" for violence. The following passage was given with a sort of frantic fury which did not express what it is—a self-possessed purpose of stimulating Macbeth to the murder :—

Lady Macbeth.—When you durst do it, then you were a man;

And, to be more than what you were, you would

Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place

Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:

They have made themselves, and that their fitness now,

Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know

How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:

I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from its boneless gums
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn
As you have done to this.

Macbeth.—If we should fail—

Lady Macbeth.—We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail!

Macbeth.—Bring forth men children only;
For thy undaunted metal should compose
Nothing but males.

We have skipped a few lines, as the reader will see, to include, in this last extract, Macbeth's compliment to the strenuous character of his wife, which—either from the *gusto* with which it was read, or the suitableness of the voice and air of the reader to its spirit and meaning—produced a general smile over the hushed and admiring audience.

The difference of *magnetic control* might well take the place of physiognomy and phrenology, in all estimates of the higher range of human beings; and it is only by the laws of this undefined science that Mrs. Butler's influence upon others could be explained. When she enters a room, the general recognition of an unusually powerful nature is immediate; and this, of course, excites either a feeling of deference or resistance—the former prevailing, as subordinate natures much outnumber the magnetically unsubmissive. There is natural authority, unaffected consciousness of overruling power of purpose, in this lady's whole physiognomy, tone of voice, and manner. Nature has furnished the warrant for this in a proportionate allowance of the indefinable power of electric personal magnetism—an influence felt as readily without acquaintance and without reason as with—and which explains, probably, Mrs. Butler's control over audiences, as it does the excessive devotion of her friends and admirers, and the equally positive hostility of those who take sides against her. No one could listen to her or look at her, for five minutes, without knowing her to be a very remarkable person.

By the way—as a *missionary of sweet voice*—Mrs. Butler might dispense, in her present tour, a corrective more needed in this country than the taste that comes by Operas. From Maine to Georgia, *we talk through our noses*—and, as this lady chances to be, even among English women, a peculiarly fine example of a *speaker of English through the throat and*

lungs, the opportunity of using these Readings as a *tuning-key*, is too valuable to be lost. Let any one stand at the door of the Stuyvesant Institute, as the audience goes out, and, with the absolute music of Mrs. Butler's softer tones in his memory, listen to the fashionable voices of the passers-by! If he has any comparison in his ear, he will wonder inexpressibly that the music of a tone is not more catching.

We should be willing to give any degree of offence that we could afford, if we could provoke curiosity to make this (now) easy comparison. The audiences at these Readings are of the class whose pronunciation is heard and remarked upon by the more intelligent foreigners who come among us, and (from a national sensitiveness which may be reasoned down, but won't stay down), we are not a little interested to have ✓ the *nasality*, by which Americans are at once recognized abroad, corrected by our gentlemen and ladies. Let any listener to Mrs. Butler observe how noble and well-bred seems her utterance from the chest, and (to double the lesson) how it adds to the power of the divine gift of language, to allow, as she does, to every sound a liberal and free utterance, and to every word its proper and unslighted fulness. And then let the departing and delighted auditor of these model tones take the first sentence uttered on the way home ("What a pleasant evening!" for example), and *ring it against* any remembered sentence of the play just read. In nine cases out of ten, the contrast will be as great as between a French horn and a bagpipe.

DANIEL WEBSTER,

UNDER THE SPELL OF JENNY LIND'S MUSIC.

WE had a pleasure, the other evening, which we feel very unwilling not to share with every eye to which there is a road from the point of our pen. Three or four thousand people saw it with us; but, as there are perhaps fifty thousand more, to whom the pleasure can be sent by these roads of ink, those three or four thousand, who were so fortunate as to be present, will excuse the repetition—possibly may thank us, indeed, for enlarging the sympathy in their enjoyment.

In these days of magnetism, life seems to be of value, only in proportion as we find others to share in what we think and feel.

It was perhaps ten minutes before the appearance of Benedict's magic stick; and, in running our eye musingly along the right side of the crowded gallery of Tripler Hall, we caught sight of a white object, with a sparkling dark line underneath, around which a number of persons were just settling themselves in their seats. Motionless itself, and with the stir going on around it, it was like a calm half moon, seen over the tops of agitated trees; or like a massive magnolia blossom, too heavy for the breeze to stir, splendid and silent amid fluttering poplar-leaves. We raised our opera-glass, with no very definite expectation, and, with the eye thus brought nearer to the object, lo! *the dome over the temple of Webster*—the forehead of the great Daniel, with the two glorious lamps set in the dark shadow of its architrave. Not expecting to see the noble Constitution-ist in such a crowd, our veins tingled, as veins will with the recognition of a sudden and higher presence, and, from that moment, the interest of the evening, to us, was to see signs of the susceptibility of such a mind to the spells of Jenny Lind. Slight they must be, of course, if signs were to be seen at all; but the interest in watching for them was no less exciting—very slight variations, of the "bodies" above us, repaying fully the patient observation of the astronomer.

The party who had come with Mr. Webster were "his lady"—(the Americanism of that synonyme for "wife," grew out of our national deference to woman, and let us cherish it)—the newly elected Governor of the State and *his* lady, and General Lyman. They set in the centre of the right hand side of the First Gallery, and behind them, the crowd had gathered and stood looking at this distinguished party with deferential curiosity. Republican politeness had done what the etiquette of a Court would do—stationed one of the masters of ceremony, with his riband of office, to pay special attention to these honored strangers—and it chanced to bring about a pleasant incident. It was from a wish Mr. Webster expressed, accidentally overheard by this attendant and conveyed immediately to Jenny Lind, that she was induced to vary the opera music of the programme, by the introduction of a mountain song of her own Dalecarlia. The audience,

delighted with the change, were not aware, that, for it, they were indebted to a remark of the great "sky-clearer," thus spirited away from the cloud-edge of his lips.

We must remind the reader, here, that, to the cultivation of the voice, Mr. Webster's delivery shows that he has never paid attention. From other and sufficient advantages, probably, he has never felt the need of it. His ear, consequently, is uneducated to melody; and, in the rare instances when he has varied his habitual and ponderous cadences by a burst in a higher key, he has surpassed Art with the more sudden *✓* impassioning of Nature. Though, in *reading* a speech of Webster's, there are passages where your nostrils spread and your blood fires, you may have *heard* the same speech delivered, with no impression but the unincumbered profoundness of its truth. To use what may seem like a common-place remark, he is *as monotonous as thunder*—but it is because thunder has no need to be more varied and musical, that Webster leaves the roll of his bass unplayed upon by the lightning that outstrips it.

We were not surprised, therefore, that, to the overtures and parts of Operas which formed the first two-thirds of the evening's entertainment, Webster was only courteously attentive. He leaned back, with the stately repose which marks all his postures and movements, and conversing between-whiles with his friends on either side, looked on, as he might do at special pleading in a court of law. It was at the close of one of those tangled skeins of music with which an unpractised brain finds it so difficult to thread the needle of an idea, that he made the remark, overheard by the attendant and taken immediately to Jenny Lind:—"Why doesn't she give us one of the simple mountain-songs of her own land?"

The mountain-song soon poured forth its loud beginning, impatiently claiming sympathy from the barren summits that alone listen where it is supposed to be sung. The voice softened, soothed with its own outpouring—the herdsman's heart wandered and left him singing forgetfully, and then the audience, (as if transformed to an Ariel that "puts a girdle round the earth,") commenced following the last clear note through the distance. Away it sped, softly and evenly, a liquid arrow through more liquid air, lessening with the sweetness it left behind it, but fleeing leagues in seconds, and

with no errand but to go on unaltered till it should die—and, behold! on the track of it, with the rest of us, was gone the heavy-winged intellect of Webster? We had listened with our eyes upon him. As all know who have observed him, his habitual first mark of interest in a new matter, is a pull he gives to the lobe of his left ear—as if, to the thought-intrenched castle of his brain, there were a portcullis to be lowered at any sudden summons for entrance. The tone sped and lessened, and Webster's broad chest grew erect and expanded. Still on went the entrancing sound, altered by distance only, and changeless in the rapt altitude of the cadence—on—far on—as if, only upon the bar of the horizon it could faint at last—and forward leaned the aroused statesman, with his hand clasped over the balustrade, his head raised to its fullest lift above his shoulders, and the luminous caverns of his eyes opened wide upon the still lips of the singer. The note died—and those around exchanged glances as the enchantress touched the instrument before her—but Webster sat motionless. The breathless stillness was broken by a tumult of applause, and the hand that was over the gallery moved up and down upon the cushion with unconscious assent, but the spell was yet on him. He slowly leaned back, with his eyes still fixed on the singer, and, suddenly observing that she had turned to him after curtsying to the audience, and was repeating her acknowledgments unmistakably to himself, he rose to his feet and bowed to her, with the grace and stateliness of the monarch that he is. It was not much to see, perhaps—neither does the culmination of a planet differ, very distinguishably, from the twinkle of a lamp—but we congratulated Jenny Lind, with our first thought, after it, at what is perhaps her best single triumph on this side the water, the sounding of America's deepest mind with her plummet of enchantment.

The "Echo," and the "Pasture Song" equally delighted Mr. Webster, and, after each of them, he passed his broad-spread hand from his brow downwards, (assisting his seldom aroused features, as he always does, in their recovery of repose and gravity), and responded to the enthusiasm of the friends beside him, with the pine-tree nod which, from his deep-rooted approbation, means much. Let us add, by the way, (what we heard very directly,) that Mr. Webster, who is peculiar for the instant completeness with which he usually

dismisses public amusements from his mind—little entertained by them, and never speaking of them in conversation, when they are over—talked much of Jenny Lind after the concert, remarking very emphatically, among other things, that it was a new revelation to him of the character and capability of the human voice. The angelic Swede—alone with many memories, as she will be, some day—may remember with pleasure what we have thus recorded.

SIR HENRY BULWER.

THE new English Minister, to this country, is a younger brother of BULWER the novelist, and perhaps a man of as much talent, in his way. As our readers probably know, he has had a large influence in the diplomacy of England for several years, and was, last, the British Minister to Spain. He is, in person, rather under the middle size, very slight, pale, and of an intellectual cast of features. His manners, are the perfection of the style most prized in England, though rare even there—an elegance reduced to absolute simplicity and nature—quiet, gentle, considerate of others, attentive, and modest. We doubt whether there is a better model of a gentleman in the world. He was, some years ago, one of the *habitués* of Lady Blessington's, and certainly showed to advantage in comparison with the elegant men who formed that brilliant woman's circle of friends. Sir Henry talks or listens with equal willingness, but his information, on any subject that may come up, is sure to surprise, and his earnest truthfulness of diction and expression, impress forcibly at the time, but still more when it is remembered. We are not sure that Washington will prove an atmosphere in which he may best shine; but, appreciated or not, he cannot fail to be very much liked. General Taylor, we venture to say, will find him a man after his own heart—totally different as have been the currents of their two lives.

It will be a pleasant event in Washington to have the English embassy open house under the auspices of the gentler sex. Lady Bulwer (we believe the minister was made a baronet a year or two ago) is of noble descent, and, like all

English ladies of her rank, very sure to entertain with the best-toned hospitality. Our barrack of a capital, so dependent on society for its happiness, may owe much to a lady's ministrations in this way, as the charming examples of the Spanish Minister's house, and one or two others, have long shown. We hope Lady Bulwer's train will comprise two or three young English ladies of her own class, as well as the gayer class of *attachés*, who follow, of course, where the Envoy is a wedded man; and that the British Embassy will be here, what it is in the capitals of the Continent—the model and centre of all things courteous and hospitable.

SAMUEL LOVER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TRIBUNE :

MR. LOVER's arrival among us is both more and less of an event than many take it to be: in the way of dramatic exhibition not so much, and in the way of a *remarkable presence* much more. My impulse to write to you is partly a dread, for him, of the rock Shakspeare had in his mind when he said, "Promising is the very air of the time, Performance is ever the duller for his act." From various causes I think he will be *ultimately* better appreciated in this country than he ever was in his own—much as they think of him in England; but, from the ordinary mode of advertisement, and from the common phraseology of newspaper notice, many might go to his "Irish Evenings" expecting something more pretentious and dramatic than they would find, and it is against this possible counter-current of disappointment that I wish to guard his first appearance among us. I am anxious, for our *American* sake, that there should be no delay, no hesitancy, no lack of completeness, in the recognition of this fine spirit, and it is from having had my heart moved like an instrument under his hand—as the hearts of all are who hear him—that I feel a strong wish for his coming rightly before the public.

Lover is, as you know, the writer of songs equal (in popular effect) to any of Burns's. He is the author of Tales of humor, in a vein in which he has no equal. His songs are set to his own music, of a twin genius with the words it.

fuses. His power of narration is peculiar and irresistible. His command of that fickle drawbridge between tears and laughter—that ticklish chasm across which touch Mirth and Pathos—is complete and wonderful. He is, besides, a most successful play-writer, and one of the best miniature painters living. He is a Crichton of the arts of joyance for eye and ear. But it is not of his many gifts that I am now particularly aiming to remind your readers.

I wish, if I may so express it, to anticipate our knowledge of Lover *as a man*. The probability is that nineteen in twenty of those who know of his arrival, remember to have heard of him as an admired frequenter of the exclusive circles of London, and expect to see a finished man of the world, whose ore of genius has been tinselled over with superfine breeding, and whose stamp from Nature only comes to daylight in the thought of his songs. Their curiosity to see him, indeed, is half made up of a wish to see what sort of a man gives pleasure to lords and ladies, Court wits and exclusives, and their preconceived ideal is of a very fine gentleman, of polished coolness, high art in his music and manners, and the most beautiful concealment of his necessary contempt for dollar-paying Republicans. Of some of the social celebrities of England this might be a very just estimate and faithful ideal—but to Lover such anticipation were an injustice, and one which is as well prevented from throwing a prejudice over his past reputation.

In his personal appearance Lover has no smack of superfine clay. He looks made out of the fresh turf of his country, sound, honest, and natural. He is careless in his dress, a little absent in his gait and manner, just short and round enough to let his atmosphere of fun roll easily about him, and, if frayed at all in the thread of his nature, a little marked with an expression of care—the result of years of anxieties for the support of a very interesting family. His features seem to use his countenance as a hussar does his jacket, wearing it loosely till wanted: and a more mobile, nervous, changing set of lineaments never played photograph to a soul within. There is always about him the modest unconsciousness of a man who feels that he can always employ his thoughts better than upon himself, and he therefore easily slips himself off, and becomes the spirit of his song or story. He does nothing like an actor. If you had heard him singing

the same song by chance at an inn, you would have taken him to be a jewel of a good fellow, of a taste and talent deliciously peculiar and natural, but who would spoil at once with being found out by a connoisseur and told of his merits. He is the soul of pure, sweet, truthful Irish nature, though with the difference from others that, while he represents it truly, and is a piece of it himself, *he has also the genius to create what inspires it.* To an appreciative mind it of course adds powerfully to the influence of a song, that the *singer himself* conceived the sweet thought, put it into words, and melted it into music.

Lover (I am trying all this time to convey) is so much better a thing than a fine gentleman, or an accomplished actor or musician—so genuine a piece of exuberantly gifted Nature, still unspoiled from the hand of God—that the appeal for appreciation of him is to that within us which is deeper than nationality or fashion—to our freshest and most unsunned fountain of human liking. He has been recognized and admired *for his nature*, in the most artificial society in the world. It would be strange, indeed, if he should find himself farther from appreciation of it in a new republic.

I have given you no idea of his peculiar style, but have endeavored only to say what was not likely to be said soon enough by those unacquainted with him.—Yours truly, W.

MRS. ANNA BISHOP.

WE are not grasshoppers. We are not so devoted to the singing muses (that is to say,) that, like the slender-legged dilettanti of the fields, we have listened ourselves into echoes. Our readers (for whom we live, move, and do our admiring,) are content to know the name and magnitude of the planets among the *prima donnas*, but are willing to let the lesser ladies take their "milky way," named but in nebulae, if telescoped at all.

What our country and Southern readers wish to know about Mrs. Bishop is the fish to be nibbled for in our inkstand this morning, and we shall endeavor, with a single eye to their satisfaction, to catch it, and it only. The critics are quarrel-

ling with scientific bodkins, about her ear and her voice, but we take it our readers care little to know whether her voice is a "*sfogato*," or a *filo di soprano*—whether she commits the harmonic atrocity of consecutive fifths, or gluts the ear with her excess of the diminished seventh. They (our charming subscribers) want a straight-forward, comprehensible, daguerreo-typical, and as-personal-as-possible account of who she is, how much of a beauty, whether well dressed, and (last and altogether least) what is her particular style of singing. At this we go.

Mrs. Bishop should be called *Lady* Bishop, for her husband is a Knight; and if she has a right to his name at all she has a right to his title. How she comes to be away from Sir Henry, and under the charge of an old gentleman of sixty, who weighs three hundred pounds, and plays the harp divinely, it is each subscriber's business to guess for himself. Public opinion has put in practice its decision, that questions of this nature shall only be raised to the professional prejudice of unattractive women. Signor Bochsa, we may add here, is the modern King David, never named without his harp, the long known teacher of England's aristocratic learners upon this becoming instrument, a wonderful player thereupon, and has been a very handsome man in his day.

In sculpture, we believe, the face is finished last, and of the great number of women who seem to have been slighted only in the finishing, Mrs. Bishop is one. Her figure and movements seem perfection, but her features are irregular, and it is necessary to be very near her, to see what expression has done to supply the incompleteness of her beauty. When singing, her soul takes the effect into its own hands, like a clock that strikes right whether the dial is wrong or no; and the way her nostrils, lips, and eyes, express beauty where beauty is not, is worth deaf and dumb people's coming to learn substitution by. When she stands near the footlights on the stage, however, (and we wonder whether she knows it,) the sharp throwing up of all the shadows of her features, by the ascending light neutralizes even this expression, and she is then seen to great disadvantage. These misthrown shadows particularly destroy the greatest peculiarity of her face—her upper lip—the nerve that follows the arched line of its redness playing with its curve like a serpent on the rim of a cup, and holding the expression in command with a muscular pliable-

ness and vivid grace, that seems as if it would force the blood through if the nicest shade of its will of expression were not obeyed. Eyes of kindling and fearless vitality, teeth unsurpassable, and brilliant complexion, are beauties there was not so much need of educating, but they fulfil their errands to perfection. We have not mentioned her nose. She is going South, where, in the taste for blood horses, she will find an appreciation for the inspired and passionate play of her thin nostrils, of which the North is as an audience incapable.

If Mrs. Bishop did not sing at all, and tormented no speculation in the sex of whose qualities she has as much as she likes, she would still be an object of very great curiosity to the sex whose costume she wears—she dresses so faultlessly, and, with such consummate art, communicates her motion to what she wears. The test is most trying, of course, in the dress with which ladies are most familiar; and, at a concert, therefore, where she appears only in the evening dress of a lady, she is seen to the best advantage for comparison; though on the stage, whatever her costume—Tancredi or Linda, male or female—she equally presents the faultless type of its perfection. It is a rarer thing than it would seem at first naming, to see how a high-bred, thoroughly educated, unerringly *comme il faut* lady dresses and bears herself in full dress, and of this sort of courtly phenomenon Mrs. Bishop is as fine a specimen as we ever saw in Europe. Her management of her hands and arms, her reception of applause, her look of inquiry as to the will of an audience in an encore, are all parts of the same picture of accomplished high breeding, and we presume we are not wrong in mentioning this among her attractions as a public performer.

The critics concur that we have never had in this country a more perfect singer than Mrs. Bishop, as to taste and execution. She has a clear, high, manageable voice, and she has taken it thankfully from nature and made the most of it. It does not seem to matter much to her what language she is to sing in, or what style of song, or what music. Her pronunciation and execution are alike admirable in all. At her concert the other night she did what we should have predicted was impossible for her—full musical justice to two of Moore's most exquisite melodies. But, though we say "full justice," we must add that Nature suffers no faculty to perfect itself to independence of the heart. Some tones must be breathed on by

a tear as they come from the bosom, or they are not recognized by the tears of the listener. Mrs. Bishop could not be the artist and actress that she exactly is, without putting her tenderness of nature far, very far, out of reach of easy call, and, though her music is thrilling, startling, and enchanting, *touching* it is not.

FIELDS,—“THE AMERICAN MOXON.”

As it was a common romance, in olden time, for a fair dame to look sweet upon her lord and master's cup-bearer, we cannot be surprised that the Muse takes the whim of smiling upon the Poet's publisher. FIELDS has handed up to Apollo many a primrose-colored cup of poetry. His ambrosial curls, of course, teem with the aroma. MOXON, the English publisher, whose *speciality* is the same, and after whom FIELDS is usually called, when named in the talk of poets, has alike had the favors of “The Nine,” and is also publisher and poet. Well, we do not know that—(under the Socialist principles that govern Helicon)—we can find any reasonable objection. Take him, oh Melpomene!

But though every body, in the Slate-and-pencil-dom which is bounded South by the Lehigh and North by the Penobscot, knows MR. FIELDS, yet we have six thousand subscribers, West of the Alleghanies and so down stream, who would be pleased to know his stature and complexion. Immaterial as it may be to mere enjoyment of the shade, it is natural to look up at the tree. We gratify this undeniable curiosity for the friendly readers of the Home Journal, whenever it falls in our way.

MR. FIELDS is a young man of twenty-five, and the most absolute specimen of rosy and juvenescent health that would be met with by the takers of the census. His glowing cheek and white teeth, full frame and curling beard, clear eyes and ready smile are, to tell the truth, most unsymptomatic of the poet—not even very common in publishers. He is a leading man in “Young Boston”—the crank of mercantile and moral committees—the ambassador of popular thanks and honors to public men—the getter-up of such spontaneous enthusiasms as

fill lecture-rooms and "make things go"—in short the man to apply to if you want to know whether Boston can be moved, and how, and where. Mr. Fields finds the orators and poets for public occasions, or, in case of failure, delivers, himself, quite as good a performance, of either kind, as was first expected. He is thus, it will be seen, tricipitous in his functions—publisher, poet, and ——— we wish there were a name for the third and last described character in a community. It is a kind of detail Governor—"sleeping partner" of the Executive—confidential Secretary of the city's wishes—the person every one goes to, who seeks public favor—an unnominated functionary, in short, such as is to be found in every great metropolis, using as much influence as the mayor and two aldermen, yet without any honorary designation.

MR. FIELDS' poems are scholar-like in their structure, musical, genial-toned in feeling, effortless, and pure-thoughted. He has a playful and delicate fancy, which he uses skilfully in his poems of sentiment, and a strongly perceptive observation, which he exercises finely in his hits at the times and didactic poetry. The Wordsworthian poem called "The Ballad of the Tempest" has so gone the rounds of the papers as to be familiar to every reader, or we should insert it here. But we close our incomplete mention of his book by copying a bit of nice imagination with which (in his late tour in Europe) he presented some pressed sea-mosses to the Poet ROGERS:—

"To him who sang of Venice, and revealed
How Wealth and Glory clustered in her streets,
And poised her marble domes with wondrous skill,
We send these tributes, plundered from the sea.
These many-colored, variegated forms
Sail to our rougher shores, and rise and fall
To the deep music of the Atlantic wave.
*Such spoils we capture where the rainbows drop
Melting in ocean.* Here are broideries strange,
Wrought by the sea-nymphs from their golden hair,
And wove by moonlight. Gently turn the leaf.
From narrow cells, scooped in the rocks, we take
These fairy textures, lightly moored at morn.
Down sunny slopes, outstretching to the deep,
We roam at noon, and gather shapes like these.
*Note now the painted webs from verdurous isles
Festooned and spangled in sea-caves, and say
What hues of land can rival tints like those,*

*Torn from the scarfs and gonfalons of kings
Who dwell beneath the waters.*

"Such our Gift,
Culled from a margin of the Western World,
And offered unto Genius in the old."

We should add, by the way, that Mr. FIELDS' poems are published by TICKNOR and Co., of Boston, the publishing house in which he is a partner.

GRACE GREENWOOD.

MISS SARAH J. CLARKE, the authoress of the "Greenwood Leaves"—("Grace Greenwood" by *nom de plume*)—is a young lady, of perhaps eighteen, born, with the Ohio, at Pittsburgh, and destined, like this her foster river, to have had a sufficiently distinct and important existence of her own, before merging her name in her destined Mississippi. In personal appearance, she is more like an Andalusian than a child of the Alleghanies—her large Spanish eyes, oval outline of face, and clear brunette complexion, looking to be of a nativity warmer and nearer the equator than the cold Blue Ridge—and, with her tall person, and fondness for horses and open air exercise, there seems a persistence of Nature in making her as much a personal as she is a mental exception to the latitude she lives in. Miss Clarke will pardon this flesh and blood introduction to our readers, when she remembers that there is a stage of progress, in the path to fame, where the awarding public insist upon knowing how looks the one on whom they are bestowing so much; and the freedom we have taken is our unavoidable recognition of her now owing that debt to the curiosity of admiration.

Of two classes who may be equally gifted with the almost supernatural perceptions of genius, one may be of reluctant invention, and fonder of running faithful parallels to their own experience when writing. while the other may prefer the mere structures of the imagination, and trust to perceptive instinct to keep them true to nature. These are two scales, however, of which a chance-weight of experience may change the preponderance; and, while a life too tranquil

may have first driven a writer to take refuge in fancy, a thickening of pains and pleasures, in the path of real life, may reverse the attraction and bring the mind to describe joy and suffering of its own. Altogether from fancy, as "Greenwood Leaves" seem to be written, we should not be surprised if the advance beyond the threshold of womanhood should altogether change the character of the writer's mind, and form for her an entirely new fame, in a new field of composition.

We have not time—nor is it the fashion—to criticise analytically. To those who *know* what love and life are, this book, which is a *guess* at what they are, is speculatively interesting, and, by the perception of true genius which we alluded to above, its descriptions keep so near to nature that they are always captivating. More fearless than most women in the handling of her topics, the fair authoress certainly is; but (though her language is vigorous enough, we should fear to subject her "to militia duty,") it strikes us as a peculiarity which she had better cultivate than abate, and one upon which she can form a style well suited to the stronger productions she will yet give us.

Miss Clarke is about to appear as a poetess, by a volume now in press, and it is in verse, we think, that her strong and impulsive genius shows to most advantage. Several of her poems, which have appeared in the *Home Journal*, are exceedingly fine, our readers need not be told.

FENNIMORE COOPER.

MR. COOPER has been in town for a week or two past, looking, as the Scripture phrases it, "like a tiel tree or an oak, whose strength is in them though they cast their leaves." By the present promise of his robust frame, and steady eye, he will give us new *leaves* (of new books) for many a Spring yet to come. In a conversation with the eminent novelist while here, we reverted to the time when we first had the pleasure of seeing him—in Paris, in 1832—and, among other remembrances of the period, he mentioned a circumstance, illustrative of the long-ago gestation of the ambition of

Louis Napoleon, which we asked leave to record, as a *chiffon* of history. Mr. Cooper's house, we should mention, was, at that time, the "*hospice de St. Bernard*" of the Polish refugees, and, as the nucleus of republican sympathies in the great capital, his intimacy with Lafayette, personal reasons aside, was necessarily very close and confidential. At his daily breakfast table, open to all friends and comers-in, (and supplied, we remember, for hour after hour of every day with hot buckwheat cakes, which were probably eaten nowhere else on that side the water,) many a distinguished but impoverished Polish refugee ate his only meal for the twenty-four hours, and to the same hospitable house came all who were interested in the great principle of that struggle, distinguished men of most nations among them. But to the story:—

I was calling upon Lafayette, one day (said Mr. Cooper), and was let in by his confidential servant, who, it struck me, showed signs of having something to conceal. He said his master was at home, and, after a moment's hesitation, made way for me to go on as usual to his private room—but I saw that there was some embarrassment. I walked in, and found the General alone. He received me with the same cordiality as ever, but inquired with some eagerness who let me in, and whether I met an old acquaintance going out. I told him that his old servant had admitted me, and that there was certainly something peculiar in the man's manner; but as I had seen no one else, I knew nothing more. "Ah," said the General, "that fellow put him in the side room. Sit down, and I will tell you. Prince Louis Napoleon Buonaparte was here two minutes ago!" I expressed surprise, of course, for this was in '33, when it was death for a Buonaparte to enter France. "Yes," continued the General, "and he came with a proposition. He wishes to marry my grand-daughter Clementine, *unite the Republicanists and Imperialists*, make himself Emperor, and my grand-daughter Imperatrice!" And, if it be not an indiscreet question, I said, what was your answer, my dear General? "I told him," said Lafayette, "that my family had the American notion on that subject, and chose husbands for themselves—that there was the young lady—he might go and court her, and, if she liked him, I had no objection."

Mr. Cooper did not tell us (for of course he did not know)

how the Prince plied his wooing, nor why he failed. The fair Clementine, who thus, possibly, lost her chance of being an Empress, married Monsieur de Beaumont, and now represents her rejected admirer as the French ambassadress at the court of Austria. Shortly after this visit to Lafayette, Mr. Cooper was in London, and mentioned to the Princess Charlotte (the widow of the elder brother of the present President,) this venture of Prince Louis into the den of the Orleanists. "He is mad!" was the only reply. But the finger-post of "that way madness lies," does not always point truly. At any rate, there is a certain "method in his madness," for the same match between Imperialism and Republicanism has been the Prince's pursuit ever since, and the chances are that he will finally bring it about—Clementine's and other intermediate unbelievings, notwithstanding.

SCHROEDER AND FAY.

THE appointment of Mr. Schroeder as *Chargé d'Affaires* to Sweden, gives us that "threshold of commendation," by which we have long wished to enter upon the subject of FITNESS IN DIPLOMATIC APPOINTMENTS. Before generalizing upon the matter, let us say more definitely, to those of our readers who have not had the good fortune to meet Mr. Schroeder, that a better model for an incumbent of that particular office could be picked from no diplomatic school, even in Europe. With singular elegance of person and a temperament naturally courtly and gracious, Mr. Schroeder is, in the best sense of the phrase, "an accomplished man." He has had such an education as few young men get in this country; and, to the solid acquirements necessary in his profession as an engineer, are added a practical acquaintance with European languages—acquisitions such as are rarely made by gentlemen of leisure, in the arts and music—fine scholarship—and habitual familiarity with the forms of refined society. A lovely wife, who has been the charm of the brilliant circle of which her mother's house is the centre at Washington, will not be a trifling accessory to what the new *Chargé* takes with him to grace his office at the Court of

Sweden. We may well wish our country were always, and at every Court, to be as favourably represented.

The appointment alone of Minister to England might be kept, without objection, to serve its present purpose—a step of honor by which a Government Secretary could leave the Cabinet with dignity, or a shelf whereon a politician could be set aside as an honorary bust, when the plastic clay of his party influence stiffens beyond farther moulding. England knows our country well enough to make allowance for *any* manners in *any* man whom it was necessary for the American President thus to reward or get rid of. The language being the same too, the talent which had brought the new Minister to his eminent position at home, would be likely to come out in conversation; and force of character and originality of mind would be appreciated by English statesmen, even through the nasal accent, exaggerated phraseology, and newly-adopted manners, which would very likely be their accompaniments, in a purely political appointee.

The mission to France is also, perhaps, too important a gift to be taken away from party bestowal; and both this and the mission to England, from our important relations with these two countries, require men of sound judgment and some breadth of opinion and experience—though, to have our country represented at Paris by a man who does not fluently speak French, let his claims otherwise be what they may, is a discreditable possibility which we trust to Heaven our public sense of dignity will outgrow.

Allowing overruling reasons to make exceptions of these two Missions, however, the others, it seems to us, (and the Secretaryships of *all*,) should be given to those only who have the kind of education to enable them to perform their duties properly and gracefully. A knowledge of French, which is the diplomatic language all over the world, ought, in common decency, to be the *sine qua non* of eligibility. Good manners, presentable family, and such character as would make a man a desirable acquaintance in his own country, should also be indispensable; and, to make the offices worth accepting by such men, they should be permanent, or changeable only by promotions granted on the principles of professed diplomacy.

For all the emergencies of diplomatic transactions, elsewhere than in England and France, an easily acquired know-

ledge of International Law would abundantly suffice—or there is experienced counsel and legal advice to be had for the seeking-out, in any capital where there is a Court. But official duty is the least part of that for which a diplomatist is called upon. However few may see or have intercourse with him, his qualities are known throughout the country to which he is sent, and he stands for a type—(and a favorable type, too)—of his own country's civilization, intelligence, and manners. America particularly, which is so far away, is judged of by its diplomatic representatives; and, since the gaze of every country in the world is directed especially toward America by the pointing finger of emigration, the authenticated specimen which officially represents it, is looked upon with more critical examination even than the diplomatists of other countries; and the inferences of such scrutiny are by no means of trifling importance. Will the reader recall to mind some of the late applicants for Foreign Missions, and imagine them figuring in European capitals, as fair specimens of our country's best education and manners!

There are two languages necessary to a Foreign Minister or Chargé, without which he cannot discharge the duties of his office. His principal duty, of course, is to keep his own Government better advised than it can be by foreign newspapers, of the true state of the country he is sent to. The undercurrent of opinions, as expressed in the free and friendly conversations of society, is what he is officially bound to be acquainted with; and for this, we say, he requires two languages—the *French language* in the first place; and, in the second place, the *language of polished manners*, without which no one will exchange with him more than the most formal courtesies. But, besides this incapacity for official duty, there are awkwardnesses consequent upon an ignorance of the French language, which are a shame to the country that has sent out such an ignoramus. As compliments of course to any new American Minister, he is invited to a succession of dinners, given him by the Ambassadors of the different Powers of Europe. There is no language but French spoken at table—and there sits the guest of honor, blundering ludicrously if he tries to make a remark, misunderstanding ludicrously all that is said to him, or looking ludicrously like an idiot if he is entirely silent! It is a matter of form that he is invited to every large party, and he goes always to

Court receptions—standing about, every where, without a word to say, or talking so awkwardly that every one avoids him ; and it takes but a short time for such a man to become the laughing-stock of a foreign capital—as many an American Minister has been, under just these circumstances.

We wish our “appointing powers” could know how this Government is graced and honored in Prussia, by the courtly knowledge, high principled life, and winning manners of the Secretary of its Legation, and sometime Chargé, Theodore Fay. He and his admirable wife and sweet child, after twelve years’ residence in Berlin, are the beloved of that Court and capital,—no diplomatic family better known or more respected. In the month which we passed there, when last abroad, we became convinced that a character which would stand the test of long residence, superior personal qualities, and intellectual habits and tastes, were of far more importance than is generally supposed, in the diplomatic representation of a country. The respect with which Fay was met and treated, in all our many walks about Berlin—the evident partiality and affection felt for him by all classes, the deference shown him in society, and the consideration with which (as I learned from various competent authority) he was invariably treated at Court, could not but be advantageous to the estimate of America in that country, while, at the same time, such tribute was most creditable to himself. With such a Secretary, indeed, the injurious impression of even an unfavorable specimen of a Minister, would be partly neutralized.

We think there is already a leaning toward making our diplomacy, as it is in other nations, a regular profession. We are delighted with the appointment of Mr. Schroeder as a step towards it—for, as in the case of Theodore Fay, the admirable qualification for the office will create such reasonableness in his retaining it, that an Administration would not remove him except for promotion ; and this makes it at once into a profession which a prudent and high-minded gentleman might profitably adopt.

THE NEW PRIMA-DONNA, STEFFANONI.

WITH powers of attention overdone with extra labor, (preparing a book for the press, for which we venture deferentially to bespeak the favor of our readers, as well as indulgence for less of labor elsewhere,) we went to the opening performance of the Opera company from Havana. With so little likelihood to be pleased, seldom has one sat down to a play. Private advice that all the singers were suffering from the epidemic influenza, did not improve expectation. Patience protesting against the great delay in raising the curtain—ears objecting to the too noisy performance of the delicious overture—tenor annoying us with an ill-joined piecing out of his voice with a falsetto—were other clouds upon the horizon of our admiration, threatening to shut from us the brightness of the new-sprung star. Enter the Druidical priestess, at last—unexcited with any expectation of applause, apparently—very cold and very indifferent—decidedly a handsome woman, and probably trusting carelessly to that—better musical execution than we expected, but voice husky in the lower notes—throughout the first scene or two, in fact, dismally justifying unfavorable anticipations. We employed the time in analyzing the renowned loveliness of the fair Steffanoni. She is tall and large. Her face is one of those that would be frightful in daguerreotype, though beautiful in nature; not regular, but with that look of folded-up expression, as if capable of great beauty “if need were.” Her upper lip is unfinished on the inside, and, during impassive singing, does not play well upon the teeth—eyes small, as is apt to be true of impassioned women, and nose slightly turned-up, *idem*. Her walk was most majestic and unpremeditatedly graceful. Her arms and hands were admirably full, tapering, round and white; and the dimples on her fingers were of infantine depth and distribution. Arms managed with such unconscious grace and effect, we made up our mind from the first, we had seldom if ever before seen.

As the Druidess went on, and sang her invocation to the moon, it became gradually evident, we thought, that justice had not been done, by fore-running Fame, to the finish and

style of her musical conception and education. Without effort, and with a carelessness of effect that began to act like a charm upon us, she reached the full utterance and meaning of each passage, and her calm but thoughtful acting drew attention more and more from herself, and involved us in the interest of the play. It was not till the last scene of the first act, however, that she developed her powers with any startling effect. When the youthful priestess confessed to her superior that her vows had yielded to love, and the coming in of the Proconsul betrayed to Norma that it was he—the faithless father of her own children—with whom the erring one was preparing to fly,—then awoke suddenly the indolent genius of which we had seen but the look of possibility in her face,—and a great actress was before us. The voice threw off its hoarseness, the countenance its concealments, the form its languor. Those beautiful arms, bare from the shoulder, so gestured that the most trifling motion had its degree of language. Finer attitudes of reproach and lofty fury, of passionate pleading and abandonment to overwhelming denunciation, we think a painter could scarce invent. Her great beauty, and the singular fitness of her looks to the character, completed the illusion; and it was Norma that, with moved heart, we saw and pitied, not Steffanoni. At the dropping of the curtain, upon the unexpected and wonderful acting of this scene, the applause of the electrified audience was tumultuous.

How this delightful musical advent will wear, with the trials in other characters, we cannot say. Norma kept up her power throughout the remaining scenes of the Opera, and went off with a triumph to which there was no drawback or dissent. The fascinating reserve of power which there seems to be, even when most excited, promises well for other efforts, and we can only wonder, Steffanoni being what she shows herself in this trying character, that the trumpet of Fame had not more noised her coming and value.

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There is a French proverb which is worthy to be the “posy of a ring”—“*on ne peut trop s'humilier devant Dieu, ni trop braver les hommes*”—and, whatever may be the religious humility of Signor Marti and the Havanese company, they seem to have made the latter expediency, that of snubbing the public, their rule of professional conduct. And it takes.

The anecdotes that are afloat, of Steffanoni's empress-like caprices and Vesuvian demonstrations of will—the questions as to the Ariadne-necked Bosio's tractability—the certainty of Marini's being, with all his vim and vehemence, as *journalier* as the loveliest of women—the April-like caprices of the delicate he-and-she organ of Salvi—are all, we repeat, intensifications of the public interest in this Opera company, and we would give something to hear of one indignant component of the Public who has stayed away from Niblo's in consequence. No, sir! No, Madam! Obsequiousness is too much used in business in this country, (politeness and “drumming” being the up-town and down-town terms for the same commodity,) to be politic or captivating; and we like those best who have most the air of being able to do without us—many an old-fashioned axiom to the contrary notwithstanding. See the crowded houses, on the nights after our sovereign public has been put off, at three hours' warning, and reflect upon the things “put up with,” such as the bouquets that suffer from “hope deferred,” countermanded beaux, and general dislocation of the week's engagements!

We take back a little of the indifference we expressed last week, as to Steffanoni's performance in “La Favorita,” for we have since sat it out, and, though the first third of it is all spurts and attitudinizing, it mellows as it gets on. We had chanced never before to see the Opera except with the pussy-cat personation of Bertucca, and wooden-puppet playing of Forti, and it was hard to displace so unfortunate an impression. The Havanese Cleopatra, however, took up the composer's inspiration, at the point where the unhappy mistress of the King first feels true love for the husband to whom she has been given as a riddance, and, thence onward, through scorn and abandonment to forgiveness and death, she gave us the perfection of lyric tragedy, in overwhelming probability and truthfulness. She is a great woman, this Steffanoni! We were struck, by the way, with the exquisite letting-out of fold after fold of reserve, produced by the persevering acclamation of the audience at the close of the long solo, we think, in the second act. Thunder No. 1—she slightly and gravely curtesied with a simple look of “*I thank you.*” Thunder No. 2—she slightly spread her hands, and curtesied a little more proclivitously, with a look of “*I am glad you like it, but it would have been just as good if you had'nt.*” Thunder No. 3—

her features indolently relaxed, and she spread those well-moulded and beautiful arms a little farther, with a condescending look of "*You are my natural subjects, and I kindly receive your homage.*" Thunder and no end to it—and at last there came the indolent and reluctant smile—the curtsey was lowered to the point of overcome-itude—the magnificent arms spread and stood motionless at one graceful pose for a moment, and then—applause continuing—out turned, (like the leaves of a water-lily, blooming in a second, to the sun breaking through a cloud) those dimpled and tapering fingers, with the soft and white palm of her telegraphic hand, held for the first time, freely and affectionately open to the public. With an eighth of an inch of gesture, we never dreamed before that so much could be added to what had been already expressed, but it said, "*New York really begins to know me, at last, and I'll sing as I know how—so idolize away!*" And so we will, you superb and imperial creature!

FREDERIKA BREMER.

MISS BREMER left New York, in the glow of a second impression which had entirely superseded the first. By the dangerous experiment of displacing a glowing ideal by an unprepossessing reality—substituting the flesh and blood for the imaginary image—she seemed at first to be a sufferer. The slowness with which she spoke, and the pertinacity with which she insisted on understanding the most trifling remark made to her, a little dashed the enthusiasm of those who newly made her acquaintance. Further intercourse, however, brought out a quaint and quiet self-possession, a shrewd vein of playfulness, a quick observation, and a truly charming simplicity, which re-won all the admiration she had lost, and added, we fancy, even to the ideal of expectation. Those who have seen her most intimately pronounced her to be all goodness, truth, and nature, and she is (as far as our own observation goes,) a walking lesson of *manners of another school*, of which our own may well profit in the study.

LIEUT. WISE.—AUTHOR OF “LOS GRINGOS.”

CONVERSATIONAL literature, or books written as agreeable people talk, is the present fashion with authors and passion with readers. Herman Melville, with his cigar and his Spanish eyes, *talks* Typee and Omoo, just as you find the flow of his delightful mind on paper. Those who have only read his books know the man—those who have only seen the man have a fair idea of his books. Thackeray's novels are stenographed from his every-day rattle with his intimates. “Two Years before the Mast” is like a quiet, *tête-à-tête* yarn. “Kaloolah” carries you away with its un-literary reality. In writing a book, now-a-days, the less you “smell of the shop” the better it sells.

This is an exponent of the age. It is the “spirit of the time” to get rid of hindrances and “nonsense.” In diplomacy, straight-forwardness has stripped the artichoke of etiquette down to a palatable pith. In war men go to battle with the least cumbrous dress instead of the heaviest armor. In legislatures, he who is least of a rhetorician and comes quickest to the point, has the most influence. In society, late balls and formal suppers are yielding to early “receptions” and light entertainment. In dress, ceremony has quite given way to comfort and convenience. And last, (though most important, and to be alluded to with proper respect,) “Puseyism” is making an alarmed rally to protect, from this spirit of nudification, the imposing ceremonials of religion.

Hearts whose fibres spread through the world—minds that could make whole nations grateful—have been the privileged prerogatives, till now, of regular poets and authors. Genius, as shown in conversation, was limited to a sphere of listeners and personal acquaintance. A man might say more brilliant things in an hour than an author could put into the reading of two hours, yet the brilliant *talker* occupied but a circle of friends, and the less brilliant *author* occupied the universe. This unequal occupancy of space, honor, and control, (by authors ruling nations of thought, as by kings ruling nations of people,) was a monopoly which, in this free day, could be permitted no longer. Superiority of all kinds must have general recognition. Talkers must share the sceptre of Pen

and Ink. The world must be delighted with thought in its undress, and be content to yield its admiration as willingly to unclassic utterance of good things in print, as to utterance of good things in delightful conversation. The court-entrance at the *eye*, was made as free to all comers and costumes, as the unceremonious gateway of the *ear*.

Under this new franchise, numbers of gifted men, hitherto only known to their friends, are extending their acquaintance to the whole reading world. Any body who can talk agreeably to six, has only to put his thoughts down as he talks them, and he is as agreeable to ten thousand as he was to six. How often have we met persons with whose voice-born discourse we have been enchanted and wondered that, in a world of daguerreotypes and clairvoyance, such gifts could be imprisoned by the limit of vocal utterance!

The book whose name is at the head of this article is one of the most agreeable men in the world—put into print. “Wise, of the Navy,” (whom we name thus familiarly, because by this designation he will be delightedly recalled to memory by the most spirituelle circles in different cities of the Union,) has had for years a moveable Dickens-dom, bounded by every four walls that contained him and his friends. To all who are fortunate enough to enjoy his society—to a few at a time—he has given the pleasure that Dickens gives to millions, using carelessly, profusely and *jollily*, two or three of the rarest qualities of genius. For that power of unexpected parallelism, which brings together, suddenly and laughably, the most distant opposites in grotesque similitude—for the quick analysis of a thought or feeling which supplies material for wit—for the genial and irresistible humor which makes what people familiarize by the phrase, “the merriest fellow in the world”—we hardly know the equal of the author of “Los Gringos.” Mingled as these qualities are with the refinement of a high-bred gentleman, and singularly varied experience of the world as an officer and a traveller, they form a power for giving pleasure which it would have been a thousand pities not to universalize by literature.

To the tedium of ship-board we doubtless owe this conversational narrative which, for lack of better audiences, flowed out upon paper. The author's irrepressible gaiety would never have confined itself to pen and ink—on shore. He has used the leisure of his last professional cruise in the

Pacific, to scribble-talk over his adventures in out-of-the-way places; and though a cautious friend, who had the overhauling of the manuscript, crossed out some of its most characteristic and amusing passages, there is enough left to introduce the writer very fairly to the public. A gay man's views of the manners of the Society Islands—written boldly and merrily as they appeared to an adventurous young officer—could not be otherwise than amusing, even if written with far less talent. The great interest of the book, however, is the description of a most perilous "running of the gauntlet" across the Southern Continent in the time of the late war—Lieut. Wise having been sent, with secret dispatches, from the Pacific Squadron to the city of Mexico, and having traversed alone this twenty-five hundred miles forward and back, mostly on horseback, and with curiously varied adventure. In old times his performances on this duty would have made him a theme for the troubadours.

We shall give next week some extracts from this delightful book, "*Los Gringos*," (which we believe is a Spanish phrase, partially of reproach, and means foreigners who are in search of adventure,) and we stop for the present with commending it to the perusal of all who would know more of strange scenes and places, and who are curious, moreover, to know how life looks, in these its outskirts, to an unbaptized author and a *gentleman* of genius.

MADEMOISELLE ALBONI.

A GLIMPSE that we once had of this lady, who is the present "*rage*" in London, may possibly be worth mentioning to our friendly readers. We were passing a solitary day in Hamburgh, some three years ago—on our return to London from Berlin. The weather was vile, and after a weary morning of trudging through the dirty streets under an umbrella, we sat down to the table-d'hôte dinner of the Hotel, expecting no company but foreign clerks and supercargoes, and inclined to satisfy our hunger with shut eyes and ears. The soup was removed, when two persons entered whom we took at first sight to be rather flashy foreigners, and whom we should have guessed to be professed gamblers,

but that the landlord made room for them at the head of the table with more deference than is given to ordinary travellers. One was a slight dark-whiskered man with a moustache, not very prepossessing. The other was a fat and smooth-faced youth, with long hair parted on the middle of the head, fine teeth and fine eyes, an expression of the most sensuous joyousness, and the impulsive laugh of a child. The dress of the latter was rather theatrical, the shirt bosom elaborately worked and ruffled, collar turned down, cravat loose, and the waistcoat ready to burst its tightly drawn buttons with the most un-masculine fulness of the chest. A constant thrusting of the hands cavalierly into the trowsers pockets when not engaged in eating, an apparently complete unconsciousness of observation, and a readiness to laugh loud at the least encouragement, amused us in our idle looking-on, but, though beard there was none, we had no idea that the fat personage in the baggy-hipped pantaloons *was a woman!* We left the table as the merry mouth we had been looking at was taking the first puff of a cigar, and the next morning, as we were taking our departure, the landlord informed us that our jolly *vis-d-vis* was the celebrated Mademoiselle Alboni!

SIR WILLIAM DON.

BEFORE speaking of this gentleman's performance, we should confess to having gone to the Play with very erroneous impressions. The town chat wholly misrepresented what was to be looked for. A baronet's appearance as a theatrical "star" was, of course, matter for lively curiosity, and that his favorite line of characters should be the clowns of low comedy, was quite enough to give the new star a comet's equipment—of a *tale*. And, to the usual and invariable demurrer, ("the papers say so and so, but what is the *fact?*") the tale was told, viz.,—that Sir William was a London blasé, who had ruined himself with drink and dissipation, and, having shown a little talent over the bottle as a buffoon, he had slid over the horizon where the sun and other luminaries go to recuperate, and was trying the stage as a desperate extremity. The play advertised was the Comedy of

"Used-Up," and we took our seat in the parterre, sorry for the professional necessity which made it worth while for us to see what we erroneously presumed would be only a humiliating commentary on the title of the piece.

Curious enough (a phenomenon we scarce ever saw before)—the "house" was both very thin and very fashionable. The ladies who prefer "fast men" were there, in un-missing Pleiades. The belles who think for themselves—a sparse and glittering sprinkle of the Via Lactea—were brilliantly conspicuous. It looked well for the new comer that the twenty or thirty men who constitute the average maximum of presentable English in New York, seemed all to be there. The remainder of the audience might apparently have been divided between the press-ditti, the indigenous dandies, the sporting men, and a few innocent "strangers in town" who had come to see a live Baronet.

The supernumeraries dialogued up the attention of the audience, and in walked Sir William as "Sir Charles"—a Baronet representing a Baronet—and proceeded to picture the insufferableness of an unarousable platitude of sensation. The reader knows the play—turning on the exhaustion of the sensibilities for pleasure, and their renewal by a little wedlock and adversity. We began to think, after a few sentences—it was so perfectly like a scene in a real life—that Sir William was disgusted with his thin audience, and was simply repeating the part, in his own character, for form's sake. Meantime we had taken a look at the man.

Sir William—(as little as possible like the "used-up" Sir Charles of the play)—was an unusually tall specimen of health and adolescence, with that unexplainable certainty of a clean shirt and every pore open, which distinguishes those Englishmen to whom economy in washing has never been suggested. A clear eye; a remarkably thin and translucent nostril; a skin beneath whose fresh surface his wine, if he had ever drank any, had played the "Arethusa, coming never to the light;" singularly beautiful teeth, and a smile as new and easy as a girl's of sixteen; a long-leggedness that would have been awkward with anything but the unconsciousness of good blood; hands (the rarest accomplishment in the world) with every finger negligently at ease; perfect self-possession, and an Englishman's upper and lower nationalities, (long straps and chin in a voluminous parenthesis of shirt collar,)

were some of the particulars of the Sir William we were compelled to substitute for the one we had expected to see.

As we said before, Sir William seemed to have given up the idea of *acting*, and to be simply *walking through the part in his own character*. He received the gay widow who came in for charity, "proposed" to her for excitement, showed a lord-and-master's half awareness that his pretty little dependent foster-sister was in love with him, quizzed his companions, yawned and lounged—exactly as a gentleman in real life would do every one of these very things. In France, of course, this would be the perfection of acting. On the English and American stage, where nothing "brings down the house" but exaggeration and caricature, it is voted "slow," "tame," and "a failure," as we had heard it described.

But we have yet to speak of the *novelty for Americans*, that is to be found in the performances of this new star, viz:—the tone, accentuation and pronunciation of the English language, as spoken by gay, clever, high-born, and high-bred young Englishmen. We do not believe there could possibly be a finer example of this than in Sir William Don. Simple as it seems, and unconsciously as he does it, it is an art that must have been begun by a man's grandmother, at least, and cannot be learned in one generation. A vulgar nobleman (and there are such things) cannot do it. A man must have good taste, and conscious superiority, as well as good blood and conversance with the best society, to speak that quality of English. The playful but perfect justice to every consonant and vowel—an apparent carelessness governed by the classic correctness of Eton and Oxford—a clean-tongued and metallic delivery of cadences—a delicately judicious apotheosis of now and then a slang word—a piquant unexpectedness in the location of such tones as precede smiles or affectations of ignorance—a certain reluctance of the voice, as if following the thought superciliously—and, withal, a sort of absolute incapability of being disturbed or astonished into a variation of even a quarter of a tone—are among the component elements of this which we call an *art*, and which is, of all the tests of a man's quality in England, the most relied upon and the most unmistakeable. To most of those who hear Sir William Don, his nice excellence in this difficult art will seem only a *simple and natural way he has of speaking*; but, to

artistic ears and perceptions practised in travel, it will be a luxury indeed to hear him—(in parts, that is to say, where he personates a gentleman, and does not disguise his voice and accent). The way English is spoken by the men of mark in St. James's-street, is a Jenny-Lind-ism in its way—as inimitable as her copy of the articulation of “the blest”—and, if Sir William Don would confine himself to *high comedy*, and show us the gentleman only, he would, with his natural gift at imitation, and his evidently superior talent, make a special orbit of success for himself, while, at the same time, he gives us, in America, what nobody else on the stage is at all likely to treat us to.

PARODI'S LUCREZIA BORGIA.

FROM a Chevalier Bayard to a Don Quixote—from an “enterprising merchant” to a headstrong bankrupt—from a philanthropist to an egotist—from a saint to a hypocrite—from the finest eloquence to the flattest bombast, and from true poetry to terrible twaddle—are some of the thousand variations of that “one step” mentioned in the old proverb “from the sublime to the ridiculous.” The more we see of the “successes” of this world, the closer seems to us the neighborhood between every true thing and its counterfeit, and the more critical the risk of taking the wrong for the right one. We never saw a more even chance of “hit or miss” than in the acting of Parodi. In *Norma*, she made such a false extravaganza of the part, that we gave up all hope of being pleased with her—in *Lucrezia Borgia*, she played and sang most daringly and truthfully well. If we had seen her first in this her second performance, we should have received a very different impression from her *début*—eagerly looking for her next evening's brilliancy, as a star of the first magnitude, instead of dropping telescope, as we did, not to waste our astronomy on an *ignis fatuus* that we presumed would presently dissolve.

To treat our country readers to something new about Parodi, however—the critics having left all the adjectives in the language breathless with praising her—let us say a word or two upon the defect that is most apparent.

There are female physiognomies that would be improved by

a moustache ; but Parodi has an accidental need of one—over and above the common disadvantage which her sex experience from Nature's refusal of this trifle of peltry to their furniture of expression. Her upper lip, (long enough for all the uses of beauty in repose,) is too short for some of the expressions of tragedy, though this would be less observable if there were not a short-coming within as well as without—a failure, apparently, of the lubricating moisture, at moments of emotion, so that the lip, instead of sliding down into a look of fury or sorrow, is left "high and dry" above the teeth, *stranded immovably upon a smile!* How a moustache, which would cover this inaction of the upper lip, might improve the tragic power of Signorina Parodi, those who have looked into the advantages of this labial domino of our sex will easily understand. As it is, she seems, every now and then, strangely to depart from the consistency of what she represents, by an untimely introduction of a smile amid the most tragic gestures and music.

It was by chancing to have taken a seat very near the stage, that we alone discovered how completely and powerfully the play of the other features was tragic throughout ; and we think it worth while to guard those who see Parodi from a distance, against taking for smiles what are only the refusals of the agitated bivalve, dried with the fever of excitement, to close over the pearls meant to tempt the diver only in sunshine. While critics may sit near the stage, however, the public generally will still be at a distance, where this defect cannot but mislead ; and we should think, (by the way,) that an inactivity in a female lip is a defect that might be overcome. Those of us who have never suffered from torpidity in this particular muscle, can scarcely judge—but, more exercise for her upper lip, in some way that will make the vital fluid supply its secretions more promptly, should be urged upon Signorina Parodi, we venture respectfully to suggest.

Having thus mentioned, what, in the performance of Lucrezia Borgia, was the only point of objection worth naming, we need only express our entire concurrence in the admiration that has been showered upon this powerful actress and delicious singer by M. de Trobriand and other critics. Her voice is the very essence of the melody of passion—intense, edge-less, rich, liquid and intoxicating—a *curaçoa* among the wines of operatic voices. How her fright, on the

night of her first singing in Norma, could so have disguised this last named excellence, we cannot easily understand. We went, on Friday night, prepared neither for the voice nor the acting which, (without repeating the critical particulars given in other journals, we will simply say,) so *enchanted us*. The evening's sensations took us entirely by surprise. Though, even yet, it does not seem to be genius that she has. She is like a mill, whose expected current is low, but whose wheels are set in motion by a side brook, swelled with a storm in the mountains. Her intense capabilities of passion as a *woman* seem to have rushed into the channel of *genius*, and to have aroused to the uttermost every nerve and muscle by which genius would copy nature. Whether she will bring these same impulses to bear upon other Operas—what sort of "Elvira" she will be—we cannot feel sure. We should recommend to her not to try the "Sonnambula." But, as a "Lucrezia Borgia," Signorina Parodi, (we rejoice to be able to say,) must be allowed worthy of the mantle of Pasta.

* * * * *

Parodi in moustache and male attire, playing the Romeo to a Juliet's first appearance, has been a novelty by which the Opera has profited, lately—no seat being vacant except those of the very fashionable subscribers. Great interest was felt to see how the vehement prima donna would make love in hose and doublet, and she, at least, satisfied curiosity as to her probable idea of what energy is usually expected. She did it like a man. The absence of petticoats was no embarrassment to her usual locomotive unconsciousness, and, indeed, if her "means of getting over the ground" had been used to daylight all their lives, they could not have strided about with promptitude more easy and fearless. She played admirably, and sang—with that luscious satisfyingness to the ear, which a ripe apricot gives to the throat in a summer noon. So fruity and sensuous a voice we certainly never have heard, as this of Parodi. The low notes which are so remarkable, and which she seems to undervalue, (as people often undervalue their best gifts,) found their proper occasion under the hat and feathers of Romeo, and drew a murmur of delight from the audience, whenever they ploughed up the mellow cadences of adolescence for the ear of the blushing Juliet. We may add, by the way, that the moustache was very becoming to Parodi's short upper lip, though, perhaps, it is hardly evangelical to admire it—the

Bible declaring (Deuteronomy xxii. 5,) that "the woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man."

Of Miss Whiting, the debutante, the critics have left us nothing to say. She was dressed charmingly, looked pretty, sang correctly, and was vociferously applauded. The audience called her on the stage after each Act, and there was a hearty laugh at the consistent gallantry with which Parodi-Romeo picked up the bouquets and presented them lovingly to Juliet—half of them, at least, intended doubtless for herself. It was in these stoopings-down, by the way, that her movements made their only betrayal of the disguise—the knee-joints bending woman-esquely inwards instead of man-ishly outwards—in all other points the gallant prima donna acting as any gentleman would do in her place.

We were prepared, of course, with the rest of the audience, to feel very pensive over Juliet's entombment; but the resemblance of the sarcophagus to a cold French pie, caused a general smile, which was suddenly turned into a laugh when two attendants bustled in, like waiters at a hotel, and took off the cover for Romeo—disclosing apparently, a *demoiselle à la crème*, served up with the delicacy of things at a cook's window in Paris. The snowy white muslin, puffed up above the edges of the brown crust, looked really as if it might be taken up in spoonsful, and eaten, as "trifles" are.

The more we hear Parodi, the more we deplore the prospect of her return to Europe. We are certain that we shall have no one to fill her place—take her, altogether, as an actress, singer, and artist of indomitable energy and adaptability. She is a treasure worth taking some pains to keep this side the water.

TRUFFI.

MADAME TRUFFI-BENEDETTI has reappeared, and sang, in "Parisina," to a better house than most of those drawn by Parodi. She was enthusiastically applauded, and sang and played well—though she disappointed us, we must own, by not doing half she could do—a *retenu* which we trusted that matrimony and Parodi's example would have overcome. The secret of it is, we suspect, that she is too happy a woman.

There are closed fountains of tears that must be broken up, and place left for the deeper and angrier passions, before she can become possessed entirely by the spirit of tragedy. And yet, her capabilities are so visible! It is so manifest that the stuff [for a great actress and singer is in her! With her remarkable beauty of person, her other sufficient gifts could be so advantageously developed! Is there no chance of her being made unhappy enough to be qualified for the laurels that await her? Would not looser dresses, and a glass of champagne before coming upon the stage, give this superb bud of genius the impulse to unfold? Charming as she is, and many as are her admirers, Signora Truffi must be much more before her best appreciators will be contented.

EDGAR POE.

THE ancient fable of two antagonistic spirits imprisoned in one body, equally powerful and having the complete mastery by turns—of one man, that is to say, inhabited by both a devil and an angel—seems to have been realized, if all we hear is true, in the character of the extraordinary man whose name we have written above. Our own impression of the nature of Edgar Poe, differing, in some important degree, however, from that which has been generally conveyed in the notices of his death, let us, before telling what we personally know of him, copy a graphic and highly finished portraiture, from the pen of Dr. Rufus W. Griswold, which appeared in a recent number of the *Tribune* :—

"Edgar Allan Poe is dead. He died in Baltimore on Sunday, October 7th. This announcement will startle many, but few will be grieved by it. The poet was known, personally or by reputation, in all this country; he had readers in England, and in several of the states of Continental Europe; but he had few or no friends; and the regrets for his death will be suggested principally by the consideration that in him literary art has lost one of its most brilliant but erratic stars."

* * * * *

"His conversation was at times almost supra-mortal in its eloquence. His voice was modulated with astonishing skill, and his large and variably expressive eyes looked repose or shot fiery tumult into theirs who listened, while his own face glowed, or was changeless in pallor, as

his imagination quickened his blood or drew it back frozen to his heart. His imagery was from the worlds which no mortals can see but with the vision of genius. Suddenly starting from a proposition, exactly and sharply defined in terms of utmost simplicity and clearness, he rejected the forms of customary logic, and by a crystalline process of accretion, built up his ocular demonstrations in forms of gloomiest and ghastliest grandeur, or in those of the most airy and delicious beauty—so minutely and distinctly, yet so rapidly, that the attention which was yielded to him was chained till it stood among his wonderful creations—till he himself dissolved the spell, and brought his hearers back to common and base existence, by vulgar fancies or exhibitions of the ignoblest passion.

"He was at all times a dreamer—dwelling in ideal realms—in heaven or in hell—peopled with the creatures and the accidents of his brain. He walked the streets, in madness or melancholy, with lips moving in indistinct curses, or with eyes upturned in passionate prayer (never for himself, for he felt, or professed to feel, that he was already damned, but) for their happiness who at the moment were objects of his idolatry;—or, with his glances introverted to a heart gnawed with anguish, and with a face shrouded in gloom, he would brave the wildest storms; and all night, with drenched garments and arms beating the winds and rains, would speak as if to spirits that at such times only could be evoked by him from the Aidenn close by whose portrait his disturbed soul sought to forget the ills to which his constitution subjected him—close by the Aidenn where were those he loved—the Aidenn which he might never see, but in fitful glimpses, as its gates opened to receive the less fiery and more happy natures whose destiny to sin did not involve the doom of death.

"He seemed, except when some fitful pursuit subjugated his will and engrossed his faculties, always to bear the memory of some controlling sorrow. The remarkable poem of *The Raven* was probably much more nearly than has been supposed, even by those who were very intimate with him, a reflection and an echo of his own history. He was that bird's

" — Unhappy master,
Whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster,
Till his songs the burden bore—
Till the dirges of his hope, the
Melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never, never-more.'"

"Every genuine author in a greater or less degree leaves in his works, whatever their design, traces of his personal character; elements of his immortal being, in which the individual survives the person. While we read the pages of the *Fall of the House of Usher*, or of *Mesmeric Revelations*, we see in the solemn and stately gloom which invests one, and in the subtle metaphysical analysis of both, indications of the idiosyncracies—of what was most remarkable and peculiar—in the author's intellectual nature. But we see here only the better

phases of his nature, only the symbols of his juster action, for his harsh experience had deprived him of all faith in man or woman. He had made up his mind upon the numberless complexities of the social world, and the whole system with him was an imposture. This conviction gave a direction to his shrewd and naturally unamiable character. Still, though he regarded society as composed altogether of villains, the sharpness of his intellect was not of that kind which enabled him to cope with villainy, while it continually caused him by overshots to fail of the success of honesty. He was in many respects like Francis Vivian in Bulwer's novel of "The Caxtons." Passion, in him, comprehended many of the worst emotions which militate against human happiness. You could not contradict him, but you raised quick choler; you could not speak of wealth, but his cheek paled with gnawing envy. The astonishing natural advantages of this poor boy—his beauty, his readiness, the daring spirit that breathed around him like a fiery atmosphere—had raised his constitutional self-confidence into an arrogance that turned his very claims to admiration into prejudices against him. Irascible, envious—bad enough, but not the worst, for these salient angles were all varnished over with a cold repellent cynicism, his passions vented themselves in sneers. There seemed to him no moral susceptibility; and, what was more remarkable in a proud nature, little or nothing of the true point of honour. He had, to a morbid excess, that desire to rise which is vulgarly called ambition, but no wish for the esteem or the love of his species; only the hard wish to succeed—not shine, not serve—succeed, that he might have the right to despise a world which galled his self-conceit.

"We have suggested the influence of his aims and vicissitudes upon his literature. It was more conspicuous in his later than in his earlier writings. Nearly all that he wrote in the last two or three years—including much of his best poetry—was in some sense biographical; in draperies of his imagination, those who had taken the trouble to trace his steps, could perceive, but slightly concealed, the figure of himself.

"There are, perhaps, some of our readers who will understand the allusions of the following beautiful poem. Mr. Poe presented it in MS. to the writer of these paraphrasis, just before he left New York, recently, remarking that it was the last thing he had written:

ANNABEL LEE.

"It was many and many a year ago,

In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;

And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

"I was a child and she was a child,

In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee—

With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

" And this was the reason that, long ago,
 In this kingdom by the sea,
 A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
 My beautiful Annabel Lee;
 So that her high-born kinsmen came
 And bore her away from me,
 To shut her up in a sepulchre
 In this kingdom by the sea.

" The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
 Went envying her and me—
 Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
 In this kingdom by the sea)
 That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
 Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

" But our love, it was stronger by far than the love
 Of those who were older than we—
 Of many far wiser than we—
 And neither the angels in heaven above
 Nor the demons down under the sea,
 Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

" For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
 And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:
 And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
 Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
 In her sepulchre there by the sea—
 In her tomb by the sounding sea."

Apropos of the disparaging portion of the above well-written sketch, let us truthfully say:—

Some four or five years since, when editing a daily paper in this city, Mr. Poe was employed by us, for several months, as critic and sub-editor. This was our first personal acquaintance with him. He resided with his wife and mother, at Fordham, a few miles out of town, but was at his desk in the office, from nine in the morning till the evening paper went to press. With the highest admiration for his genius, and a willingness to let it atone for more than ordinary irregularity, we were led by common report to expect a very capricious attention to his duties, and occasionally a scene of violence and difficulty. Time went on, however, and he was invariably punctual and industrious. With his pale, beautiful and intellectual face, as a reminder of what genius was in him, it was impossible, of course, not to treat him always with

deferential courtesy, and, to our occasional request that he would not probe too deep in a criticism, or that he would erase a passage colored too highly with his resentments against society and mankind, he readily and courteously assented—far more yielding than most men, we thought, on points so excusably sensitive. With a prospect of taking the lead in another periodical, he, at last, voluntarily gave up his employment with us, and, through all this considerable period, we had seen but one presentment of the man—a quiet, patient, industrious and most gentlemanly person, commanding the utmost respect and good feeling by his unvarying deportment and ability.

Residing as he did in the country, we never met Mr. Poe in hours of leisure ; but he frequently called on us afterwards at our place of business, and we met him often in the street—invariably the same sad-mannered, winning and refined gentleman, such as we had always known him. It was by rumor only, up to the day of his death, that we knew of any other development of manner or character. We heard, from one who knew him well, (what should be stated in all mention of his lamentable irregularities,) that, with a *single glass* of wine, his whole nature was reversed, the demon became uppermost, and, though none of the usual signs of intoxication were visible, his *will* was palpably insane. Possessing his reasoning faculties in excited activity, at such times, and seeking his acquaintances with his wonted look and memory, he easily seemed personating only another phase of his natural character, and was accused, accordingly, of insulting arrogance and bad-heartedness. In this reversed character, we repeat, it was never our chance to see him. We know it from hearsay, and we mention it in connection with this sad infirmity of physical constitution ; which puts it upon very nearly the ground of a temporary and almost irresponsible insanity.

The arrogance, vanity, and depravity of heart, of which Mr. Poe was generally accused, seem, to us, referable altogether to this reversed phase of his character. Under that degree of intoxication which only acted upon him by demonizing his sense of truth and right, he doubtless said and did much that was wholly irreconcilable with his better nature ; but, when himself, and as we knew him only, his modesty and unaffected humility, as to his own deservings, were

a constant charm to his character. His letters (of which the constant application for autographs has taken from us, we are sorry to confess, the greater portion) exhibited this quality very strongly. In one of the carelessly written notes of which we chance still to retain possession, for instance, he speaks of "The Raven"—that extraordinary poem which electrified the world of imaginative readers, and has become the type of a school of poetry of its own—and, in evident earnest, attributes its success to the few words of commendation with which we had prefaced it in this paper. It will throw light on his sane character to give a literal copy of the note:—

"Fordham, April 20, 1849.

"My dear Willis:—The poem which I enclose, and which I am so vain as to hope you will like, in some respects, has been just published in a paper for which sheer necessity compels me to write now and then. It pays well as times go—but unquestionably it ought to pay ten prices; for whatever I send it, I feel I am consigning to the tomb of the Capulets. The verses accompanying this, may I beg you to take out of the tomb, and bring them to light in the Home Journal? If you can oblige me so far as to copy them, I do not think it will be necessary to say 'From the —'—that would be too bad—and, perhaps, 'From a late — paper' would do.

"I have not forgotten how a 'good word in season' from you made 'The Raven' and made 'Ulalume' (which, by-the-way, people have done me the honor of attributing to you), therefore I *would* ask you (if I dared) to say something of these lines—if they please you.

"Truly yours ever,

"EDGAR A. POE."

In double proof—of his earnest disposition to do the best for himself, and of the trustful and grateful nature which has been denied him—we give another of the only three of his notes which we chance to retain:—

"Fordham, January 22, 1848.

"My dear Mr. Willis:—I am about to make an effort at re-establishing myself in the literary world, and *feel* that I may depend upon your aid.

"My general aim is to start a Magazine, to be called "*The Stylus*." but it would be useless to me, even when established, if not entirely out of the control of a publisher. I mean, therefore, to get up a Journal which shall be *my own*, at all points. With this end in view, I must get a list of at least five hundred subscribers to begin with—nearly two hundred I have already. I propose, however, to go South and West among my personal and literary friends—old college and West Point acquaintances—and see what I can do. In order to get the means of taking the first step, I propose to lecture at the Society Library, on Thursday, the 3rd of February—and, that there may be no

cause of *squabbling*, my subject shall not be *literary* at all. I have chosen a broad text—'The Universe.'

"Having thus given you *the facts* of the case, I leave all the rest to the suggestions of your own tact and generosity. Gratefully—*most gratefully*—

"Your friend always,

"EDGAR A. POE."

Brief, and chance-taken, as these letters are, we think they sufficiently prove the existence of the very qualities denied to Mr. Poe—humility, willingness to persevere, belief in another's kindness, and capability of cordial and grateful friendship. Such he assuredly was, *when sane*. Such only he has invariably seemed to us, in all we have happened personally to know of him, through a friendship of five or six years. And so much easier is it to believe what we have seen and known, than what we *hear of* only, that we remember him but with admiration and respect—these descriptions of him, when *morally insane*, seeming to us like portraits, painted in sickness, of a man we have only known in health.

But there is another, more touching, and far more forcible evidence that there *was goodness* in Edgar Poe. To reveal it, we are obliged to venture upon the lifting of the veil which *sacredly* covers grief and refinement in poverty—but we think it may be excused, if, so, we can brighten the memory of the poet, even were there not a more needed and immediate service which it may render to the nearest link broken by his death.

Our first knowledge of Mr. Poe's removal to this city was by a call which we received from a lady who introduced herself to us as the mother of his wife. She was in search of employment for him, and she excused her errand by mentioning that he was ill, that her daughter was a confirmed invalid, and that their circumstances were such as compelled her taking it upon herself. The countenance of this lady, made beautiful and saintly with an evidently complete giving up of her life to privation and sorrowful tenderness, her gentle and mournful voice urging its plea, her long-forgotten but habitually and unconsciously refined manners, and her appealing and yet appreciative mention of the claims and abilities of her son, disclosed at once the presence of one of those angels upon earth that women in adversity can be. It was a hard fate that she was watching over. Mr. Poe wrote with fastidious difficulty, and in a style too much above the popular level to be well paid. He was always in pecuniary difficulty,

and, with his sick wife, frequently in want of the merest necessities of life. Winter after winter, for years, the most touching sight to us, in this whole city, has been that tireless minister to genius, thinly and insufficiently clad, going from office to office with a poem, or an article on some literary subject, to sell—sometimes simply pleading in a broken voice that he was ill, and begging for him—mentioning nothing but that “he was ill,” whatever might be the reason for his writing nothing—and never, amid all her tears and recitals of distress, suffering one syllable to escape her lips that could convey a doubt of him, or a complaint, or a lessening of pride in his genius and good intentions. Her daughter died a year and a half since, but she did not desert him. She continued his ministering angel—living with him—caring for him—guarding him against exposure, and, when he was carried away by temptation, amid grief and the loneliness of feelings unreprieved to, and awoke from his self-abandonment prostrated in destitution and suffering, *begging* for him still. If woman’s devotion, born with a first love and fed with human passion, hallow its object, as it is allowed to do, what does not a devotion like this—pure, disinterested and holy as the watch of an invisible spirit—say for him who inspired it?

We have a letter before us, written by this lady, Mrs. Clemm, on the morning in which she heard of the death of this object of her untiring care. It is merely a request that we would call upon her, but we will copy a few of its words—sacred as its privacy is—to warrant the truth of the picture we have drawn above, and add force to the appeal we wish to make for her:—

* * “I have this morning heard of the death of my darling Eddie.
 * * Can you give me any circumstances or particulars. * * *
 Oh I do not desert your poor friend in this bitter affliction. * *
 Ask Mr. — to come, as I must see him to deliver a message to him
 from my poor Eddie. * * I need not ask you to notice his death
 and to speak well of him. I know you will. But say what an affectionate son he was to me, his poor desolate mother. * * *”

To hedge round a grave with respect, what choice is there, between the relinquished wealth and honors of the world, and the story of such a woman’s unrewarded devotion! Risking what we do, in delicacy, by making it public, we feel—other reasons aside—that it betters the world to make known that there are such ministrations to its erring and

gifted. What we have said will speak to some hearts. There are those who will be glad to know how the lamp, whose light of poetry has beamed on their far-away recognition, was watched over with care and pain—that they may send to her, who is more darkened than they by its extinction, some token of their sympathy. She is destitute and alone. If any, far or near, will send to us what may aid and cheer her through the remainder of her life, we will joyfully place it in her hands.

We have occupied so much room that we defer speaking critically of Mr. Poe's writings, as we intended to do when we sat down, and this, and some more minute details of biography, we shall hope to find time for hereafter.

MR. WHIPPLE.

THE size of parcels of thought is subject to fashion, in a way that is curiously irrational. There was a time when the "Essay" was the only shape of literature in vogue. Subjects which it takes a whole book to treat, suffered *then*, as subjects suffer *now* which are spread into two-volume novels, though only properly the stuff for an Essay. An accidental novelty of our time, the delivery of "Lectures," has fortunately restored the obsolete thought shape of Essay, and to it we owe the delightful book before us, which would have made the author a brilliant reputation in the days of Addison and the *Spectator*.

The most precious philosophy of life and nicest observation is often buried deep in the brain of a merchant, or a business man, unused, because to produce it would be "to write a book," and that is too much of an undertaking. Intellect is a sea of which books are but the chance-named inlets formed by the shaping of the shore—but we are apt to forget that there are boundless deeps of as bright water, only nameless because not separated and imprisoned within traceable limits. How many men there are, for whom the smoke of a cigar creates a medium of thought, and, while a friend listens and the white clouds cluster and thin away, they will give shape to clear-sighted generalizations on human action, pierce motives, glance far ahead to probabilities, and, in fact, give

all of an Essay but the inking over of the words to preserve them! Such men are in every community, and it should be (if we may make a suggestion we have often thought of making) the business of "Lyceums" and "Lecture Committees" to procure *for many* what these thinkers give to *one*—to look up the men who have "views of their own," and offer them inducements to lecture. In this way the public would get at something which were else lost, and something original and new—whereas, by the lectures of professed authors, they only get some slight variation of the thoughts they find in books and newspapers.

The positive day or the positive night of a subject is easy to handle; but there are dawns and twilights of transition, in all subjects, which it requires the discrimination of a master to define and pourtray, and these are the regions for Essay-writing. The choice of subjects in the volume before us shows that Mr. Whipple has thus chosen his topics from matters of most difficult analysis:—"Intellectual Health and Disease," "Authors in their Relations to Life," "Wit and Humor," "The Ludicrous Side of Life," "Genius," &c. He is, as our readers probably know, a business man, who does his thinking "on the Rialto," and as an aside from commerce; but, as those who read these Essays will see, he has the keen insight and philosophic comprehension which would have coursed well in any harness of literature. Boston should be proud of such an Essayist among her merchants.

GEORGE P. MORRIS, THE SONG WRITER.

[THE following letter was written to Mr. Graham, in compliance with a request for a written sketch of Morris, (the author's partner in the editorship of the Home Journal) to accompany a portrait of him, published in Graham's Magazine:—]

MY DEAR SIR:—To ask me for my idea of Morris, is like asking the left hand's opinion of the dexterity of the right. I have lived so long with the "Brigadier"—known him so intimately—worked so constantly at the same rope, and thought so little of ever separating from him, (except by precedence of ferryage over the Styx,) that it is hard to shove

him from me to the perspective distance—hard to shut my own partial eyes and look at him through other people's. I will try, however, and, as it is done with but one foot off from the treadmill of my ceaseless vocation, you will excuse both abruptness and brevity.

Morris is the best known poet of the country, by acclamation, not by criticism. He is just what poets would be if they sang, like birds, without criticism; and it is a peculiarity of his fame, that it seems as regardless of criticism, as a bird in the air. Nothing can stop a song of his. It is very easy to say that they are easy to do. They have a momentum, somehow, that it is difficult for others to give, and that speeds them to the far goal of popularity—the best proof consisting in the fact, that he can, at any moment, get fifty dollars for a song unread, when the whole remainder of the American Parnassus could not sell one to the same buyer for a shilling.

It may, or may not, be one secret of his popularity, but it is the truth—that Morris's heart is at the level of most other people's, and his poetry flows out by that door. He stands breast-high in the common stream of sympathy, and the fine oil of his poetic feeling goes from him upon an element it is its nature to float upon, and which carries it safe to other bosoms, with little need of deep-diving or high-flying. His sentiments are simple, honest, truthful, and familiar; his language is pure and eminently musical, and he is prodigally full of the poetry of every-day feeling. These are days when poets try experiments; and, while others succeed by taking the world's breath away by flights and plunges, Morris uses his feet to walk quietly with nature. Ninety-nine people in a hundred, taken as they come in the census, would find more to admire in Morris's songs than in the writings of any other American poet; and that is a parish in the poetical episcopate well worthy a wise man's nurture and prizing.

As to the man—Morris, my friend—I can hardly venture to "burn incense on his moustache," as the French say—write his praises under his very nose—but, as far off as Philadelphia, you may pay the proper tribute to his loyal nature and manly excellences. His personal qualities have made him universally popular, but this overflow upon the world does not impoverish him for his friends. I have outlined a true poet, and a fine fellow—fill up the picture to your liking.

Yours, very truly, N. P. WILLIS.

GEO. R. GRAHAM, Esq.

IRVING.

WE spoke, the other day, of Geoffrey Crayon's having once more consented to sit for his picture. Mr. Martin has just finished it, and we fancy there has seldom been a more felicitous piece of work. It is not only like Irving, but like his books—and, though he looks as his books read (which is true of few authors)—and looks like the name of his cottage, Sunnyside—and looks like what the world thinks of him—yet a painter might have missed this look, and still have made what many would consider a likeness. He sits, leaning his head on his hand, with the genial, unconscious, courtly composure of expression that he habitually wears, and still there is visible the couchant humor and philosophical inevitableness of perception, which form the strong undercurrent of his genius. The happy temper and the strong intellect of Irving—the joyously indolent man and the arousably brilliant author—are both there. As a picture, it is a fine specimen of art. The flesh is most skilfully crayoned, the pose excellent, the drawing apparently effortless and yet nicely true, and the air altogether Irving-y and gentlemanlike. If well engraved we have him—delightful and famous Geoffrey—as he lives, as he is thought to live, as he writes, as he talks, and as he ought to be remembered.

JENNY LIND.

THERE is great competition to be the painter of Jenny Lind. Mr. Barnum, we understand, has engaged a portrait for his palace of Iranistan, and we are permitted to mention only the fact—not the artist. The applications are numerous for the honor of limning her admired countenance. We should suppose Garbeille might make a charming statuette of Jenny Lind *curtsying*. It is then that she is most unlike anybody else, and, where character is to be seized, Garbeille is the master. George Flagg is admirable at cabinet portraits, (half the size of life,) and has lately finished one of Fanny Kemble, which is a superb piece of design and colour. He would paint her well.

It seems to us that no one, of the dozen engravings purporting to represent Jenny Lind, has any reasonable likeness to her, as we have seen her. And, indeed, the longer we live, the more we are convinced that people see the same features very differently, and that one face may make two as different impressions on two beholders, as if they had been all the while looking on two different faces. To our notion, Jenny Lind has never been painted truly. We have seen fifty likenesses of her—in Germany, France, England, and Nassau-street—and the picture in our mind's eye is the likeness of quite another woman.

The truth is that God never yet lit the flame of a great soul in a dark lantern; and, though the divine lamp burning within Jenny Lind may not be translucent to *all* eyes, it is to others perfectly visible through the simple windows of her honest face, and *could be painted*—by any artist who could see past the putty on the sash. Her *living features* seem to us illuminated with an expression of honest greatness, sublimely simple and unconscious, and in no *picture* of her do we see any trace of this. It is a face, to our eye, of singular beauty—beauty that goes past one's eye and is recognized within—and the pictures of her represent the plainest of common-place girls. Why, a carpenter's estimate, with the inches of her nose, cheeks, lips, and eyes, all cyphered upon a shingle, would be as true a likeness of her as most of these engravings. Have we no American artist who can give us Jenny Lind's face *with its expression*?

* * * *

We were pained to see, when the fair songstress came forward to the lights, that her fatigues, for the past two or three weeks, had made their mark upon her. She looked pale and worn, and her step and air were saddened and unelastic. This continued even to the end of her second performance, and we began to have apprehensions that she was too indisposed to be equal to her evening's task. But, with the cavatina from the Sonnambula, the inspiration came. She sang it newly to our ear. It seemed as if she had heretofore sung always with a reserve of power. This was the first time that she had seemed (to us) to give in to the character, and allow her soul to pour its impassioned tenderness fully upon the dramatic burthen of the music. Could any one who heard that overpowering flood of heart-utterance, (conveying the mournfulness of a wrongfully accused woman, singing in her

dream,) doubt afterwards the fervor and intensity of the nature of Jenny Lind? More eloquent and passionate sounds came never from human lips, we are well persuaded. If she ever lacks in the "passionateness" called for by Italian music, or suffers by comparison with Grisi and others in this respect, we shall believe hereafter that it is only because she cannot consent to embark passionateness on the tide of the character she represents. A Lucrezia Borgia's "passion," for example, she would not portray with a full abandonment—a Sonnam-bula's, she would. Her capability of expressing feeling—pure feeling—to its uttermost depth and elevation, is beyond cavil, it seems to us.

We found, after Jenny Lind had gone from the city, on her first visit, that we retained no definite remembrance of her features. We had nothing by which we could assure ourselves whether one likeness was more true than another; and indeed no one of them—not even a daguerreotype—was reasonably like our *feeling* of what a likeness should be. We determined this time first to study the lineaments by themselves, and then, if possible, to see how so marvellous a transformation was brought about, as is necessary to present to the eye her frequent looks of inspiration and even of exalted beauty. Our close scrutiny satisfied us, that it is only by looking at her features separately, that any degree of truthfulness can be found in the daguerreotype likenesses which have been published. The *entire look*, taken in connection with the rest of her figure, though she only stands before the audience waiting the completion of the prelude to her song, represents a totally different image from the one your mind has received by looking at her picture. It is fortunate that it is so—careless as she is about letting any body picture her as he pleases. She comes to every eye with a new impression. All the engravings in the world do not anticipate for you any portion of the novelty of a first sight of her. So, as long as she sings, there will be no exhaustion to the freshness of her impression upon audiences.

Heavy as Jenny Lind's features are, there is no superfluity in repose which does not turn out to have been very necessary to the expression in excitement. That so massive a nose can have the play of the thin nostrils of a race-horse, is one of the startling discoveries you make, in watching her as she sings. Her eyes are, perhaps, beautiful at all times—and it struck us

as their peculiarity that they never become staggered with her excitement. From the highest pitch of rapt bewilderment for the listener those large steadfast eyes return to their serene, lambent, fearless earnestness—as if *there* sat the angel intrusted with the ministry she is exercising, and heaven lay in calm remembrance behind them. And the same rallying power is observable in the action of the under lip, which contorts with all the pliability and varying beauty of the mouth of the Tragic Muse, and, from its expressive curves, resumes its dignity of repose, with an ease and apparent unconsciousness of observation that is well worthy of study by player or sculptor. It is curious how, in all the inspired changes of this mobile physiognomy, its leading imprint of an utter simplicity of goodness is never lost. She does not *sublimate* away from it. Through the angel of rapt music, as through the giver of queenly bounties, is seen honest Jenny Lind. She looks forever true to the ideal for which the world of common hearts has consented to love her.

FASHION AND INTELLECT IN NEW YORK.

How to add the genius of New York to the society which exercises its gaieties and hospitalities is a problem, to the solution of which, as our readers know, we have once or twice put out preparatory feelers. Knowing as we do that there is resident in New York material for as intellectual, sparkling, and brilliant a society as exists in the world—and that this material is wholly unsought, and almost wholly unrepresented, in the circles most courted by inhabitants and most seen by strangers—we feel as if the excellent stones, which worthily form the base of high civilization, were being forgetfully continued into the superstructure; and that it is time to suggest the want, of such as are chiselled, to carry out the upper design of social architecture—to build fitly into its columns, and point its pinnacles and arches.

New York (we mention it as a matter of news) is rich in delightful people. What we mean by “delightful people” cannot well be conveyed in one definition; but they may be loosely described as those who *think new* as they talk, and do

not *talk stale* as they echo or remember. There are such in all professions—merchants, who slip Wall-street from their tongues and faces as they pass Bleecker, going home—lawyers who put on and take off 'cuteness and suspiciousness with their office-coat—politicians whose minds, though only one-eared for politics, will open both ears to anything else—fresh-minded and thought-recognizing men, of every kind of business—but they are rather less than more valued by their own sex for being thus much "above their business," and there is no recompensing preference of them (shall we say it?) by the society standards of our "fashionable women." They are a kind of men, too, who will go nowhere "through a stooping door," and whom Society must seek. Consequently—like the classes formed *altogether* by predominance in intellectual qualities—they are "not in society."

We refer in this last sentence to those whose success (in their pursuit for a livelihood) depends on being more gifted than other men with the rarer and higher faculties of the mind—artists, authors, journalists, architects, professional scholars, and musical and dramatic celebrities. There are enough of these at any one time, in New York, to furnish every party that is given—every circle that meets, in any shape—with its fair, or European, proportion of taste and intellect. But the fashionable world is almost entirely without "this little variety" of citizen—for, artists, authors, journalists, "stars," and that sort of people, (as any young lady with a two-thousand-dollar necklace will tell you,) are "not in society."

It is not that the door is shut very tight, by the Pocket Aristocracy, against these aristocrats of the brain, but various small causes combine to keep it closed. The master of a new-made fortune, for instance, is very apt to feel, like Milton's Satan, that it is

"Better to rule in Hell than serve in Heaven,"

and he willingly invites no class of persons to his house, by whom his ostentation will be undervalued, or whose critical eyes will be likely to see a want of harmony between house and owner. The mistress of a fashionable house, on the other hand, is by no means sure enough of her position to run any risks; and though she is educated, as her husband is not, and would very much prefer an intellectual man as a chance companion in a stage-coach, she cannot venture to dull the "stylish

air" of her party by the presence of any one ill-drest—any one that the dandies might mention slightly as one of "the sort of people that were there"—nor any one who does not visit certain families to whose level she aspires. The unmarried daughters are very young, and if they have any voice in the matter, they prefer the best-gloved, best waltzing-partners, and the beaux who are likeliest to "have a team of their own" at Newport or Saratoga.

These, and twenty other reasons, prevent intellectual men from *being sought* by the recognized Upper Society of New York; and as Intellect keeps modestly back—partly from being able, usually, to make no return of hospitality, and partly from having too much pride to run any hazard of mortification—they will not *seek it*, as Vulgarity will; and the chances are, that the two Aristocracies of Brain and Pocket will not, by any "natural course of things" come together, in this our day and generation.

Of the two sides of a door, the comparative pleasantness is, of course, a matter of opinion; and the *outside* of a coarse millionaire's would be easily voted, by intellectual men, that of the best society, *but* that charming women, divine music, costly flowers and lights, pictures and statuary, are on the *inside*, with the Money. There is no doubt, therefore, in the mind of any man of sense, that the inside of a rich man's door is desirable, whether he is, or is not, himself, the drawback to its agreeableness. It is an object, we presume, quite worthy of advocacy in print, to bring about a freedom of the halls of Cræsus to Intellect; to open the enchantments of Wealth—the treasures of Art which it collects, the music and perfume which it buys, and the beauty, grace and polish which it brings together—to the class which, of these luxuries, has a thousand-fold the highest appreciation. This has been done in other countries. It should be done in America—though, in our kaleidoscope reverses and somersets of position, the proper influence must be brought perpetually to bear on men of new-made respectability and fortunes. But, let us venture to suggest an idea for the quicker pose of the wanting figure of Intellect upon our statue-less pedestal of Wealth.

Till the society of men and women of talent is more attractive than its own—or, at least, till they have graces and attractions, among themselves, that it would willingly borrow—Fashion will never trouble itself to seek guests among those

superior to itself by nature. What we want is what they have in Paris—a society separate from fashion—the admission to which would be a compliment to the quality of a man—which would give its entertainments with humbler surroundings, but with wit, sparkle, and zest unknown to the japonicas and diamonds—a freer society as to etiquette and dress—and a circle of which the power to contribute to its pleasure and brilliancy would be the otherwise un-catechised pass. Vice and vicious people need not necessarily belong to this circle, as they do possibly to the “artistic circles” of Paris. Though the manners are freer in these entertainments than in the drawing-rooms of titled society, there is nothing which could offend propriety; and gaiety by this freedom is but stripped of its unmeaning trammels. As we said before, New York is rich in delightful people—just the people for the formation of a rival aristocracy of mind. There are beautiful, accomplished and gifted women, who are known singly to artists and authors, journalists and scholars; and who would come where they might meet these fresh-minded men—women who at present have no sphere in which they can shine, but who are as capable, perhaps, as the most brilliant belles of society, of the charming interchanges for which the sex is worshipped. There are dramatic artists, musical stars, foreigners of taste, looking for a society of mind, critics, poets, and strangers of eminence from other cities—all of whom might combine with the superior men among our lawyers, merchants and politicians, and form a new level of intercourse, of which New York is at this moment capable, and which would soon compare favorably in interest and excitement, with the most fascinating circles abroad.

To such an arena for mind, taste and beauty only—we repeat—Fashion would soon come and beg to “splinter a lance,” and thus, by *rivalry and not by favor*, might the door of Wealth be thrown open to those superior by nature.

WANT OF MARRIED BELLES IN AMERICAN SOCIETY.

Duke.—"For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour.

Viola.—"And so they are: alas that it is so—
To die ev'n when they to perfection grow!"
Twelfth Night.

LET us shape out a similitude to outline first a little, what we have to say:—

Our entrance to this life and our entrance to the next, are the dawns of two successive mornings of the days of eternity. Our *forenoon* is childhood; our *noon* brings us to adult completeness; our *afternoon and sunset* are the enjoyment of the ripening of foregone hours; our *evening* is the thoughtful and willing relinquishment of glaring day, the loss of which is compensated by the fainter and purer lights which beckon with twinkles from the sky above us; and our *midnight and darkest hour* is the old age in which we wait for another morning.

But these portions of our day of life are capable, to a certain extent, of differing in their distribution of enjoyment—as the distribution of light in the common day differs, with climate and atmospheric changes. Leaving, to the fancy of the reader, the tracing out of other obvious analogies—(how, for instance, a morning of lowering sky will protract the forenoon's ripening, and how clouds may hasten our evening and hide the stars from our lengthened midnight)—let us select the common phenomenon of a *November day in London*, when there is no daylight till an hour before noon, and when, *an hour after noon*, the lamps are lit and night prematurely commences. For this corresponds with curious truthfulness, we think, to the duration of the *afternoon*, (or period of active enjoyment,) in the *day of female life in America*.

Poetry aside, the cultivated woman is put earlier "on the shelf," in this country, than in any other—obliged by public opinion, that is to say, to give up soon after the birth of a first child all active participation in society, and devote herself to the cares of her nursery, or (in addition,) to such ostentations of dress and establishment as may be prompted by the neces-

sities or vanities of the family position or ambition. Display and the domestic virtues, in fact, are all a woman has to choose from who wishes to pass in common acceptance for "an exemplary wife."

But does not woman, at any age when she can exercise it, owe a share of her time, attention, and influence, to general society? Or, if she has no *social duties* (out of her own family,) has she not *social privileges*, if she chooses to avail herself of them? May not a married woman consistently with all her obligations to husband and children, be an object of attention and attraction to a well chosen circle of acquaintance—shining by her powers of conversation, her elegance and her powers of pleasing? Is it not important to *daughters*, that their mothers should go into society *with them*, as companions—share in their gaieties and in the admiration they excite—be intimate with their intimates—sympathetic enough with girlish tastes and interests, to be their confidants and advisers?

The most delightful age of woman, in cultivated society, is between the noon and the evening of her life—when her attentiveness of mind is calm; when her discriminations are rational; when her self-approbation knows what it receives, and her preference knows what it bestows; when she is wise enough to be an adviser and counsellor to a male friend, and yet attractive enough to awaken no less respect than admiration. It is this most charming and most partake-able period of a woman's life that is lost to American society. The exchange of thought and feeling, in fashionable circles, is carried on, on the female side, by girls, with only school knowledge and their natural instincts to guide them; while the mothers, (who should be the inseparable stems and leaves of these half-blown flowers,) are at home, limiting their completed powers to the cares which a nursery-maid would do as well, or appearing occasionally at a large party, to sit, unattended to, against the wall. The general tone of society—its tastes, judgments, partialities and prejudices—are shaped and colored accordingly. Bread-and-butter standards prevail. An intelligent foreigner, who was taken to a stylish party in New York, on his first arrival, and introduced to the leading beaux and belles, is said to have remarked, toward the close of the evening:—"Charming children! but where are the grown-up people?"

It is the *men*, however, who lose most by this post-nuptial "taking of the veil." The majority of youths admire without choosing. They pay attention where it is expected, or encouraged. Not one in a thousand has a mind or taste of his own, or would venture to show any natural instinct of preference, unsupported by the attention of others to the same object. For an hour of mere conversation at a party, or the exchanging of sentiment in a rational friendship with a superior woman, there is little or no taste. But it might be otherwise. It might be "the fashion" for young men to have *married friends* as well as *dancing partners*—to value talking with lovely and thoughtful mothers as well as flirting with pretty and giddy daughters—to admire and appreciate the sex, in its ripeness and completeness, as well as in its immaturity and thoughtlessness. This would easily be brought about if cultivated middle-aged women would dress and go to parties *to please and to be admired*—the refined, among middle-aged *men*, of course, coming out from their retirement, (when there was anything to come for,) and society thus gaining two varieties of contributors to its gaiety—varieties, besides, which, in other and older countries, are prized as giving a brilliant circle all its value. What the effect of this new two-fold admixture would be, on the tone of the general polite intercourse of New York, and especially on the characters of young men and young women whose minds and tastes are materially influenced by what they encounter in society, it is easy for the most casual observer to divine.

SHOULD MARRIED LADIES GO INTO SOCIETY WITH THEIR DAUGHTERS?

ONE or two of our gentlemen subscribers have written to us rather angrily, and several newspapers have commented sneeringly, upon a late article in the *Home Journal* expressing a wish that American married ladies would go more into society. In the spirit in which the guests at an Athenian table threw Diogenes a bone when he entered, let us give these gentlemen and critics an instance, from natural history, of precisely the condition of male and female life which they

seem to think desirable. The insect *coccus*, (from which cochineal, kermes, lac-dye, and other pigments are made,) is thus described by naturalists:—

“The males have wings, and, having no care for food, go and come as they please. The females have no wings, and live by suction of plants to which they fix themselves at an early period of their life and remain immovable till death. When impregnated, they spread their bodies over the eggs, and so perish into a membrane, or egg, which the young ones break through and destroy, in coming into life.”

It seems to be the idea of the *Coccusians*, who have written to us, that woman's mission is fulfilled by dividing her time between her nursery and her husband. We would publish the articles themselves, if they contained any other essential opinion; but they do not. Let us look, then, for a moment, at the operation and influences of this *Coccusian* destiny of woman.

A lady who was herself married at seventeen, has a daughter sixteen years of age, and four or five younger children. The girl is pretty, has given up school and takes music and French lessons at home, is fast maturing in figure and womanly ways, and begins to be invited to parties and receive calls. Her father is all day at his counting-room, and so tired and sleepy in the evening, that, if he has no business engagement, he stretches himself to sleep in the back parlor, or goes to bed early—leaving “the girls” of course to their mother. The mother lives in the nursery, except at meal-times or when engaged in household duties. Her rocking-chair is her dwelling-place, and there she sits all day, sewing upon the “children's things,” or tending her baby, or talking with her nurses—“at home” to no one except “intimate friends who can come up stairs.” If she goes out, it is to get into a carriage and “do up” a month's calls in a day, or to get into an omnibus and “get through with the family shopping.” Her music, which she acquired at a cost of thousands of dollars and years of practice, she gave up after the birth of her first baby. She has no time to read, having “la! more important things to do!” and, indeed, with the incessant calls upon her attention, from the three or four children who are in the same room with her for twelve hours every day, she lives in an eternal fatigue of mind, which makes it impossible for her to give her thoughts to two pages of a book together. She “does her duty to her children”—

by keeping the baby out of the fire, drilling the multiplication-table into the youngest but one, and mending his trousers, overlooking the next oldest while she learns to sew, and seeing that the still older ones go to school with the right books in their satchel, turn their toes out, and remember their India-rubbers in wet weather.

But, meantime, the eldest daughter claims to go to parties like other girls of her age, wants a companion for her daily walks, goes to the exhibitions and galleries with young men who "have not the honor of her mother's acquaintance," has the parlors all to herself, as "mother is not dressed and is up stairs with the children," and, in short, the girl of sixteen is almost entirely without mental or moral guidance. She is mistress of her own movements, sent to parties in a carriage by herself because "pa does not like ma to go out without him," never talks to father or mother of the books she reads or the acquaintances she makes, and passes the three or four years, when her perceptions are newly awakened and her mind and heart are like wax in their readiness to receive impressions, at the mercy of any and every chance influence that may come in her way.

With due deference to the *Coccusian* system, we think this is neglect of the most important of all duties towards a child. Nursery duties *can be* safely delegated—the maternal duties, to a girl just ripening to a woman, *can not*. Uneducated nurses, at a dollar a week, can tend babies, mend children's clothes, keep them out of mischief, and teach them to read and spell. But no hired person can be the beloved friend, the companion in walks, the attendant to parties, the listener to new sprung thoughts, the confidential intimate and sharer of all acquaintance, as a mother can be. And, to fulfil this absolutely holy and vital duty to a beloved daughter mothers *must go into society with them*, and *must share* in their pursuits, sympathies, and excitements.

We have spoken, in the article which gave offence to our *Coccusian* friends, of the duty which mature and cultivated women owe to the general tone and standards of that society in which their daughters mingle—a duty which they cannot discharge without going into, and being admired and influential in, that same society. Upon this point, too, all the writers upon Female Education have written, and we should only repeat in discussing it.

There is often an unconfessed moving-spring to the opposition of a good thing, and we will close with venturing a little guess at the possible reason why husbands like their wives to be domestic *and nothing else*:—Is it perhaps, that, having devoted all their youth to money-making, and all their manhood to amassing, they have not *themselves* the culture and gentlemanly ease necessary to enjoy society, and prefer, therefore, that their wives should grow prematurely old as well as they, and mope with them at home—choosing, in fact, that the daughters of the family should run the risk of motherless companionship and gaiety, rather than that the wife should receive, in a daughter's company, the refined pleasure and admiration which their own neglect of themselves has made them incapable of sharing?

USAGES OF SOCIETY.

Ought young girls to be left by mothers to themselves?—Should those who have incomes of \$5000 vie with those who have \$25000?—In a business country should socialities commence near midnight, and end near morning?—Should very young children be dressed as expensively as their mothers? etc., etc.

THE sun, without an atmosphere, would shine no more than a football, philosophy tells us; and with indefinitely lesser matters the analogy holds good, for—to prove it by an instance—we can estimate the value of what appears in the Home Journal by the radiations of correspondence which immediately run threads of responsive and encouraging light between us and our widely-scattered subscribers. In discussing the position of married women in this country, and the relation between mothers and daughters as to influence and companionship, we have drawn out the opinions, on these subjects, from many who seemed only waiting for some such hint to express them; and these foam most valuable guidance, it will at once be seen, as to our own selection of subjects and the manner in which they had best be treated. With thanks to all who have written to us, we will reply to one which expresses one or two differences of opinion, and is so well written withal, that it could have come only from a person well worth listening to.

The only point in which our correspondent differs from us, is the importance of a confidential companionship between mother and daughter.

There is certainly no more important and jealous a trust, of human guardianship and management, than that over the innocence and well-being of girlhood. Its honor and purity, its grace and happiness, constitute the inner sanctuary of every family, the watchful pride and anxiety of every brother, the father's deepest stake in life's chances of good and evil, the mother's burthen of prayer. And it is not alone that girlhood is, of all human phases of existence, the loveliest and most like our imaginations of life in Heaven—the fairest to look upon, and the most rewarding to fondness and devotion. There is a deeper as well as more interested reason for sleepless watchfulness over its completeness and beauty, viz.:—the hallowed duties to which it is but the novitiate, the type which it is to hand down, of itself and its own present nurture and development, in the sacred maternity that lies beyond. Without defining why, every one feels instinctively this doubly-endearred sacredness of girlhood. Life will be staked in defence of it, by the commonest man, ten times quicker than for any other interest that can belong to him; and, in its many influences, upon men's pride, upon their sense of beauty, upon their affection and their instinctive guardianship, more power is exercised by tender girlhood than by any other stage of human transition or any combination of human faculties. It is not carelessly, therefore, that we could permit ourselves to take up the question of what system of care and education is best for this lovely threshold-time of responsible womanhood, and, in expressing what we think of its wants and interests, we must record a feeling for our sponsor—that the more we see of life, the more reverently we look upon our common obligations toward this comparatively passive yet loveliest and most important portion of human existence.

But to come to our subject:—

Whether young girls should be left to dispose of their own hearts, is not the point upon which we differ from our correspondent. "War to the knife" against all who would cross a true love, is, we take it, a precept of the religion of Nature. Few will dispute, however, that a choice for life should be made with all attainable appreciation and knowledge; and

though, in an Arcadian state of things, where youths and maidens tend sheep together from sunrise till folding-time, they themselves, unaided and unadvised, would doubtless be competent choosers, this same ornithological simplicity of pairing becomes less advisable, we are inclined to think, as the associations of the parties concerned become less primitive and more "fashionable."

Let us sketch one, as a copy of very many "self-propelling" belle-ships—(trying first, by the way, to choose such artificial names, that we shall not be accused of describing individuals).

Miss Melta Nyscriem is a very pretty girl, who gave up a long sash for a buckle in front, and who began to "see company" at seventeen. Her mother has had nothing to do with her, since she left boarding-school, except to apply to papa for her shopping-money, prescribe for her when she has a cold, and see that she sleeps late enough in the morning to make up for being out nearly all night at parties. John and Jerusha, the two servants who tend the door between them, have strict orders to let in none of her young beaux till mamma, who is "never dressed," has had time to get up stairs after the bell rings, and Miss Melta is "in," as a general thing, from twelve till three, and from four till seven. Mamma's visit to the kitchen and her own late breakfast in the basement coming off at about the same hour, there is a something like a daily confidential interview between them—the mother, that is to say, hearing what the daughter chooses to tell of her engagements and her wants, while she, as mistress of the house, examines the butcher's bill, or decides whether the mutton shall be boiled or roasted. This is the last the young lady sees of mamma till dinner-time: and, as papa dines oftenest down town, and as she is out walking or "with company in the front parlor," while he takes his early tea before going "to meet the Committee," or going to sleep, they sometimes scarce see each other from Sunday to Sunday.

Mrs. N. has requested her daughter to "keep up her French," and Miss Melta has consented—to let her Dictionary and Exercises lie where she can find them when she has nothing else to do. Melta has been bidden also to be "select" in her acquaintances—which she is, for she selects them herself. At every party she is introduced to two or three new partners, and they call, of course. John is told to let any one in who asks for her when she is at home, unless Mr. Kuhl

is there, or Mr. Cyphers, or Mr. Von Phule—these gentlemen being acquaintances whom she likes to see without being intruded upon. There are usually from two to five at a time whom she prefers, and to *one* she is “engaged”—that is to say, walks with him in Broadway, takes his arm in the cross streets, or in the evening wears his ring, given in exchange for a lock of her hair, and tells him all her secrets. Just now she is engaged to Mr. Kuhl, and he is only the fourth she has been engaged to, in the year and a half since she left school.

The conversation between Miss Nyscriem and her favorite beaux is nine-tenths occupied with the pulling to pieces of rival belles and beaux, and the remaining tenth is equally divided between his Club, her prospective new bonnet, reasons for admiring each other, and “who is engaged.” He finds, that the more personal news he can bring the pleasanter is his call, and she finds, that, between her dress-maker and a weekly visit to the Miss Snifflins, she can pick up gossip enough about the “goings-on,” to astonish up the conversation whenever it seems likely to flag. New Operas, new books, new Galleries and Exhibitions, are dismissed with one phrase if mentioned at all, and the only practical subject dwelt upon, the knowledge of which can possibly furnish guide or example for their own future destiny, is how much some couple, lately married, are worth, and how they can possibly afford to pay the rent of the house they have gone into.

A year hence, Miss Melta Nyscriem will be nineteen. She will begin to find, at that time, that the number of her flirtations is getting to be rather an uncomfortable remembrance. Partly from not having been guarded against the evil of this kind of accumulation, and partly from girlish vanity, she will have fully paraded all her conquests, and will be well known to all her female acquaintance as having been “engaged” to a certain number of gentlemen who have since flirted very happily elsewhere. She will have acquired, also, a certain uneasy mistrust of male and female constancy, which is expressed in the insincere smile and unconfiding manners that infallibly mark a flirt. In balls and morning calls she will find her interest lessening, and if she could but feel sure of talking well enough, she would like to make a change in the character of her gentlemen acquaint-

ances; but that would be hard to do, even if she were willing, for she is classified by sensible men as belonging to another set. Her mother has no gentlemen friends upon whom she might safely practise a new style of conversation at home, and would only be vexed, and tell her it was "her own doing," if she were to confide her troubles to her. Just arrived, in fact, at an age when she could first form a womanly judgment, and choose her companions with a taste that would hold good, she will find that her choice was long ago made, and that the position and character which should now be before her, are already fixed and stamped, and are no more matters of choice.

And what chance has Miss Melta Nyscriem to marry, either agreeably to herself or satisfactorily to her parents? A refined young man shrinks instinctively from the thought of a bride who could never enter society without recalling, to the mind of every one, the number of persons in the room to whom she had been previously "engaged." Her own doubt, whether she could be agreeable to a superior man, would prevent her receiving him graciously or appearing to the advantage of which she might be ambitious. Resources to retire upon, in the hope of out-living this prematurely chosen position, she has none.

But would not a mother, who had kept her own place in society—who had friends of her own, youthful, but better chosen—who, as her daughter's intimate companion, would have imperceptibly trained her to converse with persons of any age, like a girl of sense, while she prevented her from cultivating and parading the silly and useless intimacies which are so enviously remembered by rivals—would not such a mother have marked out for her, probably, a much more desirable destiny? With the earnest wish to allow to a young girl every possible freedom of choice, should she not be guarded against destroying her own value before she is ready to give herself away? And may not a mother's experience and watchful friendship, train and keep guard over a daughter, at that incautious age of life, without undue interference—without, indeed, any hindrance of such natural selection for intimacy as would afterwards be pleasantly remembered?

SOCIETY AND MANNERS IN NEW YORK.

Mobility of Fashionable Usage in New York—Depreciation of the Social Value of Wealth—Exacted Respectability of Acquisition—Necessity of Ornamental Acquaintance—Rising Fashion of Stylish-looking People.

WE hardly think Americans are aware of the kaleidoscope facility with which usages of society are adopted in this country—the suddenness with which changes come about—the ease with which prejudices are destroyed—the alacrity with which public opinion takes any plausible inoculation of improvement or novelty. Phenomenon as this is, in the history of Civilization, however, the explanation of it is very simple. Society, in all European countries, is the simple, indigenous growth of many centuries—a tree carefully nursed and guarded, the products and fruits of which were sheltered from foreign admixture, and affected only through root and soil. Society in America, on the contrary, is a transplanted stock, with no proper fruit of its own, though of no prodigal fertility; forbidden, by the nature of our institutions, from being formally fenced in or privileged, but lending its juices spontaneously to any graft that may be inserted. Comers from all nations may sit in the shadow of it with equal welcome. A usage of Europe that has been ages in maturing, is ingrafted upon it and bears product in a year, or, having been tasted to repletion, it is dropped as readily and superseded by another. We have no *national opinions* on the disputed points of society—no prejudices—no habits.

It will be understood, at once, that this stage “of easy wax” is natural to a new country, peopled by large simultaneous immigrations from every nation of Europe, and that, with time and knowledge, our impressibility will harden, and we shall have, like older countries, fixed standards, and manners no more easily affected by innovation. It is *mean-time*, however, that opportunity best offers, for suggestion of good principles and remedy of evils; and, we seriously believe we could do our country no better service, in this journal, than by agitating constantly the questions of relative social value, and settling, by discussion, as perseveringly and siftingly as possible, the bearings of polite usages and the good

and evil of what a contemporary disapprovingly calls "distinction of classes."

Let us call attention, for the moment, to a change in New York society which is now in transition, and suggest a result which we are hardly sanguine enough to anticipate, though it is very desirable.

No one will deny, we presume, that mere wealth has lost much of its value, within the last five years, as a passport to society. There are, at this moment, rich people, by scores, waiting unadmitted, at the door of Fashion—those, too, whose houses, carriages and "good"-ness in Wall street, would, at one time, have been an "open-sesame" undisputed. Wealth, now, above an easy competency, only suggests the additional question of "how it was made;" and, without a satisfactory answer to that, the blackball upon a new-comer's advances would be unanimous. The inquiry, however, can only settle the point that the wealth is no objection; and it is in this transition of wealth from a very positive to a *merely negative* consideration, that we find the progress to which we wished to call the attention of the reader.

The necessity of having *an ornamental acquaintance*, is a feeling which has, of late, strengthened very perceptibly in the higher circles of New York, and this opposes, perhaps, to a claimant of fashion, the most formidable barrier. How Mrs. Somebody, who has left her card, will grace a *matinée* or figure at a ball, is the chief speculation which decides whether the visit shall be returned at all, or returned promptly or laggardly—with a mere card or with an "At Home" naming a weekly day of reception. It is not beauty that is exacted—though that is a very privileged passport—but *style*. To look well-bred has a value in this metropolis, at present, which gives more social rank than in any other capital in the world. And it is not surprising, for, where there are no titles, the grounds of fashionable estimation vary capriciously—with a few dazzling examples, or with rarity or over-use—and "old families" having mostly died out or become impoverished, and wealth losing its value by frequency and vulgar accompaniments, the "premium" has fallen very naturally upon the external stamp of Nature. It is a well understood and definite emulation, with those who receive, to have the most *distinguished*-looking group at a

matinée, or the most *stylish* of people and dresses at an evening party.

Advanced, however, as this stage of fashionable estimation is, beyond a merely monied aristocracy, it is still very far less rational, less refined and less nobly republican than the standards that prevail in some of the choicer societies of Europe. In our next number we will endeavour to sketch one or two circles abroad, the elevated tone and feeling of which are the slow result of centuries of progress, but which we trust may be anticipatorily attained by the overleaping earnestness of our country, and by that *unconceited willingness to learn* which puts Americans over time as electricity puts news over distance.

The circles in London, the access to which is generally understood to be most an honor and privilege, are not those whose entertainments and guests are duly chronicled in the *Morning Post*. The Duke of Devonshire's, the Marquis of Lansdowne's, the Duchess of Sutherland's, and two or three other houses of the nobility, form the sphere which is most unexceptionable for rank, style, and fashionable distinction. Into this, entrance may be obtained by advantages impersonal and accidental, and the position thus won may be retained by the same tenure, without any contribution to the brilliancy or agreeableness of the evening's entertainment.

There is another sphere in London, formed of perhaps five or six houses, to which many have free access who would never be invited to the entertainments of the nobility; and to this sphere, on the other hand, many who visit freely in noble circles would with difficulty obtain admittance. Among these are the houses of Hallam the historian, Babbage the mathematician, and one of two other gayer receptions than these.

To this level of London society, a dandy lord, with no conversation but that of second-hand rote, would never attain; nor a titled lady who was merely a dashing woman of fashion; nor any representative of money and nothing else. Strangers and foreign diplomatists aside, you are sure that every other guest is a person of mark—eminent for wit or powers of conversation, interest of connection or distinction of personal character, beauty or grace, genius, energy or adventure. The threshold of this circle is carefully guarded against folly

and pretension, but, above all, *against commonplaceness*. Aristocratic it is—but the aristocracy is of God's endowing, not of Mammon's or the Queen's.

There is a great difference in the manner in which these different kinds of society are frequented. At a ball at Lansdowne House or Devonshire House, the guests arrive at near midnight, in full dress, comply with all that ceremony or etiquette can require, and, if they wait for the sumptuous supper at two or three, usually go home by daylight. To these magnificent routs, men of rank who have a career to look after, such as Lord John Russell, Lord Brougham, Sir Robert Peel, or ambitious men who guide adventurous intellects by collision and constant comparison of thoughts with other minds, look in for half an hour, or are perhaps only seen at two or three in the course of the season. The emulation at such places is that of splendor and display, mainly, and acquaintance with the current gossip of Court and fashion is more available than any other coin of intercourse.

To the choicer intellectual receptions which we have described, guests go earlier, at nine or ten, and they commonly separate before twelve. Tea is usually offered in the cloak-room as you enter, or found in a side-room, presided over by the housekeeper, and, except the ordinary eatables of a tea-table, no supper is given. The least possible ceremony is observed. The eminent statesmen come up from the session of Parliament in the dress they have worn all day, and, at any one of these parties, there are more noblemen, of the class we hear of at a distance, than at the most fashionable rout. Artists and authors are there, in what costume they please to come. Those among ladies of high rank who frequent this class of society, (of whom there are many who shine in it and prefer it to all others,) appear in full dress, if they are going afterwards elsewhere, or in a home evening dress if not, and, of either sex, no particular toilet is exacted by ceremony or usage. This freedom would be looked for, naturally, in an intellectual sphere of society; but there is one feature of these few privileged receptions in London which takes the stranger by surprise—the extraordinary proportion of beautiful women whom he meets there. Whether it is that men of intellect attract beauty by giving it its best worship, or that the most valued gifts of Nature (and beauty

among them) are the self-asserting claims to this kind of society, we leave open to speculation. Among the constant attractions at these réunions of statesmen, philosophers, historians, and poets, are those three Sheridan sisters, the handsomest women of their time, Lady Seymour, Hon. Mrs. Norton, and Lady Dufferin—a trio whose mental gifts are as rare as their loveliness. Lady Byron and the poet's daughter Ada (now Lady Lovelace) are other habitual frequenters—very regularly met, at least, in Mr. Babbage's modest apartments.

Now, it is this *after-growth of society* which we spoke of, as the stage of refinement which we wished to see *anticipated* in New York. It was separated and formed, abroad, when gayer and more costly society had been found empty and unsatisfying. The most ultimate civilization was requisite to establish, in England, standards higher than rank or wealth; but, with that same facility and alacrity with which we have skipped half-centuries at a time, in other matters, we may fore-reach to this. The corresponding material is about us, like grain ungathered into sheaves, in great abundance. Men of all kinds of talent are now in New York without one single centre around which they can be met. Statesmen, distinguished officers, inventors, artists, influential minds among merchants, brilliant lawyers, professional foreigners of distinction, talented clergymen and physicians, gentlemanly and able journalists, brilliantly endowed women *and beauties*—there are enough of all to form one of the most delightful and attractive societies in the world. Will not some one set the example, and collect, in weekly receptions without cost, at early hours and with no ceremony of dress or etiquette, a society where the gifts of God regulate the admission, and where utter mediocrity and meaningless display will be self-exiled by lack of atmosphere in which to shine?

MANNERS AT WATERING-PLACES.

Mode of making Acquaintances—Present ill-regulated access to Ladies, Society—Inattention to Mothers and Guardians—Difficulties of well bred Modesty in a Stranger—Proposal of new Laws of Etiquette—Suggestion as to facilitating desirable Acquaintance, and removal of the Embarrassments and Awkwardness of these peculiarly American Phases of Society, etc., etc.

IN the mode of life at American watering-places exists a sufficient reason, even if there were not many others, why our country should have a *code of etiquette of its own*. For the regulation of this great summer-lottery of contact and acquaintance, indeed, some special rules of politeness have been long needed, and another season should not go over without the *agitation* of a few points of which we will endeavor to present the handles. The discussion of them will, at least, furnish topics of conversation, and almost any crude matter of opinion, if it be well discussed, will grow clear with an after-word of common sense—as, in the old fashioned making of coffee, it needed but to be well boiled, and a scrap of dry fish skin would send all the sediment to the bottom.

The subject, as Bulwer says, “opens up” as we look at it, and so many points present themselves, as worthy of comment, that we are not sure we see the end in the limited perspective of an “article.” Without promising thoroughly to appropfond the evils of watering-places and their remedy, therefore let us say a word or two of the most obvious, viz:—

THE MANNER OF MAKING ACQUAINTANCES.

It is understood, of course, that (invalids excepted) those who go to Saratoga and Newport, in the gay season, go to see new people, and with the expectation to make some new acquaintances. Absolute exclusives, determined to know nobody whom they did not know in the city, or refusing the ordinary and courteous reciprocities binding upon those who meet under the same roof, and share in the same gaities, should have summer resorts of their own, and are out of place among strangers. Such exclusiveness is, moreover, an offence against the general happiness, which no rule of politeness would uphold, and especially an offence against the more liberal courtesy which should prevail in a republic.

But the most genial and accessible people require, at such public places, barriers to protect them against too promiscuous an acquaintance; while, at the same time, the stranger best worth knowing, requires some established method of access by which he can make, without embarrassment or compromise of dignity, the necessary approaches. Now, is it not singular, that there should be an annual gathering together of the most respectable people of this civilized country, in resorts where the usual slow forms of introduction are impossible, and yet, that for *these two essential wants* there is no definite provision in our usages of politeness?

Of the dozen young gentlemen whose acquaintance a young lady will perhaps have made in a "season" at Saratoga, how were the introductions brought about? The chances are, that not one of them was presented by her father or mother, or by any elderly friend of her family. Girls of her own age, whose acquaintance she has made by feminine freemasonry, have presented some, and her city beaux have presented others, and one or two have asked her to dance on the strength of propinquity in a group. They are all very likely to have become pretty well acquainted with her, and to have left the Springs, without being presented to her father and mother at all.

A game at billiards, or a chance fraternization over juleps in the bar-room, is, in fact, the easiest and most frequent threshold of introduction to ladies at a watering-place. The dandies "in society," who chance to be there, hold the keys of acquaintanceship with the belles, and of course the most knowing adepts in the ways of young men obtain the readiest introductions. But suppose a youth who has habits of self-culture of his own—who neither drinks at the bar nor lounges in the billiard-room, and is both unwilling to owe the acquaintance of a lady to such a medium, or too proud to seek it and run the risk of a supercilious refusal—and how is this kind of stranger, who is perhaps the most truly valuable acquaintance a young lady could possibly make, to procure a presentation? Her mother sits apart, talking to ladies of her own age, and to address her without an introduction would surprise her, and might end only in awkwardness. Her father is in New York attending to his business. Her brother is in his first stage of cravat, and as skittish of the proprieties of life as a colt is of harness. With no know-

ledge of whom he should meet, the stranger had, of course; brought no letters; and as for credentials, he could scarcely have them in his pocket, or scarcely nail them up, to be read, on the parlor-door. Any advances to the older gentlemen, who were seen to be generally acquainted, and with a view to request introductions, might be looked upon as forwardness, and could not be made by a sensitive and high-minded man, without a certain sense of humiliation.

We go back to a principle that does not apply to society at a watering-place alone, when we say that a young lady should receive no new acquaintance, except through her parents, or through some one properly exercising parental responsibility. It is the fault, in the manners of our country, which, *more than any other, needs correction*, that an acquaintance with a young lady may be begun, and pursued, with little or no inquiry or care as to the wishes of a mother, no cultivation of the mother's friendship, and no attentions to her whatever when met, with or without her daughter, in society. The exceptions to this general fact show how mistaken it is in policy, as well as in propriety; for no belles appear to such advantage in the eyes of men as those whom a mother's watchful care show to be precious, and who, at the same time, have the foil of a mother's graver manners to set off the more playful graces of youthfulness. It is partly from having thus no share in society, and from the weariness of being only neglected lookers-on, that women in this country give up, so early in life, all efforts to please or shine, and that there is, in consequence, that lack of sympathy and friendship between mothers and daughters which is so marked a feature of our manners. We know scarce anything which would so change, brighten, and elevate American society, as the attention which, in England, is shown to the middle-aged, and the deference which is paid to the old. But we have discussed this bearing of our subject elsewhere.

To this two-fold evil, then, of manners at watering-places—introductions which are too easy to the forward and too difficult to the modest—some remedy should be found. We are likely to continue a more gregarious people than the Europeans—likely to go on, frequenting watering-places in respectable and promiscuous thousands, meeting every year a crowd of whom nine-tenths are strangers and candidates for new acquaintance—and it is surely reasonable that, for such

national *peculiarities of association*, we should have some *peculiarities of polite usage*, such as, of course, we cannot copy or learn from the never-changing and hedged-in aristocracies of Europe.

To define and settle a new law of politeness, is the work of time and much discussion. Graver things may be done with half the trouble. But, by way merely of throwing out a conjecture, the material of which may be pulled to pieces and rebuilt, let us sketch an arrangement for introductions at watering-places, that seems to us, for the moment, very practicable and plausible.

At Saratoga, for instance, at the commencement of the season, the landlord of the "Union" might select six of his most respectable visitors, and request them to form into a *Committee of Management*, which should thenceforward supply its own vacancies, and enlarge its number at will. Their duty should be to preside generally over the gaieties and social arrangements of the house. It would be convenient if they would allow themselves to be designated by a ribbon in the button-hole; but, at any rate, their names should be written up in the office of the hotel, and *it should be etiquette for any gentleman or lady to speak to them without an introduction*. Every new-comer, in that case, would start at once with six accessible acquaintances, with which provision, of persons inclined to be courteous, any stranger who had tolerable tact and good manners, would find no difficulty in getting on. In case of an objectionable applicant, the managers could give no offence by extending to him only their own civility. They would exercise their discretion as to introductions; and as, of course, they would present no stranger to a lady without first asking permission of herself or her proper guardian, they could incur no special responsibility by so doing.

The managers might be addressed simply as "Mr. Manager," and applied to for introductions of one gentleman to another, or for any service of ordinary courtesy. Ladies might request them to find partners for their daughters or their friends.

They should themselves be at liberty to speak to any gentleman or lady unIntroduced. It should be their duty to keep a general supervision over the happiness of visitors, to bring forward the diffident, relieve embarrassment or annoyance, promote amusement, and preserve harmony.

Perhaps one or two influential ladies might be invited to share in the council duties of the committee of management.

The managers might select a sub-committee of young men to manage the Balls and Hops. Especially they should be empowered to "put into Coventry" any offensive visitor, refuse such an one the tickets to balls, and sustain the landlord in expelling him from the house if necessary. In cases of personal dispute they should be sovereign umpires, and a man should forfeit his position as a gentleman if he did not abide by their decision.

Young ladies would exercise their discretion, of course, as to accepting introductions through any channel; but it should be voted better taste to receive new acquaintances only through parents or managers.

It might be well, perhaps, to consider a manager's introduction, or a watering-place acquaintance, as in a manner probationary—to be dropped afterwards, if advisable, without conventional offence.

It should be good taste for any gentleman to ask an introduction to another, at a watering-place, and proper to present all persons to each other who happen to mingle in groups.

Now, we can conceive our multitudinous American resorts for the summer, delightfully harmonized, liberalized, and enlivened by the adoption of a code of which this would be an outline. What say, dear reader?

OPERA MANNERS;

AND DEMEANOR OF GENTLEMEN IN AMERICA.

"All this beheard a little foot-page,
By his ladye's coach as he ran;
Quoth he, 'though I am my ladye's page,
Yet I'm my lord Bernard's man.'"

BALLAD OF LITTLE MUSGRAVE.

POLITENESS to women is an impulse of nature, and Americans are, to women; the politest nation on earth. *Politeness of gentlemen to each other* is the result of refinement and good breeding, and American gentlemen, toward their own sex, are the least polite people in the world.

As close as possible upon the heels of so disagreeable a truth, let us mention an influence or two which has helped to increase or confirm the bad manners of American men.

In the national principle of *GET ON—with or without means—but any how*, *GET ON!* the art of persuasion has been pressed into the service of business. It was long ago found out, in Wall-street, that politeness would help to get a note discounted, sometimes procure a credit, frequently stave off a dun. Being used more by those who had such occasion for it than by those who effected their ends with good endorsements and more substantial backing, politeness has gradually grown to be a sign of a man in want of money. A gentlemanly bow and cordial smile given to a man in Wall-street, will induce him to step round the corner and inquire of some friend as to your credit—taking your bow and smile to be the forerunner of a demand for a loan.

Politeness, again, has been discredited in this country by the class of foreigners who have served as examples of it. All Frenchmen are admirably polite, but few of the higher class coming to this country, French politeness has passed into a usual sign of a barber, a cook, or dancing-master.

Much American rudeness, too, grows out of the republican fact that, personal consequence being entirely a matter of opinion—(regulated by no court precedence, entailed fortune, or heraldic record)—every man fights his own castle of dignity, and looks defiance, of course, into every unfamiliar face that approaches. Politeness without previous parley or some disarming of reserve, is tacitly understood to be the deference of respectful admiration or implied inferiority.

One other, though perhaps a less distinct influence acting upon American manners, is the peculiar uncertainty of men's fortunes and positions in this country, and the natural suspiciousness and caution which are the inevitable consequence. In such a boiling pot of competition, with bubbles continually rising and bursting, the natural instinct of self-preservation makes men careful in whose rising they seem to take an interest. Too much openness of manner and too free a use of the kind expressions of politeness, would result in a man's being too often singled out for desperate applications by friends in need. A character for sympathy and generosity is well known, in American valuation, to be one of the most expensive of luxuries.

It is true that these causes of our bad manners are temporary, and will cease to act as the country refines and grows older; but is it not a question worth asking, meantime, whether the ultimate standard, for the manners of American gentleman is not thus permanently affected? We simply drop this pearl of precaution into the vinegar of our fault-finding.

To catalogue all the American variations from foreign good-breeding, would be to write a work on manners in general—(a subject upon which we are very far from setting up our opinions as authority, and for which a book, and not a newspaper article, would offer the proper space)—these variations extending throughout all manners, as the general discouragement of courtesy lessens its degree in every kind of manifestation. We wish, just here, to comment on a point or two only.

At the Opera, if anywhere in a capital like this, one looks to find gentlemen, and such good manners as are conventional all over the world. It is the one public amusement which has been selected as the centre for a Dress Exchange—a substitute for a general Drawing-room—a refined attraction which the ill-mannered would not be likely to frequent, and around which the higher classes might gather, for the easier interchange of courtesies, and for that closer view which aids the candidacy of acquaintance. To the main object of an Opera, music is, in a certain sense, secondary; and should be considered as but a lesser part of the value received for the price of an Opera ticket.

A foreigner standing against the stair railing of the Astor Place Opera lobby, between the acts, and looking coolly around upon the male crowd, would imagine that the men were either most intimately acquainted, or obstinately determined not to be acquainted at all—there is such an utter absence of any form of politeness in meeting, greeting, parting, or passing by. A man in white gloves goes elbowing through the crowd, shoving and incommoding twenty people, without care or hesitation; another knocks your hat out of your hand, and never dreams of picking it up or begging pardon—a third intrudes upon two who are conversing, and perhaps takes the arm of one and draws him away, without the slightest excuse or acknowledgment to the other left behind—a fourth is reminded by a polite foreigner that he is losing his handkerchief, or that another gentleman is beckoning to him, and expresses

no thanks in return. There are no polite phrases to be overheard; no hats seen to be lifted; no smiles of courtesy or indications of respectfulness at the greetings of older men; and no sign of the easy and unconscious hilarity which marks a man not on the look-out for a slight—none of the features, in short, which make up the physiognomy of a well-bred crowd in an Opera-lobby of Europe.

We confine our remarks entirely, as will have been noticed, to such politenesses as are based on kindness and good feeling. We do not think any one country's customs are a law for another, in the decision of such questions as whether a gentleman may wear coloured gloves at the Opera, or visit a lady's box in a frock-coat. Such trifles regulate themselves. We should be glad to see a distinctly American school of good manners, in which all useless etiquettes were thrown aside, but every politeness adopted or invented which could promote sensible and easy exchanges of good will and sociability. We have neither time nor space to say more of this, but will close with the mention of one very needful and proper Operatic etiquette, which is either unknown or wholly disregarded by most of the frequenters of Astor Place.

An Opera-box is not a place for long conversations, or for monopoly of a lady's society. Even the gentleman who has the best claim to exclusive occupancy (from acknowledged precedence in favor), commits an indelicacy in proclaiming his privilege by using it in public. The Opera is a place for greetings, reminders, exchanges of the compliments of acquaintanceship, explainings of preventions or absences, making of slight engagements—for the regulating and putting to right of the slighter wheels in the complicated machinery of society. It is a labor-saving invention of fashionable life—for, the twenty social purposes achieved in one evening at the Opera, and by which acquaintance is kept up or furthered, would require almost as many separate calls at the residences of the ladies. It is upon these grounds, doubtless, that was first based the common European etiquette of which we speak viz.:—that, after occupying a seat in a lady's Opera box for a few minutes, the occupant *gives it up at the approach of another of the lady's acquaintances*, unless his rising from the seat is prevented by her express wish to the contrary. Husbands and brothers are included in this place-giving compulsion, for the best of wives require some variety to domestic

bliss, and ladies come to the Opera to pay dues which they owe to society and acquaintance.

The chance Opera, at the Astor Place, last week, brought together a certain world—call it OCTOBER-DOM—for which we have yearly wondered that the Operatic Manager has not thought it worth his while to cater. Few of our own fashionables were present, and yet a more thoroughly fashionable audience was never assembled in that house. There were Virginians, Louisianians, Carolinians, Kentuckians and Washingtonians—the picked society of these Southern and Western latitudes—delighted that there was a foretaste of the Opera which was to commence after their departure for home, and evidently rejoicing in a *dress* place of public entertainment. We are satisfied, that, if there were an Opera-house of twice the size, the best Operatic month of the whole year would be the month of October—ministering, as it would, to this high-bred and pleasure-loving October-dom of strangers.

We were very much struck, as we presumed others were, who were present, at the air of superiority given to the masculine portion of the audience, by the presence of the large number of *Southern gentlemen*. The leisure to grow to full stature, and a mind not overworked with cares and business, certainly have much to do with the style and bearing of a race, and the expression of gentlemanly superiority, ease and *jouissance*, which prevailed throughout the Opera-house on Wednesday evening, was a novelty there, and one of which we might well desire the culture and perpetuation.

As our country's great centre of transit, we should think the *society* of New York, as well as its special public amusement of fashion, might accommodate itself to the October presence of Southerners, with advantage. A brief gay season of early parties, on the off nights of the Opera, might take place in this month, and the usual painting, and exchanging of carpets and curtains, which is the present ostensible reason for closed houses, might be deferred till a November vacation. What the French call *l'été de St. Martin*, and we "the Indian Summer," might be, socially, the most delightful month in the year. It would be the etiquette, as it used to be in Boston about the time of Harvard Commencement, to call upon all presentable strangers; and this custom would promote an intimacy and good feeling between Northern and Southern

society, which would be no trifling link in binding the country together.

The Opera was very fairly done. Tedesco, (whose pinguity waxes,) was not in her best vein—(and she is the most *journalière* prima donna we ever saw)—but she furnished one evening's sufficient allowance of pleasure, and we should be glad to compromise for as much, twice a week. Taffanelli, the most fighting-cockesque of stage-walkers, who sings, as we said last winter, like a man with a horse under him—a sort of baritone centaur, magnificently masculine—gave us, as before, unlimited satisfaction. That he is not engaged by the Astor Place management, seems to us one of those fatuitous blunders which there must be something, undreamed of, behind the curtain, to explain.

WEDDING ETIQUETTES.

Proprieties of Cards—Mistakes of Courtship—Purgatory Antecedent to Wedlock—Rights of Lovers—Suggestion of new Etiquette at Weddings—Time to have American Etiquettes and Customs, etc.

WE receive letters from time to time, requesting information through The Home Journal, upon points of ceremony and fashionable usages. To all such inquiries we would say, that they have, nearer home, an infallible guide in these matters—*good sense and kind consideration for others* being the basis of every usage of polite life that is worth regarding, and the best way to settle any disputed etiquette, being simply to dissect its purpose, see whether it fulfils it, or whether it was not originally made for a different society from that in which it is proposed to copy it. *All* European usages of politeness are not suited to American opinions, habits, temper and institutions; and, indeed, we have long thought that our country was old enough to adopt *manners and etiquettes of its own*—based, like all politeness, upon benevolence and common sense, but still differing, with our wants and character as a people.

Simple as the reasons for all polite usages are, or should be, however, there is, now and then, a point upon which there is a difference of opinion; and, perhaps, it may help to *Americanize a code of politeness*, (an object we think it well worth

our while to further,) if we answer, as far as we are able, inquiries upon such points as fairly admit of question.

We have before us, (post-marked mostly in the city,) a moderate pyramid of letters, asking decisions upon points of *wedding etiquette*. Most of these are of too simple solution for the necessary gravity of print; but, as almost any of our readers may be concerned, one way or another, in turning the key of wedlock, we select one of the difficulties which is not touched upon in the "Manual of Etiquette," and proceed to pick open its intricacies. Trifle of etiquette as, in itself, it is, (perhaps we may as well prefatorily say,) the query we speak of, makes part of a very serious and important matter, and we are by no means sure that, with only a visiting card for a text, we shall not end in what would pass for a sermon.

In one rather discursive letter, the closing passage thus sums up what the writer wishes to know:—

"Mr. Brown, to state the case once more, is to marry Miss Smith. The invitations to the wedding are sent out, but whose card should be sent with it—Miss Smith's or Mr. Brown's? And why should not the parents of Mr. Brown send also cards and invitations to their son's wedding?"

The latter query need scarce be answered, for, as givers of the entertainment in their own house, it is of course proper that Mr. and Mrs. Smith should send out the invitations in their own name, and with no mention of Mr. and Mrs. Brown.

Touching the first query, we have more to say. The *fashion*, in New York, is to enclose, with the invitation from the parents, the card of the affianced young lady—and this, we think, is an error. It is not necessary for the purpose of announcing that the proposed entertainment is to be a wedding—for the card of invitation is of the peculiar style known as a bridal card, and tells in itself, that Mr. and Mrs. Smith are to be "At Home" on such a day, to marry a daughter. This much being known, the information next demanded is—to *whom*? But this is not answered by enclosing *Miss* Smith's card, and the only meaning it can have, as an additional enclosure, must be to say that she, too, joins in the invitation. But is it not understood that an unmarried girl has no welcome to offer, to visitors, which is at all separable from that of her parents? and is it not a well-established usage that a bride, during all the preparations for her marriage, should be nominally passive and secluded—entering, for the time, into almost

the novitiate of a nun, and taking no demonstrative part in any matter which could be heard or spoken of out of doors?

To enclose the bridegroom's card, on the contrary, would serve one or two specific purposes. It would explain to whom the inviting parents propose to marry their daughter. It would show that it was with the bridegroom's good will that the invitation was sent to each particular person; and that he wished to adopt his bride's friends as his own; and that Mr. and Mrs. Smith, by sending his name in company with theirs, formally introduced and commended their new son-in-law to the acquaintance and friendship of their visiting circle.

But we do not plummet this matter to the bottom, in discussing its mere reasonableness as an etiquette. The New York fashion of sending the bride's card, when the bridegroom's would go more properly in its place, is an exponent of something deeper than a mistaken guess at propriety. It is in accordance with a *general feeling*, constantly acted on, in this country, and to which we have long thought attention should be called—throwing, as it does, mistrust, depreciation, and humiliating difficulty across the approaches to marriage, and laying up resentments and mistaken valuations for after annoyance and disenchantment.

Let us try to explain the operation of the feeling to which we refer—premising that we speak only of matches that are tolerably equal, or where the wife, in a year or two after marriage, will, most likely, be considered to have married well.

The lover and the *preferee*—(we *must* make a word to answer our purpose, for there is none in the language which describes a young lady to whom a gentleman is paying his addresses, after the intimate fashion universal in America)—the lover and the *preferee*, we repeat, undergo a counter metamorphosis, in the estimation of *her* family and friends, the moment his intentions are made known. *He*, from a respectable and promising youth, as youths average, becomes at once a pretender, a culprit, and an object of disparagement and suspicion. She, from being a mortal, with the usual accomplishments and feminine liabilities, becomes at once a faultless angel, the advantages of whose alliance are beyond dispute, and whose "attachment to such a man is most surprising." From a comparative level of pretensions, she is unhesitatingly raised to the *zenith*, and he as unhesitatingly pre-

cipitated to the *nadir*; and it is in this relative false position that the courtship is carried on. His good qualities are coldly allowed, his youthful prospects made light of—his faults and disadvantages exaggerated and dwelt upon. During the whole period of the lover's "addresses," there is one prevailing influence brought to bear upon the preferee's mind—that she *might have done better*, and that the giving of her hand to this man is a *condescension*, which he should start fair with understanding.

That an unwillingness to submit to this undeserved purgatory, and a distaste for the family in which he is treated as a tolerated intruder, drives many a sensitive man to break an engagement which might else have ended happily, is easy enough to think probable. But to him who persists, and marries in spite of these obstacles, they are hardly less an evil. He is little likely ever thoroughly to forgive those relatives and friends of his wife whose disparagement and coldness, at so critical a time, wounded his vanity and perilled his dearest hope; and there is always, afterwards, of course, an unpleasant recollection, which stands, ready, like tinder, for a quarrel, and shuts off that cordial groundwork of family intimacy which, in England, in most cases, makes the new relationship, acquired by marriage, one of the greatest blessings that it brings. The worst evil still follows—the inevitable descent of the young wife, soon after marriage, from her zenith of false valuation, and the rise, as inevitable, of the husband from his unfair position of disparagement. The lesson of what is due, from one wedded heart to the other, is to be learned all over again; and it takes tempers, to say the least, unusually docile and forbearing, not to jar in the setting right of such late found-errors of comparative estimation.

The prevalence of so irrational a feeling would seem singular, if the causes were not so apparent and natural. It arises partly from the uncertainty of "engagements," in our present state of society, and a consequent desire, on the part of relatives, that, in case the lover gives up the pursuit, the preferee, firstly, shall not have become too much in love, and secondly, shall seem, *herself*, to have broken the tie, owing to the objectionable qualities which (as the relatives' previous abuse had made evident) came out upon more intimate acquaintance. These "engagements," too, numbering from three to five, and the young lady losing value as a match, in

proportion to the number whose names have been connected with hers, the lover, is, in a manner, "the enemy" until it is quite certain that he is "the one." Then—good things as religion and "American homage to women" are, there is a *cant* about both; and, just as the pretention to over-holiness, by hypocrites and by the silly, makes true piety undervalued, so the true position of woman is falsified by the indiscriminate transformation of all *who are sought* into angels—the purgatory (besides) which is put between, and through which angels can alone be reached, being likely to be remembered, (by the persevering sinner who after all wins only a mortal), as the "too much paid for the whistle." No, no! the disappointments, after wedlock, should be but of one kind—like the poor man's in the Persian story, who, in the tumult of the marketplace bought a silent bird for a wren, but, in the solitude of his chamber, it turned out a nightingale.

To provoke agitation of an objectionable point which is still settled by general usage, is, of course, all that a newspaper writer could aspire to do; but we may be allowed perhaps, without seeming to assume authority in such matters, to suggest the changes we should like to see—thus recapitulating, briefly, the burthen of our subject.

From the moment that a young man assumes the attitude of allowed suitor to a lady, he should be encircled with the kind protection and considerate respect which belongs to a relative. The necessary inquiry into his character and position should be made with the utmost delicacy, and by those alone who have the warrant of parental authority. In their manners to him, the family of the lady should show that they consider him made sacred by the preference of their beloved one, and should anticipate, by courtesy, the confiding cordiality he is expected and trusted to deserve. His own value should be fully and generously allowed, and a deference to his wishes and opinions should be shown, such as will chime with the probable state of things in a year after his marriage. Whatever be the kind of man a daughter is likely to marry, he would be tenfold more bound to be a good husband and a kind relative, by such treatment, than by the suspicious coldness and cautious disparagement we have described.

We should like, also, to see the *American wedding etiquette* contain some token of compliment to the bridegroom. The newly come, in religious orders, in the world's honors, and in

hospitality, have some ceremony of welcome. If it were only the formal enclosure of his card with that of his parents'-in-law, in the invitations to the wedding, it would be at least, a recognition. But this might be done and something more. At present, he stands with his bride, after the ceremony, and the groomsmen bring up the visitors, who bow to both together, looking only at the bride, of course, and retire. But the bridegroom is a just admitted member of the family, and a guest under the roof; and would it not be like a respect and a welcome, if he should *stand apart* after the marriage, and let the presentations, *to him*, be made separately, and *by the father or male relatives of the bride*?

SOCIETY NEWS.

A SIGNIFICANT move is making in New York society just now. Its demonstrations are such as would not take place in an older country. Like youthful blood, which throws out in a "rash," or a "scarlatina," a disease which, in older blood, would strike to the heart, American society no sooner becomes conscious of an evil than it sets about the removal of it.

Before mentioning the signs of the new movement, let us first define the uneasiness which it is struggling to correct.

The phrase "it don't pay," is the metal of a great deal too much that is American. From the Republic's broadly-based temple of Refinement amid Freedom, this pitiless knife slices off dome and steeple. For what we have that is ornamental, indeed, we are indebted to a devil whose tail we would fain conceal—viz., the love of ostentation; but without this, what is there, except business, that would be quoted "to pay?"

That the society of the ladies is a stock that is "down in the market"—that it "don't pay," and that those who can invest in any thing else are shy of it—is mortifyingly true; but there is a partial apology for the dulness of the American enterprise on this point, which we hasten to explain.

In all countries but this there are two kinds of guano by which the masculine plants, in the garden of society, are mostly forced into flower. These two stimulants to the bright

blossoms of European politeness and devotion—two which are not yet imported or used in American cultivation—are intrigue and “gallantry.” On the strong juices of vice or vanity, concealed under the showy efflorescence of “men about town,” these manures act very powerfully. Of the former (intrigue) we need not speak, as the flower which it produces is so diligently recognized and weeded out from American society, that there is no fear of it except where it can grow wild; but of the latter (gallantry) let us say a word, by way of botanical analysis.

Married men, and all men who still believe in their powers of pleasing, go eagerly “into society” in Europe. It is not for the mere sake of being seen there, for social rank is not lost (in old and slow countries) by being out of sight. It is not to hear music or to see dancing. It is not to exchange mere civilities with acquaintance, to hear the scandal, and eat an untimely supper. If these were the only inducements, they would doubtless vote, with the Americans, that “it don’t pay.” But (personal motives of ambition or interest aside) there is one general motive which brings those eagerly into society, whose “views are virtuous.” You may call it vanity, if you please, but it is so refined upon, and so tinctured with the neighborhood of things more sacred, that we are very much inclined to propose it for an exotic importation.

A “middle-aged man,” for instance, enters an evening party. The quarantine speech to the lady of the house well over, he addresses himself to the appropriation of what pleasure he expected to find in the assemblage present. With a polite bow here and there, as he winds his way through the crowd, he arrives presently at the side of a lady who gives him a cordial shake of the hand, and makes room for him, if possible, to sit down beside her. She is one of a certain number, circulating in the same society, with whom he is on terms of confidence and friendship. Her health since he saw her is a matter of sincere and kind inquiry; her looks and toilette for the evening, and her incidents of life, more or less important, for the last few days, are respectfully and tenderly discussed. Comments on what is around, and news of the day, mix in with these beginnings of conversation. But there is a fund of reserved interest beyond these trifles. The lady is one whom he binds to him by delicate attentions perpetually remembered. Presents in the holidays, and civilities in public

places, are the more formal manifestations ; and, by a constant watchfulness over her position and associations, he finds many opportunities of serving her, and of making her life seem guarded and ministered to. In return for this she is his friend. She takes an interest in his ambition, his success in business, his annoyances, his likes and dislikes, his health, and his designs for the future. She loves his wife and his children—counsels him as to critical questions of conduct—talks, or lets him talk, as either has more to say—requests services of him, or confides secrets to him—does her best, in short, to minister to his valuation of himself as he ministers to hers. They chat for an hour, and he passes on—each to say kind things of the other to those whom they next meet, each to correct whatever is afloat to the other's prejudice, each to thank the other for that much of pleasure at the party, and to hope for another such meeting in society soon again. The attentions which such a friend pays to such a lady are called, in France, *galantries*, and the impulse which prompts them you may call *vanity* if you will ; but the selfish and soul-narrowing mope, at home, of a man who declares that these things “ don't pay,” is a less desirable alternative. We are inclined to think—even apart from the interest of *men* in the matter—that every woman in the world, who is not frightful within and without, would prefer the *galantries*, and think society very much improved by them.

Hitherto, in America, we need not say the manifestations of such a friendship as we have described would have been flagrant ground for scandal and suspicion. And, what with this female readiness to prejudge conduct, and the male-readiness to find things that “ pay better ”—between these two causes, we say—society in New York has become almost exclusively a method of getting together women and boys—the *men* being no part or parcel of what is promiscuously designated as “ the *gay* world ” by those who preach at it from a distance.

As we said in the beginning, there are signs that this evil is felt, and there are movements making to remedy it. A feeling is gaining ground that *men* should be included in polite society. The morning receptions, particularly, to which not even boys go—unpivoted halves of scissors exclusively present—have been voted unsatisfying. It is one of the movements we speak of, that two or three of the leading ladies of fashion

have resolved to receive, *early in the evening*, when the men who are to be urged to come, are more likely to think "it will pay."

Another significant movement, tending to the same end, is the recent hostile blow at boy-ocracy, struck by the suppression of the "polka and schottish." It is voted not proper for ladies to dance these dances with any thing that is old enough to do any harm; and, as men are expected in society, such over-familiarities are to be confined hereafter to the nursery.

The third movement we noticed last week—the admission of ladies as members of the Athenæum Club. This is a sort of meeting of the men half way—a willingness to get acquainted—a confession of the desirableness of thoughts and knowledge in common, and "an openness to conviction," as to exclusive rights respectively claimed and monopolized. We repeat our admiration of this arrangement. It will lead to a compromise, and a social union of both sexes in a developed state, in New York society, we fervently hope.

THE PROPRIETY OF SKETCHES OF FASHIONABLE SOCIETY.

WE have for some time wanted an opportunity to draw a line of distinction as to *what properly incurs publicity*.

There is some difference, worthy of mention, also, we conceive, between the just liability to this, in England or in America.

One other point can be touched upon (under the same text accidentally furnished us)—an *ultra-aristocratical* peculiarity of this country, which threatens soon to become a "cancer beyond cautery," and to which, at least, it will do no harm to call attention.

The price of more admiration from the world than falls ordinarily to one person's lot, has, by immemorial usage, included one inconvenience—a forfeiture of privacy as to conduct, and a subjection to public criticism as to manners, habits, and personal appearance. Authors, artists, orators, and men high in office, must stop on the very threshold of Fame, and take leave of privacy of heart and home. Fontenelle says of Newton, "He was more desirous of remaining unknown,

than of having the calm of life disturbed by those literary storms which genius and science attract about those who rise to eminence." And the sentiment of former ages on the subject is thus expressed by a celebrated writer :—" In ancient Rome the great men who triumphed amid the applauses of those who celebrated their virtues, *were, at the same time, compelled to listen to those who reproached them with their vices.* The custom is not less necessary to the republic of letters than it was formerly to the republic of Rome. Without this, it is probable that authors would be intoxicated with success, and would relax in their accustomed vigor ; and the multitude who took them for models, would, for want of judgment, imitate their defects."

Without discussing the justice of this time-honored payment for distinction, it seems to us that the pervading principle of a republic should *equalize the price of public admiration to all customers.* Under Courts and Monarchies, it may be consistently allowed, to privileged classes, to force their display of superiority upon the public, and at the same time forbid public criticism of even the bad taste or bad morals that may accompany it. The self-asserting and prevailing leaders of fashion, more particularly, it seems to us, should be responsible to public criticism, in a republic. The private lives of authors, artists, and politicians; *have no influence, in comparison with those of leaders of fashion.* They should be more subject to critical publicity, in proportion as they give the tone to morals, stamp the manners, and introduce and regulate the usages of the country. The writer of the Life of the great Confucius (to whose memory 1560 temples now stand erected in China) mentions this very responsibility as the key to his whole life of effort. "The course of Confucius seemed to say, 'If I can win princes and their courts to wisdom and virtue—*through their influence descending upon the mass, I will gradually reform all the people.*' Nor was this reformatory scheme unworthy of his mind. **THE FEW have always created the character of society.**"

Of course, it is very difficult to have fashionable society criticised with tact, truth, and taste. But there is just as little likelihood that the private life of an author will be criticised with tact, truth, and taste—and yet he is forced to live with less social protection than other men, and take his chance. Our feeling is, that any society which claims supe-

riority to the many, and which in reality sets examples for the many, should be open to the criticism of the many. And the same of individuals. There seems an instinctive and natural law of compensation, by which we have a right to be reconciled as far as possible to the superiorities of this world, partly by knowing truly the drawbacks to their lot, and partly by making them more responsible for their use of what we are deprived of. The private life of a very rich or very fashionable person is as much more legitimately a subject of public criticism, in proportion to the public deference or admiration he receives, as is the life of an author or a public man.

Our readers will remember that we expressed great pleasure, not long since, in the promise of a series of articles by M. de Trobriand, in his French Review, on the gossip and gaieties of New York society. What we said then was based upon the feeling we have expressed now, and upon the prospect that the work would be done, as it rightly should be—by a man who is himself part of the society he would sketch, who would treat it fairly, and describe it truly, and who, at the same time, is enough a citizen of the world to detect local absurdities, and has plenty of talent and satire at his command to hit justly, and reform while he should amuse. In the transfer of his gay and brilliant pen to the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, the idea seems to have been dropped; but we trust to hear of it again. While nothing is more necessarily unjust, and more to be frowned upon, than criticism of any sort of distinction, either of society or individuals, by the ignorant or merely envious, there is great propriety, as we have above endeavored to show, in its being done by those who share, or have a right to understand it. It was on this ground that we copied, last week, the "Sketches of New York Society," by Mr. Bristed. That clever article, written with "rather venturesome freedom," as we said, directed its artillery against positive evils of society—against improper dances, American excess of family quarrels, American excess of slander, married women's smoking and flirting, and the arbitrary and tyrannical exercise of exclusiveness. We repeat that there should be no class so privileged in a republic, that such faulty and dangerous examples should not be publicly criticised.

We have not yet spoken of the formidable evil at which the article in question strikes an indirect blow—an evil upon

which we are glad to see war made, in any shape, and which we hope to see assailed more definitely by the same leisurely and effective pen. With no time or space at present to enlarge upon what we allude to, we will briefly mention it, as *the fashionable exclusiveness, exercised so insultingly and tyrannically at American watering-places*. This is carried to an extent which would be incredible in Europe, and a tithe of which would not be ventured upon by the nobility assembled at any Spa of Germany. Thousands of most respectable persons avoid Newport and Saratoga, from disgust at the assumption of a few ruling fashionables, their monopoly of everything in the way of privilege, and their systematized plan of creating an exclusive circle, to whose favour every visitor must either be subject, or suffer marked disparagement and inconvenience. With all due allowance as to the right of every one to refuse his acquaintance to whom he pleases, it is a right which should be exercised modestly and unobservedly. Those who go to a public watering-place in America, go to meet the public on what is equal ground. However exclusive *at home*, they have no right to let their exclusiveness offend any one *there*. The introduction of a dance which offends the sense of propriety of the many—the concerted refusal to stand up, if a lady not of “their set” is on a certain part of the floor—the altering of the arrangements of the house to suit the habits and wishes of a few—the expensive and glaring ostentation—and the thousand trifling tyrannies and impertinencies by which fashionable supremacy, at Newport and Saratoga, is, each year, more and more asserted and maintained, form an evil which it seems amazing should have existed so long. We have annually tried to find time for calling attention to this subject, and one of the chief reasons for our eagerly copying the article we speak of, last week, was its able picturing of this very oligarchy so extraordinary in a republic.

USAGES, ETIQUETTE, ETC.

THAT etiquette in London need not necessarily be etiquette in New York, is an assumption that our adolescent country is now old enough to make. The absence of a Queen, a Court, and orders of Nobility, gives us a freedom from trammel, in such matters, which would warrant quite a different school of polite usages and observances of ceremony. Yet, up to the present time, we have followed the English punctilios of etiquette, with almost as close a fidelity as if we were a suburb of London.

The *almost*, in the last sentence, points to no very definite difference—but there is one little beginning of a very good novelty of usage, which our distant readers may be amused to hear of, perhaps, but which we should like to see ripen into an American speciality of politeness. We refer to the manner in which “distinguished strangers” are looked up and invited to parties. Let us detail the process, and the position of the gentleman who holds the stranger’s key to New York society, with the circumstantiality which the custom, of which it is possibly the basis, properly deserves.

The first thing which a lady does, who intends to give a fashionable party in New York, is to send for “Mr. Brown.” If there are any of the more distant of our fifty thousand readers who have never heard of Mr. Brown, it is quite time they had. This out-door Manager of the Stylish Balls of our great city, is a fine-looking and portly person, who, in a certain sense, is Usher also to the most select portal of “another and better world,” being the Sexton of Grace Church, the most fashionable and exclusive of our metropolitan “Courts of Heaven.” Mr. Brown, we should add, is a person of strong good sense, natural air of command, and as capable of giving advice, upon the details of a party, as was ever the famous “Beau Nash,” of Bath, to whose peculiar functions Mr. Brown’s are the nearest modern approximation.

Mr. Brown comes, at the summons, and takes a look at the premises. Whether the supper is to be laid up stairs or down; where the music is to be bestowed, to be best heard and take the least room; what restaurateur, confectioner, and

florist are to be employed; where to find the extra china, silver, and waiters—these are but the minor details upon which he gives his professional counsel. He is then consulted as to the guests. His knowledge of who is well or ill, who is in mourning for a death or a failure, who has friends staying with them, and what new belle has come out with such beauty or fortune as makes it worth while to send her family a card, is wonderfully exact; and, of course, he can look over the list of the invited and foretell the probable refusals and acceptances, and suggest the possible and advisable enlargements of acquaintances. But this is not all, and we have mentioned thus much, only to explain the combining circumstances that give Mr. Brown his weight of authority. Besides all this, he makes a business of keeping himself “well booked up,” as to the strangers in town. How he does it we have no idea; but, upon the quality, manners, place of belonging, means, encumbrances, and objects of travel, of all the marked guests at the principal Hotels he can give you list and programme, with a degree of prompt correctness that is as surprising as it is useful. Of course it is the list from which invitations are made, and (as no man who can afford to give a Ball can afford also to make morning calls) Mr. Brown takes the cards of the father of the family and leaves them “in person” on the distinguished strangers. A man of more utility, or in the distribution of more influence, than our friend Mr. Brown, could hardly be picked from the New York Directory. It will explain, by the way, a phenomenon about which questions are constantly asked, to mention that the piercing whistle, which is heard every few moments outside the door during a fashionable party, is Mr. Brown’s summons to the servant standing within. His own stately figure, wrapped in his voluminous overcoat, is stationed on the front step throughout the evening, and he opens carriage doors, summons the house servant with his whistle, and ushers in the guests, with a courteous manner and a polite word that would well become the nobleman who is the “Gold Stick in Waiting” at the Court of Her Majesty. When the party breaks up, he knows where stands every body’s carriage, and it is called up, as each one appears on the threshold, with an order and prompt readiness that is no small improvement upon the confusion and cold-catching of times gone by.

Our readers will perhaps have agreed, as they have kept

along with us, that Mr. Brown is "an excellent Institution." We should never be sure, of course, of getting so able and discreet a man to succeed him, were his duties fairly organized, (by the time of his deprecated decease,) into a regular profession; but the experiment would be worth while. *Hospitality to strangers is a principle, for the exercise of which we should be proud to see a regular system first invented in America.* The Hotels are never without agreeable people, whom it would be delightful to be able habitually to approach, (*vid* Brown,) and so spice and vary our society, while we treat strangers with a courtesy and kindness that would do us honor.

It is not without proper modesty, and deference to higher authority, of course, that we offer the foregoing facts and suggestions as topics of conversation.

ETIQUETTE, USAGE, ETC.

AN answer to the following letter might be given among "notices to correspondents," but, as it touches a general principle worth saying a word upon, we quote it as a text to a little sermon on *propositions of acquaintance*. A "subscriber" thus addresses us:—

"Will you give me your opinion upon a point which has caused no little discussion in our family circle? A party of ladies are passing through New York. While stopping at a hotel, we call upon them; they are strangers personally, but connected in a family relation, which makes our call upon them desirable. We find them out, and leave our cards. They leave town immediately, but send cards, with written messages of regret. We subsequently visit the town in which they reside. Shall we send cards apprising them of our visit, call upon them, or wait for them to discover it by some sort of magnetism?"

"Being an old man, and rather antedeluvian in my ideas of etiquette, one daughter governs me sometimes, and then again another. Upon this point I agreed to leave the adjustment of the affair to your decision, to which my daughters both agreed, having full confidence in your judgment. Yours, truly, A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER."

To get rid of *imported superfluities* of etiquette is the first thing to do, (we venture to premise,) for the proper understanding or regulation of American politeness. Things are right or necessary in London and Paris, which are wrong or ridiculous in New York. Most of our books on etiquette,

moreover being foreign reprints, or compiled from foreign authorities, the ordinary notions of politeness, even in America, are formed upon the standards which regulate Courts and aristocracies.

In countries where there are barriers in society which cannot be passed, there is reason in putting many difficulties and ceremonies in the way of making new acquaintances. A shop-keeper, or tradesman of any description, is looked upon in London, for instance, as an impossible visiting acquaintance for any one of the gentry. A merchant who is a millionaire, and who is just tolerated in Court society for his immense wealth, is an inaccessible acquaintance for smaller merchants. Artists are courted and invited, and their wives rejected and overlooked by the same circles. Literary men are, individually, on a footing with nobles and diplomatists, while their relatives are inferiors whom they would not dare to introduce to these their noble intimates. Those who live upon their incomes, and those who live by industry in business, are two classes impassably separated. It is understood and admitted, that it would be an inconvenience and an impropriety for the barriers between these divided ranks to be crossed. The etiquettes and ceremonies, therefore, which, in old countries, form the trench of non-acquaintance, are to prevent contact which the custom of ages has decreed to be unfit and irreconcilable.

That books of etiquette, based upon these mouldy distinctions, are unsuitable guides for the politeness of our young and fresh republic, the reader need not be told. Retaining all the common sense, and all the consideration for others, which European etiquette contains, there is still a large proportion of rubbish and absurdity, which we should at once set aside—our slowness to do this, by the way, being the national fault which Lord Carlisle, in his late lecture on America, described as “a tame and implicit submission to custom and opinion.”

To our correspondent's query we would say, (briefly) that any proposition of acquaintance, from one respectable American to another, is a compliment to the receiver. No such proposition is likely to be *made*, except by such as know the proper conditions of acquaintance to exist, nor is it likely to be *declined*, except by those who are so doubtful of their own position that they fear to receive acquaintances except

through the medium of those above them. By any standard that can be tolerated in a republic, (we should suppose,) it is perfectly proper to leave a card, or to send a card with an invitation, to any one whom you may wish or think it would be reasonable, to propose acquaintance. One or the other of two people must make the advance; and we fancy that the probability of a first step of this kind being repelled—compliment as it is—is very much overrated. The one who declined it, if it ever occurred, would be the one, probably, whose station in society was the least secure—(reasonable equality of apparent respectability, and no covert objection between the parties, of course, presupposed).

The same reasoning applies, we think, to *speaking without introductions*. Any two persons who have a mutual friend might not be suitable acquaintances, in England—but they are, in America. Two guests at a party given by a third person, are sufficiently introduced, for this country, by the fact of meeting under the roof of a fellow-countryman who invited both as his equals. As they stand together in the crowd, or have opportunity for a polite service, one to the other, it is absurd, as well as injurious to the master of the house, to make the party stupid by waiting for formal introduction before any act of civility or agreeableness. America should improve on that point of English etiquette. Our correspondent's more particular inquiries are easily answered, according to the principles we have thus laid down. The first call upon those who had arrived from another city, was a courteous propriety. It is always such, to call, un-introduced, upon strangers in town, with motives of hospitality. The call was as courteously acknowledged, and, on going to the city where those lived who had thus responded to their politeness, the residents should have been apprised of the arrival of the strangers, by cards enclosed in an envelope, or left at the door. The response is thus delicately left at the option of the persons called on; but the case would be very rare in which it were not acknowledged by an immediate call, or a note explanatory of illness or other hindrance.

Fastidiousness, for a republic, (we may add,) is quite sufficiently guarded, by the easy falling off, from acquaintance, of those who find that they are not congenial. Where the only distinctions are made by difference in character and refinement, the barriers are better placed *inside* than *outside* an introduction.

SOCIETY, THIS WINTER.

THERE is a new feature in the gay life of New York—one of those endless varieties of lighter shading which compensate for the as endless sameness of the main outlines of society—and, while the novelty is, in itself, a refreshing improvement, we are not sure that the increasing *knowingness*, of which it is but one pencilling in many, will better, altogether, the tone of our American picture of gaiety. We refer to the definite separation, which has come about this winter, between Conversation-dom and Boys-and-girls-dom—the prevalence of *soirées* where “the children are not asked,” and of balls where “none are invited but those who dance.”

Society has hitherto been a game with but one stake in it—matrimony; and, that it *should be* unattractive, to those for whom success had removed this only interest in its chances, was, perhaps, primitively, quite as well. Young mothers went to bed instead of going to balls, and young fathers rested from the cares of business, instead of adding a gay man's waking night to a busy man's waking morning—a “burning of candle at both ends” which could ill be afforded. The only sufferers, by this under-done state of society, have been the *intellectually gay*, who need evening parties for the interchange of wit and intelligence, and to whom the conversation of a New York ball was a six-hours' scream of half-heard sentences, against a band of music and two or three hundred elevated juvenile voices. Those, of course, whose pleasure in vicinity and utterance depended at all on intelligibleness, either of words or sympathies, were soon weary of balls; and, as there was no other form of gaiety, (except “bull-and-bear” dinners, where stocks and stomachs were the only exchanges of magnetism,) they “gave up society.”

Owing *immediately* to what, we could not positively say—possibly, to two or three brilliant women who established appreciative circles which must needs have a sphere in which to revolve, but owing *remotely*, no doubt, to the rapid Westwardizing of European refinement—there was an understood recognition, in the early part of this winter, of the need of some more adolescent variety in the children's high life of New York. The season opened with what was one result

of this new impulse—a round of balls for dancers only. The more definite indication, however, was a card issued for a series of four parties, on successive Tuesdays, at the house of the most tasteful and accomplished leader of New York society—at which there was no dancing and no band of music, no set supper beyond an elegantly-served table to which the guests resorted at pleasure, and no single people invited of the class who dance only. This was a most favorable and successful overture to a new era; for, more brilliant and agreeable parties, than these four, have never been given in this city, and the admiration of the tone and management of them was universal. The Conversation Epoch of society, we may fairly say, is begun.

That our new shape of gaiety will retain, for a while, some color of the former, is to be expected. There are 'teen-ish peculiarities, which foreigners observe in our manners, which will not all vanish with the disunion of school-room and drawing-room. But there is one, which has arisen from the long-endured disproportion between the bands of music and the apartments in which they are heard—a *society tone of voice most unmusically loud*—to which it is, perhaps, worth while to call attention without leaving it to the slower correction of removed first causes. As most persons know, although they may not have given shape to the idea, it is much more difficult to be agreeable on a strained key of the voice, than when conversing in a natural tone and without need of repetition. The effort and the artificial cadences affect the character of the thoughts expressed. All the tendrils of meaning, in which lie the grace of what is said, are cut off for the sake of brevity, and conversation is reduced to its mere stem—a poor representation of what its fair growth should exhibit. It is the commonest remark of a foreigner, that "well-bred people in this country talk singularly loud in society," and this might be variously interpreted—for, while it certainly expresses the innocence of those who are not afraid to be overheard, it might be understood, also, as a dread of betraying, by too timid a tone, a consciousness of superior society. A hint on such a subject, is enough, however, and the charming ease and variety of *conversation in which the meaning is aided by the play of tones*, will be felt by every lady, the very first time she gives her attention to the experiment.

SHAWL ARISTOCRACY.

THE degree to which ladies care more for *each other's* opinion of their gentility of appearance, than for the opinion of gentlemen, on the same point, is, at least, equal to the difference between a French shawl and a Cashmere—one worth fifty dollars and the other worth from five hundred to a thousand—for, though no man knows the imitation from the real shawl, as he sees it worn, a fashionable woman without a Cashmere, feels like a recruit unarmed and unequipped. The pilgrimage to Mecca, which entitles to the privilege of wearing the green turban, would not, by the majority of women, be considered too much to undergo for this distinction—recognizable, though it be, by female eyes only. “*She had on a real Cashmere*” would be sweeter, to numbers of ladies, as a mention when absent, than “she had a beautiful expression about her mouth,” or “she had such loveable manners,” or “she is always trying to make somebody happier,” or “she is too contented at home to care much about society.” It is, moreover, a portable certificate of character and position. A lady “with a real Cashmere on,” would be made way for, at a counter of Stewart’s—differently received when introducing herself at a first call—sooner offered the head seat in a pew—differently criticised, as to manners, and very differently estimated in a guess as to who she might be, in any new city or place of public resort where she chanced to be a stranger. The prices of the best Cashmeres vary from four hundred to fifteen hundred dollars.* There are two plausible arguments in their favor, usually pleaded by ladies—first, that they fall in more graceful folds than any other shawl, and have an “undefinable air of elegance,” and, second, that, as they never wear out, they are heir-looms which can be bequeathed to daughters. The difference between a thousand dollar shawl given to a daughter after twenty years’ wear, and the same thousand dollars invested for a daughter and given to her with twenty years’ interest, puts this latter argument upon its

* It is a curious foreshadowing of the *anticipation of income* by which such expensive articles are sometimes obtained, that the finest and costliest of these shawls are made from the down of the lambs taken from the womb before birth.

truest ground; but one word as to the superior *becomingness* of Cashmeres.

There are very few women, out of France, who wear any shawl becomingly—for it requires either the taste of an artistic mind, or a special education, to know its effects and arrange it to show the figure to advantage—but a Cashmere, by the very pliability which is subservient to grace, betrays awkwardness or a bad figure just as readily. For a round back, flat chest, or arms held at inelegant angles, there is more concealment in the French shawl, than in the slighter tissue of an Indian one; but, either way, we fancy, the difference is too trifling to be recognizable by one person in a thousand. As to the beauty of color and texture, we are very sure that, to *men's* eyes, the dull complexion of a Cashmere conveys the impression of a cover-all, grown somewhat shabby, and which the wearer would not have put on if she had “expected to meet anybody.” There is not one lady in a hundred, of those who own Cashmeres, who do not look better dressed, (to most female and all male eyes,) in any other out-of-door covering.

As our city readers know, there has been a three day's exhibition and auction of Cashmere shawls, in the large hall over the theatre at Niblo's. The vessel in which this precious cargo was being conveyed to England, was abandoned at sea by the crew, and, an American ship securing the cargo and bringing it to this country, the goods were sold by the British Consul, to arrange salvage and remit the remainder to right owners. The shawls were hung upon lines, up and down the immense hall, and, between these aisles of Cashmere, the fashionable ladies of the city promenaded, with close scrutiny and comparison of opinion—(and with a degree of keen interest that we should like to see given to a gallery of pictures!) Having, ourself, fortunately secured the company of Mr. Flandin, who was the only importer of Cashmeres to this country for twenty or thirty years, (and whose eye, for better reasons, is familiar with the Parisian grace of a shawl's wear, and its value in becomingness,) we took the opportunity to enrich our knowledge in the matter. After having all the advantages of the India fabric pointed out to us, however, and hearing, from our well-informed friend, what class were the purchasers, and what made the difference of hundreds of dollars in the cost of shawls which to a common eye

would seem of equal value, we came away satisfied that a better present could be made with five hundred dollars than to bury it in a Cashmere shawl—that things better worth having could be had for a quarter of the money—and that the arbitrary aristocracy, which is based upon the wearing of them, is one of those illusory valuations which this common-sense age is constantly on the look-out to put down.

SUGGESTION FOR THE OPERA.

THE world is weaning. It is necessary, now, that there should be reason, even in its amusements. We know nothing that so marks the time in which we live, as the extension of a certain business prejudice—the prejudice against things that “don’t pay”—into the hitherto irrational regions of display and pleasure. It is the fashion in conversation to ingeniously dissect the usages of society, and tell what is “absurd”—what is “a bore.” Those who entertain and give parties are making inquiry, not where to get the pinkest champagne and the largest *foie gras*, but how to get together the agreeable and the worth being agreeable to. The young men “see no reason” in the prejudice against God’s gift of beard. The ladies are beginning to “see no reason” in not protecting their ankles against mud and wet, by short dresses and pantalettes in the country. There is a whisper that there is no “reason” in accommodating New York hours to the convenience of the English Parliament—the going to a party at midnight being a London fashion of commencing gaiety at the adjournment hour of the Lords and Commons. The creeping-in fashion of the Tyrolese hat is a struggle for some reasonable becomingness in that article of stereotyped absurdity. Anything may be done now—even an etiquette violated or a usage dispensed with—if the innovator can show a reason. Throughout society and the world, just now, we mean to say, there is a war against prejudices, and in favor of bringing every thing to its best use and simply true valuation.

In addressing ourself, (as we trust our readers credit us for usually striving to do,) to this spirit of the age, we feel called upon to recognize the amount of real interest given to some things which, (in Superficial-solemn-dom,) are classed as

"trifles;" and among which, without further generalizing and defining, are the arrangements for the fashionable Italian Opera. We have a suggestion to make as to the usages of Opera-going, with a view to getting rid of such portions of its nonsense as can be dispensed with—much of what the wise call "Opera-nonsense," being the respectable shadows of things the world *will have*, and have its way in, and with which, of course, we are not inclined uselessly to quarrel.

To come at once to our point—there is a class of the most refined and respectable people, who would like to go very frequently to the Opera, but who are prevented from so doing by the *usage necessity* of going in full dress. The Opera being partly a large evening party, and partly an entertainment of music, the predominance of full dress tacitly administers that sort of rebuke to a less ceremonious costume, that the wearer is made to feel uncomfortable—uncomfortable enough, that is to say, to make her unwilling to go again except in full dress. But—as a lady in full dress must have, 1st, a cavalier in body-coat and white gloves; 2d, a carriage of her own or a hired one at two dollars the evening; 3d, a hair-dresser at a dollar or a head-dress at five dollars and upwards; 4th, shoulders whose beauty and salubrity will bear exposure; and 5th, spirits to encounter general conversation and slight acquaintances between the Acts—there are many of the best people in town and truest lovers of music who feel that, at this cost and trouble, the Opera "don't pay." Many a charming woman not very well, or in very good spirits, would like to go and sit through an Opera if it were simply to put on her shawl and visiting bonnet, tax her husband only to take his hat and lay aside his cigar, and go and return in an unblushing omnibus. Many an invalid would be delighted and refreshed with an Opera, if she could escape attention while listening to it. There *do* exist, we are persuaded, those "fabulous beings," women who wish to see and not be seen—(some evenings, perhaps we should qualifiedly say, and under some circumstances)—and for these, and others who have the same feeling for twenty other reasons, an Opera which is *full dress all over the house*, is a badly-arranged public amusement. Their patronage, moreover—not over-stated, we should say, at a hundred seats a night—is lost to the manager.

Of course we are incapable of the aggravation of speaking

of an evil except to suggest a remedy. With nothing to propose to the Manager or the Committee, we suggest, to more paramount Fashionable Usage, that the *parquet of the Opera should be a place for demi-toilette*—that ladies who appear there should be considered as intending to escape attention, and not be visited except by previous understanding—that shawls bonnets, and high-necked dresses should be the *parquet* dress for ladies, and frock-coats and colored gloves the *parquet* dress for gentlemen—and that all who appear, there and thus, should be Operatically “not at home”—exempt, that, is to say, from all leavings of seat for interchange of civilities, and all criticisms of toilette. The place itself favors this difference of costume from that of the sofas and boxes—central as the *parquet* is, the heads alone being visible, in a confused medley from the other parts of the house, and a person being likelier to escape observation in this closely-packed mass, than even in the amphitheatre of the third tier. It is also (we should say to any lady friend,) too close and chance a neighborhood for low-necked dresses and short sleeves, and what we propose is therefore more proper, besides being consistent with all foreign usage in such matters.

To be able to enjoy the Opera *with or without its society*, is the freedom we think desirable. We have not mentioned the convenience it would be to a gentleman, who might like to slip away from other engagements for an hour—and hear an Act of an Opera and take a look at the array of beauty—without the chance of seeming by his dress not to belong to the class which compose the audience. Strangers, too, in full dress and without an acquaintance in the house, look awkwardly—for there is an incongruity between *white* gloves and nobody to speak to, which colored gloves, some how or other, do not suggest; and of course there should be a part of the house (of not inferior dignity or price) in which the latter is “the only wear.”

We leave our readers to follow out the *rationale* of the matter.

COMING OPERA SEASON.

IN a visit to town which we made—(like a cook's look into the oven)—in August, we used our one evening among the bricks for the enjoyment of what is not found among the green leaves—an Opera. Tedesco at the Broadway was, for that time of the year like a woodcock out of season, most inviting; and, (whether from the rarity, or from its being the only luxury we could think of within municipal limits, or from the excellence of the Havanese Duda, or from the verdant freshness of interest with which we sat down to it,) we never enjoyed Opera more—no, not in Paris or London. Those delicious low notes of Tedesco's certainly sweep and air the seldom visited apartments of the soul's ear most deliciously. We are not bent now, however, upon writing a criticism. We say nothing of orchestra or chorus. The spirit which troubles the Bethesda of our inkstand at present, is a small two-line notice which we saw upon the bill of the play, that evening, and of which we have lost the precise words, though the following was the meaning:—It notified the public, that at this Opera there were *no exclusive seats*, nor other privileged arrangements likely to give offence. However phrased, it was meant to draw a distinction between *this* Opera and the Opera which had been the scene of the riot, and was of course a popular appeal to what is thought to be an existing feeling on the subject.

Now, like love, disease, fire and war, the *beginnings* of of popular discontents are small, and may be quelled or diverted if taken early. *Obsta principiis* is an old Latin rule with which a man might almost govern the world. It really seems to us worth while to enquire (Astor-Place Riot and the subsequent expressions of public feeling considered,) whether there is not *now growing* in the popular feeling a needless and unreasonable hostility to the wealthier class, and whether its accidental causes had not better be analyzed—explained by the press—and removed, as far as possible in the arrangements of public places.

We speak of a *needless* hostility, for we are yet to learn that though this is a free country as to religion and franchise, it is not free as to dress, equipage, or display. We are yet to learn that envy is so rank a weed in republics that a man

must conceal his wealth to escape persecution. We are yet to learn that in liberal America a citizen is not free to spend his money as he pleases, glove himself to his fancy, wear his beard to his liking, choose whom he likes, or whom he can, for friends and acquaintances, and purchase whatever is for sale in the way of opportunities for public amusement. And yet to show how such matters *may* be, see how it was in England only a hundred and fifty years ago! Reresby in his *Historical Memoranda*, and under date of 1685, says:

"Gentlemen were now in a most unprecedented manner assaulted in the very streets; one had a powder thrown into his eyes which deprived him of sight; another had his throat cut by two men, though neither of these gentlemen had given the least visible provocation or offence to the aggressors."

Civilization is too far advanced, and we repeat America too liberal to allow of any proscription of a class, high or low, for reasons not connected with law or morals. Were it otherwise, the country would very soon feel it, for a man would stay here but to *make* a fortune, and go to a more refined and liberal land to *enjoy* it. Still, however, there are offences of one class against another—of the rich by the poor and of the poor by the rich—and as these occur principally in public places where people should meet upon a common footing as to purchase and privilege, the *Managers* are bound to see that the arrangements are republican and inoffensive. "Exclusiveness," unpopular as it is, is a republican right, subject to nothing but ridicule, when exercised in a man's house, equipage, and personal acquaintance; but any privilege given, in a place of amusement, to one man above another, for fashionable pre-eminence merely and without competition of purchase, is un-republican and wrong, and with that we think the public have a right to be discontented.

The New York public is not silly enough, of course, to make war, otherwise than by expression of opinion, upon the trifles against which so many paragraphs have been latterly aimed, such as "white gloves," "liveried servants," "moustaches," and "opera-glasses"—a citizen having as much right to indulge in any of these, as a Puseyite to wear a straight collar, or a "Mose" to carry his coat on his arm—but these are, notwithstanding, *intensitives*, and though they would be sufficiently tolerated *by themselves*, they aggravate the offensiveness of any real ground of complaint against the class

whose peculiarities they are, and can only be made innocent by the removal of the small offence which they intensify. The nut-shell which contains it all, at present, seems to be the privileged seats held for the Opera season by subscribers.

It is our own opinion, that though seats for the season are great conveniences—for easy finding by acquaintances, for cushioning to suit invalids, and for saving of nightly trouble to secure places)—yet, if the whole class of occasional comers to the Opera, and strangers in town, are thereby excluded from the best seats, *and offended*, they should not be permitted in the arrangements. The subscribers, and the best seats, are but few. The occasional visitors and strangers are many. We will not stop to show how this is good *policy*, for the success of the Opera, but we will add that we think it also a proper concession of *feeling*. In a republic there must be *mutual yielding*, as far as possible, to the prejudices of classes; and editors and managers, with this principle in their minds, may suggest and arrange remedies for all present likelihoods of discord. With a charming example of this spirit, in our heroic and common-sense President himself, we close these hasty comments on a matter which we should have liked the opportunity to discuss more at our leisure.

SUGGESTIONS OF MAY-DAY IN NEW YORK.

WE *have* had many a Maying frolic in the country, where, with half a score of bright-faced laughing girls, we have “prevented the dawning of the morning,” and brushed the dew from acres of flowering meadows, to gather the fresh-peeping violets, and “make roses grow in our cheeks.” Blessed days! we would not cease to remember them for an untouched section of California—for there is a gleam of sunshine in every such remembrance, which has power to chase away the shadows of years, and make us quite a child again. But—May-day in New York—was ever a contrast so irreconcilable? Who would not cry with Job—“let it not come into the number of the months?” It is a day which concentrates, in its single brief cycle, the dust, the labor, the burdens, the miseries, the disappointments, the vexations of

two years—the remembered evils of the past, and the anticipated troubles of the coming. As if “quarter-day,” and the hard face of a querulous landlord were not enough to season one day’s trial, it is four quarter-days in one, and moving—washing—scrubbing—scouring—house-cleaning—and-putting-to-rights-day, to boot. On that single day, half the houses in New York are turned up-side-down and inside-out, and emptied, with all their living and moveable contents into the other half, which, at the same time, are undergoing the same ejective operation, and pouring themselves into the first half. It is the harvest-day of carmen, who, for that day, are released from all deference to the established tariff of fees, and charge every man what is right in his own eyes. It is the annual dooms-day of all domestic husbands, and quiet, orderly old bachelors, who dread its coming worse than the plague or the cholera, and who, for the month before and the month following, are haunted with the nightmare of change and disorder, and can scarcely tell whether they have a home or not. To the ladies—but we forbear—patient souls! they never complain of a bustle, and we have no means of guessing “how it seems” to them. What demon could have possessed good old Santa Claus to allow such a day to come into the Dutchman’s calendar? The landlords must have given him chloroform, or the good-natured saint would have vetoed it, with a huge oath for emphasis.

It was recently given in evidence of insanity, in Paris, that a man had hired a lot of ground, and, placing upon it an *omnibus* without wheels, lived in the vehicle, to his entire satisfaction. We should strongly impugn the evidence. An Indian, accustomed to a wigwam, would find any abode reasonably sufficient which would accommodate “twelve inside,” and children at discretion, and which had a door, eleven windows, a hole at the top, and comfortable cushions. The *pre-pos-te-rous* number of things which people collect together as necessities of life, would, to a savage, be inexplicable.

But the chief calamity of a May-moving, we think, is the painful suspension of belief in the value of property—the most sacred furniture being so demeaned and profaned by confused displacement and vile proximity, that it seems impossible we can ever regain our respect for it. It is like cutting off a man’s nose and laying it on the floor; or

drawing a tooth and packing it in a basket. The articles have anything but the same value as previously.

Ladies having a greater facility of re-producing displaced associations, and it being desirable that gentlemen should retain a reverence for their household gods, we venture to query:—whether it would not be an advisable custom for *the wife* to superintend the moving *in toto*, sending *the husband* to a hotel, with order of absence from May 1st till farther advices. Is not this foreshadowingly hinted at, in the words of an old English writer, who, (making no mention of *woman*,) in his account of the festivities of May morning, says, “Every *man*, except impediment, would walk into the meadows on May-day?” As it is, one sighs for some place like Psalmanazar’s island of Formosa to retreat to:—

“Oh for some fair Formosa, such as he,
The young Jew fabled of, i’ the Indian sea,
By nothing but its name of beauty known,
And which poor husbands might make all their own;
Their May-day kingdom—take its beds and stands,
Et cetera, into their own meek hands,
And have, at least, one earthly corner quiet,
While ladies move, who are less troubled by it.”

* * * * *

The eruption on the front doors tells us that Spring is at hand—the placards of “To Let,” in the city, corresponding with the outbreak of crocuses in the country, as a sign of the season. There is no more significant index of the variable-ness of fortunes and worldly conditions in this country, than the general change of residence in May. The majority, probably, change for the better, as the majority of citizens are doubtless improving in their circumstances from year to year—but it is a question whether habits of restlessness, *injurious to the important feeling of home*, are not bred by these annual removals. “Put it o’ one side to think of.”

There is a certain peculiarity, too, which is often charged upon New York, and which may possibly have grown out of this custom. How many families are there who have “kept moving,” till they are in houses beyond their means, and unsuitable to their style of living? The last house which they finally reach, seems to proclaim that they have overshot the mark; for, dwelling there with closed doors, they are literally buried, with four-story monuments over their heads

—"lost to the friends from whose fond side they have been taken," and occupying, of course, only the basement, where they are. Up-town is sprinkled thick with these four-story sepulchres. How much of that part of the city, indeed, might be planted with cypresses, and laid out as the cemetery of victims of premature removal, we leave open to conjecture.

The number of degrees of rent and house-dignity in New York, and the corresponding means of those who adopt them, would be interesting to know. From board at three dollars a week to a rent of three thousand dollars a year, is not an uncommon transition during the education of a daughter—(a "sliding scale" that has its effects!) It is a topic for Hunt's Statistical Magazine—the PROGRESS UP-TOWN, *with the different stopping-places and gradations*. From the close-packed rookeries of Greenwich-street to the scaffolding wilderness above Union Square—from Over-run-dom to Semi-done-dom—there are, at least, twenty degrees of rent and gentility of location. "Friend, go up higher," seems to be the text that contains the moving principle of New York—but the Rev. Mr. Beecher, who knows how to hitch worldly wisdom into gospel harness, might preach a valuable sermon on the danger of too hasty obedience to this Scripture injunction.

* * * * *

A very charming woman, whose toilette had been exceedingly admired at a late fashionable party, but to whom no conversation had been addressed during the evening, declared to us, while waiting for her carriage, that she should accept invitations hereafter by sending her dress and jewels—allowing her superfluous remainder to go to bed with a book. The appropriateness of this economy in New York fashionable society, seemed to us worthy of mention in prints, and it belongs, in fact, to the *spirit of anti-needlessness and sensible substitution*, which is the manifest taste and tendency of the times. The strongest argument for a family carriage in England, is the power it gives of attending a friend's funeral by equipage—the liveried vehicle, with blinds drawn, expressing quite as poignant grief without the owner inside, and with a great economy of time and tedium. The poor author's reply to his rich host, who pressed the costly meats upon him after his appetite was satisfied:—"No, thank you,

I'll take the rest in money, if you please!" was in the same sensible spirit of substitution.

To button wants upon superfluities, seems to us, in fact, the thing for which the age is most ready. We have, for some time, thought of making a suggestion of this kind, and we do it more confidently, now that the "money crisis" makes it likelier to prove acceptable.

Unlike any other city in the world, New York is a crowded metropolis, with an uninhabited Persepolis in its midst—a void within a plethora—an overstocked ground-level, with a vacant city built over it, at from forty to fifty feet elevation. There are hundreds of streets of *unoccupied third and fourth stories*—levels which, in France or England, would be populously inhabited. There are long blocks of houses, in every part of up-town, through which run uninterrupted lines of floors unoccupied. Thus much for the *superfluity*.

Now, the crying *want* of New York is for elegant private lodgings. The increasing number of persons who have homes in the country, and who wish to pass the winter months in the city, but who dislike to subject their families to the publicity of hotels, makes this a matter worth calling present attention to. Furnished apartments, that can be hired at a moderate annual rent, adapted for convenience and comfort only, and to which meals can be sent from a restaurant or from a neighbouring establishment maintained for the purpose—apartments where no show is expected, and which entail no care—are more needed than any other accommodation in this city. The first step has already been taken, for the supply of this convenience so common in every foreign city, and we were informed, last week, that the profits of one enterprising and well managing person, who has taken several houses, in the neighborhood of a restaurant, and let them out in this way to some of our wealthiest country-house owners, amounted last year to ten thousand dollars.

But, the idea, for which we desire that the Court of Common Sense should grant us a copyright, is not yet expressed. We have shown the superfluity and the want—but there is an obstacle to the union of the two. The pride of the dwellers in tall houses requires, that they should have the front door to themselves—also the door-plate and bell-handle—also freedom from other people's ash-barrel on the sidewalk edge—also the right of entry and staircase, privacy of basement and ex-

clusive control of gas, Croton, and night-key. These, (with fashionable neighborhood,) constitute the actual and tangible advantages of a "house up town." And we propose to continue these, one and all, to the present enjoyers of them—proposing only a better use of their superfluous upper-stories, thus:—

Of every five houses in a block, let the central one be taken by a landlady of lodgings. The main floor and basement might be occupied as a restaurant and cook-shop. The other rooms she would let to those who should agree with her for an annual rent, paying also for regular service, and for the meals she should furnish. *Of her neighbors on either side, she should hire the upper stories, opening an access to them from the central house, and sealing up the staircases, so as to cut off all communication with the families below.* In this way, an entry, run through the entire block, would be like the long wing of a hotel; and this appropriation of it, known only to the occupants, would be no manner of inconvenience to the private residences whose doors and staircases were left undisturbed. For "settling" the uninhabited third and fourth stories of New York City—for colonizing and turning to account the waste prairies over our heads—we respectfully and gratuitously submit this plan to the Public.

ARE OPERAS MORAL, AND ARE PRIMA-DONNAS LADIES?

"THE ox is liable to death from swallowing the hairs licked from his own body," says Natural History; but there was probably a time, during ox-worship in Egypt (supposing human nature to have been always the same), when, to have removed such superfluous hairs with a curry-comb, would have been called profane. In this similitude is fairly presented, we believe, the spirit in which any attempts to *liberalize moral restrictions* are usually received in our country. Yet a superfluous and irritating excess of restriction, is, we think, the evil from which the whole system of morals is most in danger.

We have once or twice, lately, been led to ask why the Opera is not a suitable amusement for the religious and moral,

and what would be the consequences of putting Opera-music and its professors upon the same footing as Art and artists.

The wife of an eminent clergyman expressed to us, not long since, her regret at being precluded from the enjoyment of the Opera, and we ventured to inquire whether her husband had any scruples as to the intrinsic propriety of her visiting this place of amusement. "No!" she said, "but there are so many excellent people who would take offence!" We chance to have, in our own acquaintance, a considerable number of these same "excellent people;" and among them, we know of no one, who has an ear for music and any remainder of youth, who would not frequent the Opera if "Sister So-and-so" would not be likely to "feel hurt about it"—Sister So-and-so (on inquiry) having either a rheumatism which prevents her "going out of evenings," or not taste enough for music to turn a doxology. The stories, or subjects of Operas, being properly liable to no interdiction which would not apply equally to the reading of history and to the admission of general literature into a family, the classing of so attractive and refined an amusement among immoralities, looks, to the young, like an unsupported and bigoted prejudice. A needless deprivation like this, too, stands, as a drawback, at the door of a profession of religion; and it is not unlikely, besides, to awaken a mischievous incredulity as to the soundness of forbiddings, wiser and better, which are enforced, with no more emphasis, in its company.

We were a looker-on at a morning concert, a week or two ago, given at the house of Mr. Bajioli, the well-known music-teacher of this city. It was intended partly as an exhibition of his present pupils; but, among the performers, were several ladies distinguished for their musical accomplishment, who had formerly benefited by his instructions, and one or two professional singers—Signorina Truffi among the number. The ladies present, the relatives and friends of the scholars, were as select a company, for propriety and fashion, as could well have been assembled; but the unusual presence of the prima-donna, in drawing-room dress, amid this exclusive crowd of private society, naturally suggested comparison and speculation. A woman of a more aristocratic air than this young and beautiful creature could hardly be found. She is handsomer off the stage than on it, for the fresh and maidenly character of her countenance is confused by distance and by

the tinsel of stage costume. Her face, seen near and by daylight, has the unprofaned and unconscious purity of private life, while her refined carriage of person and self-possessed grace of manners strikingly fit her to be the ornament of society the most discriminate. She sat listening while one of Mr. Bajioli's pupils sang an air from an Opera in which she frequently appears upon the stage, and the simple and unconscious interest with which she watched the less perfect performance of what she could do so well—the eager movements of her lips as she followed the words, and the sympathetic heave of her chest and stir of her arms, as if for a gesture, at the points which required force and exertion—betrayed a childlike and tender sympathy, which we could not but look upon, in this queenly woman, with respect and admiration.

Why, we asked, would not any society be improved, by taking up, as persons to cherish and make much of, the gifted and accomplished creatures whose natural superiority marks them out for this profession? They are not all of good character, it is said; but, because all painters are not of good character, are painters, therefore, as a class, excluded from society? To invite an Opera-singer to a party in New York, except as a person hired to perform for the amusement of those present, would be considered by most people as rather a venturesome risking of the censure of "mixed company." Complimentary civilities to a prima-donna, in the presence of other ladies, would so lessen the value of a gentleman's attentions, that his female acquaintances would be shy of him, till there was time for it to be forgotten. A woman like Signorina Truffi, known to be a most exemplary daughter and perfectly irreproachable in character, comes to New York—as gifted and distinguished in her way as Frederika Bremer would be, in hers—yet receives no attentions from her own sex and no hospitalities, except as condescensions, while Miss Bremer, should she come to sell her books as Truffi comes to sell her music, would be thronged after like a queen.

They are more liberal in England and France toward musical artists, but we want something far better than the English or French feeling on the subject—we want a *republican appreciation* of musical genius—an equitable and just *moral appreciation*—a liberal and educated distribution of the honor and favor of society, to the gifted of all professions alike. It is something, in Europe, that every admirable artist gathers

a party of appreciators about her, who combine to support and defend her against adverse circumstances or professional intrigue and rivalry; and it makes America a cold and unsympathetic latitude to artists, because we have no such generous impulse of combination here; but there is with it, in Europe, an undisguised condescension of patronage, to which genius of any kind should scorn to be subjected. This is, properly, the country for something better—for getting rid of the artificial and oppressive usages based on what the Pilgrims came over here to be rid of—and, instead of being outdone, as it is, by monarchical liberality to gifted persons, it should have been, long ago, *an example of what reform a republic works in the place-giving appreciation of genius.*

We leave untouched the obvious changes that would be worked in Opera-Music and its professors, if Music were fairly adopted, in all its beautiful varieties, as a *moral art*. We think the time will very soon come when the Opera will be separated from other dramatic amusements, and adopted even by the religious who continue to condemn theatres. But we will leave this bearing of the subject to our reader's own reflections, or perhaps resume it in another article.

EVENING ACCESS TO NEW YORK INFORMATION AND AMUSEMENT.

Cream Market of Mind—Whipple's Lecture—Astor Place Triangle—Palais Royal in New York—Concentration of Evening Resort to one Neighborhood—Convenience to different Members of a Family having different Tastes or Errands—Economy of Social Evenings—Balls, Lectures, Picture Galleries—Opera, Theatre, and Supper Rooms under one Roof, etc., etc.

THERE is a *cream-market* in New York, to which "institution," we feel, the Lectures of the Mercantile Library figuratively correspond. What superior minds give us in newspapers, reviews, conversation, and even in books, is comparatively, *milk*. When they prepare to appear, in person, and furnish an hour's measure of thought-luxury to the minds of intellectual men, they give us *cream*. It is not from a morning's grazing upon chance-growing meditation, that a milch-thinker like Emerson, for instance, can give us what we receive in a

Lecture. It is the cream of the nourishment of many mornings—of many a “chewing of the cud of sweet and bitter fancy”—delivered, first, no doubt, in the milk of unseparated thoughts, but raised afterwards, by stillness and contemplation, to the level from which it may be taken by the skimmer of a popular theme, and presented in a Lecture.

We see a necessity of the present time—that of “relieving the Broadway” of *the eye*, and running some of the “omnibus lines” of knowledge in at *the ear*. A man *reads* very often as a fowl eats hard corn—his “crop” (of general information) betraying afterwards that he has had no idea of taking toll. But he usually *hears* with digestion—possibly from other people’s hearing with him, and the probability that he may be called upon to discuss the subject-matter. There are, in fact, few ways of using an hour, by which a man acquires more knowledge, and more suggestive momentum, than by a Lecture.

We missed Whipple’s Lecture at the Mercantile Library the other evening, by its being two miles off, and a friend’s call “cutting off the selvage” of the dinner hour on which we had relied to get there. Now, is there any man’s time, in New York, worth as much, from seven to eight o’clock, as the knowledge and suggestion he would get from a lecture by such a man as Whipple? Whoever was not there we are inclined to think spent the hour without getting all he might have got out of it, and this loss of our own and some other people’s suggested an idea to us, to the expression of which we hope presently to arrive.

The most central and easiest place of access in this city for evening resort, is The Triangle of which one corner is occupied by the Astor-place Opera-house. The railroad passing it on the east, and almost every omnibus line in the city touching it one side or the other, it is as accessible by these cheap conveyances as by private carriages, and in all weathers and from all quarters. It is the waist of the hour-glass of New York, through which pass all the grains of its sands of locomotion. We do not know who owns the fifteen or twenty “lots” that compose it, but, with its advantages for being turned into a little “Palais Royal,” we wonder speculation has not long ago turned it to account. There is space enough in this triangle for both an Opera and a Theatre, for two or three lecture rooms and picture galleries, a restaurant, and a ball

room ; and, if the sidewalk enclosing the whole were covered with a roof awning, so that persons might go from one part to another without exposure, *the audience would be transferred and combined* continually. A Lecture from half-past six to half-past seven, for instance—Opera next door, from half-past seven till ten—Assembly, Ball, or Supper party, next door again, from ten onwards, with a “look in” at the theatre or a picture gallery under the same roof—would form a disposal of an evening which would at least be a very great accommodation to strangers, and, to our thinking, would give a much more civilized facility of amusement to the resident inhabitants.

Let us look at the convenience and economy of the matter a little more closely. We need not consider those who keep private carriages, for they are few, and, besides, having had their horses out all day, and wishing to spare them and their coachman the cold work, they oftenest hire a hack carriage for the evening. Taking a lady to the Opera, then, is a business of five dollars—three for the tickets and two for the carriage. With increase of the crowd at one point, however, the omnibuses would accommodate themselves to the throng, and it would be the universal habit to make use of them—saving nearly two dollars, which would enable the gentleman to leave his lady at the Opera, and look in at the Play, or hear a Lecture, or dance an hour at a Ball, or visit one or two Exhibitions, or sup or lounge—varying the entertainment of the evening without increasing the expense, and of course combining oftener a gentleman’s own engagements with those of his lady. Other variations of economy and convenience, in such a concentration, will readily suggest themselves to the reader.

To return to the “cream” of mind, given us in Lectures by such men as Emerson, Whipple, Giles, Dana, and other—it is a great way to go for it, where it is usually given, at Clinton Hall ; and though it occupies but an hour in the early part of the evening, the distance makes it a supercedence of every other engagement. But still the Lectures of the Mercantile Library form a course which it is a pity for an intelligent “keeper-up with the times” to miss ; and, whether our idea of “The Triangle” is thought practicable or no, we hope there may be either a repetition of these high-class lectures up-town, or a transfer of the lecturing

place of this excellent body of our citizens, to some more convenient neighborhood. Clinton Hall, besides, is too small, miserably lighted, and ill furnished.

We have not mentioned what would, after all, perhaps, be the greatest luxury of a concentration of evening resort to one neighborhood—the *chance to meet every body on common ground, without the trouble of a visit*, and the consequent easy exchange of ideas, information, civilities, verbal engagements, acquaintance and observation. The Triangle would be a “dress place” or not, as public opinion should ordain—but that it would fraternize and socialize, cosmopolize, and gay-ify the town, we think there can be little doubt—besides saving money and time, giving better support to Theatre and Opera, opening communication between Lecture-minds and the public, and (if it were done architecturally), very much embellishing a conspicuous part of the city.

FAIR PLAY TO “THE SPIRITS.”

ONE should be the Apostle of some kindly minority or other, in this day of tyrannical majorities. By listening humbly, with that spirit-ear to which come the faint whispers of duty, one may receive instructions of tolerable distinctness, we believe, as to the “cross” to be taken up, smaller or larger. We have had our “call”—we own it—long ago—and have moderately done its bidding, keeping our unsatisfied ear still open, however, in the hope of something more ambitious. Time flies, however, and death may overtake us, alas! amid agreement with the many! Let us shake off the dust of unanimity from our feet while we may, and preach our poor little difference from this age of scoffing and disbelieving. CREDULITY is our gospel. Instead of beginning by doubting, we shall (as heretofore) *begin by believing* in all things which it were better were true—thus differing from the world about us. We shall believe the accused innocent till they are proved guilty—thus differing from the world about us. We shall believe the sunset of death is not without a lingering twilight of communication with the scenes it leaves behind—thus differing from the world about us. We shall oppose injustices to new Messiahs of opinion,

and hear them with respect and deference—thus differing from the world about us. We shall listen to the praise of a brick, without abusing it for not being a diamond—thus differing from the world about us.

The *omniscience* that is expected of our returning friends, “The Spirits,” seems to us, among other things, to look a little like unbelief carried to persecution. We see no reasonable ground for supposing that John Smith, in one week after his death, is made acquainted with every thing, past, present, and future—made able to go to Europe or Asia, for instance, between question and answer, and bring obituary data of the questioner’s departed friends—yet this is exacted. He is called off from his new occupation, catechised, and criticised; and his answering *at all* is pronounced a humbug, if he fail to tell what nothing but omniscience would be sure of answering correctly.

And there is another thing which seems to us an injustice to this same ex-John-Smith. There is a natural tendency in the common mind to assist an oracle. No great truth was ever born into the world that did not start with the discredit of a Nazareth, and uneducated people are invariably the first to receive a revelation. But these ignorant first believers are not thereby rendered superhuman. They are still subject to their weaknesses as before—still susceptible of bias and untruth. In the first place, they may misunderstand poor John Smith, who has to speak to them through a newly discovered and imperfect alphabet, and, in the next place, they are nervously anxious to make *him* appear wiser than he is, while their vanity is interested to show *themselves* to equal advantage. John Smith’s ghost may thus be greatly *assisted* and misrepresented, and the general credit of ghosts may be tested and condemned for what they never had the least idea of doing or saying.

One other risk of injustice—in case Spirits have memories and still yearn to communicate with those they have passed a life in loving. It would, of course, be only communications of negative character and trifling importance that could be made public. The questions likely to be asked of the dead are upon subjects too sacred for newspaper mention. The most earnest seekers for spirit-converse would be those whose delicate and sensitive natures shrink most from the ridiculing cross-questioning of the scoffer. We are likely, for this rea-

son, to have the best proof of spirit-revisiting carefully shut from us ; and we may protest, in common fairness, we think, therefore, against any conclusive argument based upon the dialogues that are published. The firmest believers whom we know, in this trans-Styxian telegraph, are highly intellectual persons, who have no desire to convert the incredulous, and who would sooner publish their private letters to the living than what they believe to be their hallowed converse with the dead.

It is due to this, as to any important new theory, that the indirect probabilities of its being true should be taken into the question. With knowledge miraculously enlarged in every other direction, it seems natural that we should make at least some measurable progress in comprehending the spirit's first step into the next existence. It is not reasonable to suppose that death is always to be a terror ; and it would not be at all out of measure, with other providential ameliorations of human life, if we were yet to look forward to a *clearly understood to-morrow beyond the grave*, as we do now to a morning beyond a night of weariness—laying off our bodies, without fear, as we lay off our garments to go to sleep. Such a softening of our lot would not come about in a day, nor by a miracle, but would easily arrive by a gradual letting of light into the first dread darkness of eternity, and by enabling us to speak, from this side the brink, to those who are beyond.

There would almost seem to be divine purpose enough, in giving us this glimmering look into the spirit-world, if it were only to *awaken a little the imagination, that seems under paralysis in the age we live in*. The Bible is all true, but it is all poetry too ; and our Saviour's medium for what he came to teach was the language of that very imagination which in the present day throws discredit over any new matter that it is employed to illustrate. To give us something startling, and yet vague to believe, is likely to awaken us, if anything could, from the unhealthy torpor of unbelief, in which the blood for the highest activities of the soul lies stagnant.

But of the indirect evidences in favour of the reality of this new spirit intercourse, none seems to us stronger than its moderate beginnings and its apparent incapability of being turned to bad uses. Pretension would have made bolder experiments. Diabolical ingenuity would have given voice

sometimes to the passions that die with us, and would have lent its aid to covetousness, ambition and revenge. But the holier and purer affections have alone found a voice. Nothing has even *seemed* to have the power of communicating with us, in this way, except that which would confirm or awaken goodness. It favors nothing (as God is quite capable of arranging) that belongs exclusively to this world. On the contrary, its tendency is to set a guard over our secret motives and actions and to make us feel, while it keeps alive the memory of the good who have gone before, that they are still within communion, and more with us in proportion as we are worthier. We repeat, that if it is "all humbug," it is odd that bad people make no handle of it. This, and other signs, make it look, to us less like a humbug than what might reasonably be conjectured by a religious enthusiast, to be an apparent preparation for the coming about of the millenium.

We have said thus far only what we think should fairly be allowed to the "Spirits," even by those who do not believe; and what we presume may be interesting in the way of suggestion, to those who are reading or conversing on the subject. For ourselves, we shall enter into no controversy and define no belief—but we shall endeavour to see that the "Knockers" get fair play, and we shall neglect no knowledge, of spirits or spirit-land, which patience, experiment, and a *liberal credulity* can give us.

THE END.

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